

## The AMERICAN MERCURY

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H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

## FOR AUGUST

(Out July 25th)

### SERVING THE GENTRY

*By John Armstrong*

Mr. Armstrong, some time a waiter in New York, will make his bow in this issue. His subject will be one lying strictly within the bounds of his professional experience. He will describe, from a waiter's standpoint, the parties which now go on nightly in the great hotels of the metropolis. And he will tell what the attendant waiters, head-waiters and other functionaries get out of them, and how.

### THE GIDEONS

*By W. C. Crosby*

This article was announced for the present month, but was crowded out. Meanwhile it has been embellished and improved. It deals with the consecrated drummers who supply all the hotels of America with Bibles.

### GENTLEMEN OF THE ENSEMBLE

*By Duff Gilfond*

Pictures in full color of some of the notable men of the present Congress.

### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

*By Ethel Brown*

What it means to be the daughter of a Baptist parson in a Christian town, surrounded for twenty-four hours a day by his customers.

### THE DAWN OF A NEW SCIENCE

*By Arlington J. Stone*

How laboratory methods are being applied, in the great universities, to the problems of the investment securities, pants and beauty shop professions.

### A COUNTRY DOCTOR

*By A. F. Van Bibber*

Specifications for a happy life by one who says he has it. A charming article, with constructive touches.

"Americana" grows better and better as civilization develops in the Republic. The August instalment will be full of masterpieces.



# *The American* MERCURY

July 1928

## THE VIRGINIANS ARE COMING AGAIN

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

**B**ABBITT, your tribe is passing away.  
This is the end of your infamous day.  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

With your neat little safety-vault boxes,  
With your faces like geese and foxes,  
You,  
Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men,  
Your short-sighted days are over,  
Your habits of strutting through clover,  
Your movie-thugs, killing off souls and dreams,  
Your magazines, drying up healing streams,  
Your newspapers, blasting truth and splendor,  
Your shysters, ruining progress and glory,—  
Babbitt, your story is passing away.  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

All set for the victory, calling the raid,  
I see them, the next generation,  
Gentlemen, hard-riding, long-legged men,  
With horse-whip, dog-whip, gauntlet and braid,  
Mutineers, musketeers,  
In command  
Unafraid:  
Great-grandsons of Tidewater, and the bark-cabins,  
Bards of the Blue Ridge, in buckskin and boots,  
Up from the proudest war-path we have known—  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

The sons of ward-heelers  
Threw out the ward-heelers,  
The sons of bartenders  
Threw out the bartenders,

And made our streets trick-boxes all in a day,  
 Kicked out the old pests in a virtuous way.  
 The new tribe sold kerosene, gasoline, paraffine.  
 Babbitt sold Judas. Babbitt sold Christ.  
 Babbitt sold everything under the sun.  
 The Moon-Proud consider a trader a hog.  
 The Moon-Proud are coming again.

Bartenders were gnomes,  
 Pitiful tyrants, hairy baboons.  
 But you are no better with saxophone tunes,  
 Phonograph tunes, radio tunes,  
 Water-power tunes, gasoline tunes, dynamo tunes,  
 And pitiful souls like your pitiful tunes,  
 And crawling old insolence blocking the road;  
 So, Babbitt, your racket is passing away.  
 Your sons will be changelings, and burn down your world.  
 Fire-eaters, troubadours, conquistadors!  
 Your sons will be born, refusing your load,  
 Thin-skinned scholars, hard-riding men,  
 Poets unharnessed, the moon their abode,  
 With the statesman's code, the gentlemen's code,  
 With Jefferson's code, Washington's code,  
 With Powhatan's code!  
 From your own loins, for your fearful defeat  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Our first Virginians were peasants' children  
 But the power of Powhatan reddened their blood,  
 Up from the sod came splendor and flood.  
 Eating the maize made them more than men,  
 Potomac fountains made gods of men.

In your tottering age, not so long from you now,  
 The terror will blast, the armies will whirl,  
 Cavalier boy beside Cavalier girl,  
 In the glory of pride, not the pride of the rich,  
 In the glory of statesmanship, not of the ditch.  
 The old grand manner, lost no longer:  
 Exquisite art born with heart-bleeding song  
 Will make you die horribly, raving at wrong.  
 You will not know your sons who are true to this soil;  
 For Babbitt could never count much beyond ten,  
 For Babbitt could never quite comprehend men.  
 You will die in your shame, understanding not day.  
 Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Do you think boys and girls that I pass on the street,  
 More strong than their fathers, more fair than their fathers,

More clean than their fathers, more wild than their fathers,  
More in love than their fathers, deep in thought not their fathers',  
Are meat for your schemes diabolically neat?  
Do you think that all youth is but grist to your mill  
And what you dare plan for them, boys will fulfill?  
The next generation is free. You are gone.  
Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Rouse the reader to read it right.  
Find a good hill by the full-moon light,  
Gather the boys and chant all night:  
*"The Virginians are coming again!"*

Put in rhetoric, whisper and hint,  
Put in shadow, murmur and glint;  
Jingle and jangle this song like a spur.  
Sweep over each tottering bridge with a whirr,  
Clearer and faster up Main Street and pike,  
Till sparks flare up from the flints that strike.  
Leap metrical ditches with bridle let loose.  
This song is a war, with an iron-shod use.  
Let no musician, with blotter and pad  
Set down his pot-hooks to make the song sad.  
Find  
Your own rhythms  
When Robert E. Lee  
Gallops once more to the plain from the sea.  
Give the rebel yell every river they gain.  
Hear Lee's light cavalry rhyme with rain.  
In the star-proud, natural fury of men  
*The Virginians are coming again!*

## SHANTY IRISH

BY JIM TULLY

### *Boyhood*

SO POVERTY-STRICKEN were my mother's parents that three children had to remain in Ireland long after the others had come to Ohio.

My mother, Biddy Lawler, was a house servant at fifty cents a week before she was twelve years old. Within a year she obtained work with another family at a dollar a week.

My grandmother started a boarding-house when her daughter was fourteen. Mother and daughter took care of fifty laborers, cooked three meals a day, made the beds, cared for several small children, and did the washing beside. In two years they saved fifteen hundred dollars. With this money my grandmother purchased what is still known as the Lawler farm.

Then Biddy Lawler married my father. She moved with him into a log shack in the woods. There they remained three years. Sick with the ague, the mumps, yellow jaundice, and malaria fever, they emerged poorer than on their wedding day. A woman of imagination, my mother had all the moods of April. Married at sixteen, she was dead at thirty-two.

The mother of eight children in as many years, she had an unconscious sense of drama, but of humor, none. Even humor would not have saved her. She was one of those sad women who live by ignorance and die by faith. Fanatically religious, an intense Catholic, she was really, unknowingly, a pagan and a pantheist.

One Spring she made a bed of pansies surrounded with violets. She had a cow to milk, and a husband and several children to look after. She was bearing another

child. A late frost came and shriveled the many-colored heads of the flowers even with the stems. She cried over them as though they were dead children. But, as of everything else which touched her life deeply, she said nothing of the incident.

Her hair was auburn, beautiful, and very long. She wore it in heavy braids which reached to her knees. Her eyes were large, deep brown, and tragically sad. Her mouth was puckered always in a childish pout. The lower portion of her face was too strong for the current conception of beauty.

A strictly moral woman, two shadows hung over her life. Her eldest brother was serving a fifteen-year sentence in the Ohio penitentiary in Columbus as a horse thief, and her sister Moll had "gone wrong." She forgave the brother, and mourned with and for him. Her sister she never forgave.

One Christmas, her relatives, a dozen in all, drove over the snow in a bob-sled to spend the day with her. Moll accompanied them. With her Irish sense of drama my mother stalked to the sled. She called them all by name, beginning with her father and mother, and saying in turn,

"Father, you can get out. Mother, you can get out. Tom, you can get out"—and so on until she came to Aunt Moll. "But Moll—you can't get out! You can never darken my door!"

She turned defiant, and walked into the house, the long auburn braids of her hair swinging like censurs aflame.

A brother followed and pleaded with her. He might as well have talked to a stone on a grave. He pleaded forgiveness on



account of Christ's birthday—it would make her children happy. With mouth set tight, she shook her head.

"You may never see her again," the brother said.

"I never will!" Her mouth went tight again.

My uncle returned to the sled.

He took his seat by Aunt Moll. She was not much over twenty. She was an Irish colleen in type, and her features were regular and beautiful. Her eyes were vivid blue.

Many writers describe the Irish as loquacious in anger. Greater mistake was never made. These twelve, with their wounded pride, sat silent, and stared down the snowy road. The horses started. The bobsled glided over the road. All were gone.

My mother talked no more that day.

## II

We lived in a log house, in and out the windows of which the crows of trouble flew.

My father was a gorilla-built man. His arms were long and crooked. The ends of a carrot-shaped mustache touched his shoulder blades. It gave his mouth the appearance of a ferocity not in his heart. Squat, agile, and muscular, he weighed nearly one hundred and ninety pounds. His shoulders were early stooped, as from carrying the inherited burdens of a thousand dead Irish peasants.

A man of some imagination, he loved the tingle of warm liquor in his blood. He was for fifty years a ditch-digger. The house, built by himself, contained four rooms. In it six children and their parents lived. Relatives visited us for days at a time. I early learned to sleep like a contortionist.

We reached our home by a muddy or dusty lane, according to the Ohio season. It was in the centre of a dense woods a half mile from the main road. A deep ditch ran in front of the house. It had been dug by my father. The section in which we lived

was known as the Black Swamp. It was flat for many miles.

The artificial St. Mary's reservoir, ten miles long and seven wide, was not far away. It drained the muddy water of many counties and spawned a pestilence of mosquitoes. A soggy muddy basin, the countryside was an ideal section for a ditch-digger. My father had all the poverty, children and work he could manage.

He came from Ireland with his mother when a lad of ten. After seven weeks on the ocean, he was five days reaching Ohio from New York, a distance of eight hundred miles.

He was at heart an agnostic. But his wife relied much on God, and he did not interfere. Aware of the trap in which life had caught him, he bowed to his peasant futility like a gentleman.

He treated his children like unavoidable evils, and deserted them early.

Violating all the rules of health, he was never ill.

He would read by the hour. Whether it helped him mentally, I know not. He was nearsighted, and when reading, he never moved his eyes. A country newspaper, a frayed volume of Shakespeare, or a medical almanac, it moved backward and forward within two inches of his left eye.

He left me in an orphanage for six years. During all that time he did not write to me. He did not come near me. Neither did he help me when I left. When I was a vagrant, he made no comment, gave no advice. When I became known as a writer, he said no word.

He would give his last dollar away—and take another man's last dollar without compunction. He gave his money to the person nearest him at the time.

A wife, six children, two cows, one hog, a blind mare, and a sense of sad humor were my father's possessions. He was always in debt. He was a man whom calamity followed.

Once, while ditching in a nearby field, he saw his house ablaze. The family was away. He ran across the meadow and

rushed up the stairs. He saved a corn-husk mattress. He jumped with it out of the window.

My mother arrived with neighbors soon after. She grabbed a small gilt clock from the mantel. It was all she had of beauty. A farmer threw a large crock of eggs into the yard to save them.

Two cows and Blind Nell were in a small enclosure adjoining the house. The cattle broke through the rails and escaped. Blind Nell remained. She was the delight and wonder of our childhood. A five-acre woods was her Summer home. Totally blind, she could walk through the entire woods without touching shrub or tree. She would leave by the same route and come out at the same place each time.

With tail ablaze, she now stood whimpering, still. My father seized a revolver. I followed him. He crashed a bullet through her skull.

She went to her front knees, as if in prayer for the dying. Her hide was bare as a glove. She twitched once—and was still.

A most amazing Irishman was my father—one devoid of sentimentality. A man without tears, he often seemed one without pity. He patted the forehead of the dead mare, while his house burned to the ground.

Much was said against him. He was called a child deserter, a whore-monger, and a drunkard. The product of people too much given to the vice of slander, he never made an unkind comment on others.

After the fire we lived in an old school-house for two weeks. My father borrowed five dollars. A few neighbors helped us.

Farmers and relatives gathered later to help build our new home. They brought cast-off pieces of furniture for us. They felled trees and hewed them. Oxen dragged them from the woods. Straight trees of smaller size were cut and fitted as rafters.

Then Mother brought her flock home, and life went on as wretchedly as before.

Father had the oxen drag Blind Nell to a spot in the woods.

She was never buried.

### III

I early learned, with my brothers, the tricks of the woods. We knew how to go with the wind when tracking rabbits. We used the moss on the trees as a compass, claiming that it was always on the north side of a tree.

We once robbed a quail's nest and placed the eggs under a setting hen. Two of the eggs hatched in a few days. The hen, feeling that her task was done, rose from her nest. No larger than hickory nuts, the two quail followed the hen about the place.

They were a constant grief to Mother. Several times she gave us ten cents each to lose them in the woods. We were careful to see that they found their way back to the barnyard. In a few days, Mother would give us ten cents again. The large red hen would cluck at her two nervous children in utter dismay. At last they went to the woods and returned no more.

When my clothes were fit to wear I went to mass on Sunday with my ragamuffin brothers and sisters. The church was in Glynwood, an Irish village, five miles from St. Mary's. Across the road was a cemetery where rustic wanderers, far from Ireland, were buried. Children, early exhibiting the Irish contempt for death, played tag upon the graves.

Three saloons were close to the church. My father often dallied too long at their bars, and reached his seat in church without reverence in his heart.

Shoes were scarce in my childhood. From early Spring until late Fall I wore them only on Sundays, when I called at the house of God. Barefooted, I ran in the early morning frost to bring the cows from their straw shed in the woods. I would warm my feet where they had lain all night.

The roads in our section were merely wagon tracks through woods and fields. Often, when father drove his oxen to town, I would go along. My bare feet would hang from the wagon and trail in the muddy water.

My father seldom talked to me. There was a restful kindness in his silence. His personality, save on a few dramatic occasions, was negative. My mother's was positive. They lived together peacefully for sixteen years.

The county paid a bounty of one cent each for dead sparrows. I was too young to kill, but my older brothers each owned a sling shot and rifle. I accompanied them to the county commissioner, who lived eight miles from our home.

Down the road we went with our hundred dead strung across the neck of Blind Nell. As though in mourning for the occasion, the old horse walked slowly. As she could not be made to move faster, my brothers jumped off her back and ran ahead.

When we reached the commissioner's house, I rode into the lane like a freckled king delivering a dead feather-ruffled army. The commissioner counted the birds as a miser would pennies. He loomed large to me. His beard was heavy. There were two red spots on his face which it did not cover. A great many pigeons hopped about his barnyard.

He gave us a silver dollar and scolded us for killing the birds. Years later I heard that he had been in love with my mother. She did not want to marry "out of the church."

We would often wander through the woods and tap the sugar-maple trees. Our mother had a reason for the sweetness of the sap:

It was a very hot day in August. Three fairies wandering from Ireland sought rest under the shade of many trees. All would draw in their leaves at the approach of the fairies.

Worn in body and foot-sore, they came at last to a small tree. It had been beaten sideways by the wind. Its leaves became larger than elephants' ears when it saw them approach. They rested under its shade a long, long time. When all was ready for the journey back to Ireland, a heavy wind roared over the meadows and

through the woods. It bent the little tree until its branches touched the ground.

The fairies could hear the tree's heart aching. One branch said to the other, "If we break now we will never be able to give shade to such sweet tired little people again."

The other branch said, "Oh, we can't break—not for ourselves, for that doesn't matter—but suppose we were all wrinkled and dead and someone needed shade on a hot day like this? These little people are so woebegone that we must fight to keep alive for their sake—and the sake of others."

The fairies heard the words. According to my mother, it is the gift of no other fairies in the world but Irish fairies to hear pine trees whisper to birds in the mountains—to hear eagles talk to tigers in the sky. . . . The head fairy said to the others, "I want to be alone for just a little moment."

He waved at a passing cloud. Out of it stepped a beautiful young lady dressed in blue. Her blue eyes danced like the sun on Easter morning. Her skin was whiter even than Mother's. Red roses were in her cheeks. Her dark hair was studded with golden stars. She wore a large cloak with a vivid red lining. She stepped down and talked to the head fairy.

He motioned to the bent little tree. The other fairies heard the beautiful lady say, "How lovely—such a good deed should never die—and just think—those branches thought not of themselves at all, at all!" The three fairies and the beautiful lady looked long and admiringly at the little tree. The beautiful lady threw a kiss to each branch.

Suddenly the tree grew many feet. It became the most shapely tree in Auglaize county. Birds came from all the directions of heaven and sang within its branches. There were orioles green and gold, and eagles—red, purple and blue. The eagles sang like canaries, until many scarlet birds came and took up the song. Then the beautiful lady whispered:

"Give the tree and all its sisters eternal life, and make their blood sweet and warm, and their roots to go deep down into the earth so that no wind only out of the hand of Almighty God can ever make it bow."

A mighty roar was heard in the woods. It was all the other trees complaining.

"We intended to give shade!" they said.

And the beautiful lady called back to them, her voice softer than dew under the feet of the child Jesus:

"I shall not judge you . . . but these little travelers could not find rest under the shade of your intentions. It was a happy chance that I happened to be coming by this way. I have so many worlds in which to see that the flowers grow properly that I have not been over this section in a million years."

She paused, the roses glowing in her cheeks.

"But I shall carry your good intentions to our Heavenly Father—and He will judge you kindly."

She turned to the little fairies:

"Would you like to ride to Ireland with me?" she asked.

"Yes indeed, most beautiful lady," they replied.

A cloud swooped out of the sky. It was more graceful than an eagle on a windy morning.

"We shall be in Ireland in thirty-two minutes," said the beautiful lady.

They waved at the friendly and now beautiful sugar-maple tree, and were lost to sight in a second.

#### IV

We took our dog Monk with us everywhere. Always in the vanguard of adventure, with his plumed tail ever wagging in joy, his eyes were ever sad.

The priest gave him to my mother when he was a puppy six weeks old. I learned to walk by holding to his side. A thoroughbred collie, he carried himself among Irish peasants as if they were his equals. He associated with no other dogs.

One day Monk ventured too near a rattle-snake. It struck him on the shoulder with enough force to knock him backward. He ran yelping away. Forgetting the snake in our anxiety for the dog, we followed him to the bank of the large ditch which ran in front of the house and circled back through the woods.

Monk hurriedly buried himself in the mud until only his head was exposed. All our coaxing would not make him move. Father told us that it was a dog's way of curing itself of poison. It would require four or five days.

Patiently we waited. Each night before going to sleep I would think of Monk, alone, out in the mud. We carried meat and water to him every day. He would touch nothing, and growled his disapproval if we came too near.

He finally came home with a starved appearance and a limp in his shoulder. The Prodigal Son was not treated with greater kindness.

A culvert six miles away was often our destination. Its roof was a cattle guard made out of steel spikes to keep cattle from wandering on the railroad tracks.

We could tell time by the position of the sun. We knew just when the train passed the crossing. We were literally tattered sun-dials.

We awaited the approaching train in the culvert with Monk. It vibrated over the ground a half mile away and bore down upon us with a terrible roar.

One day we decided to tease Monk. We crawled into the culvert without him. He tried to follow. We would not let him in.

The train roared toward the culvert.

Monk, baffled, ran barking up and down the tracks. We yelled at him. "Get away, Monk! Get away! Get away!"

But Monk, feeling that we were in danger, dashed along the rails.

We scampered from the culvert. The whirling dust made it impossible to see or talk for a short time.

At last we regained our voices.

"Monk—Monk!" we yelled.



We could not see him.

"Monk, Monk! Come, Monk! Come, Monk! Nice Monk! Come on! We was only teasin'! Come on, Monk!"

Tom, my older brother, patted his knees and snapped his fingers.

We scanned the tall grasses on each side of the track.

At last Tom said: "Maybe he got mad and run on home. Dogs do that."

To console me, he added: "That's jist about what he did. We'll find him right in the Summer kitchen with Mother."

Tom fell on the ground a short distance further.

"Monk—Monk—Monk! Please look, please, please. We didn't mean it Monk, please, PLEASE!"

Monk's eyes were partly open. His body still quivered. He tried to open his eyes. They went shut.

We placed him in an easier position.

He moaned, and moved no more.

We laid him upon a board. Murderers could have felt no worse.

A freight train passed, on its way to St. Mary's. I can still see the engineer, red kerchief about his neck, waving, these thirty years.

"Will we tell Mother and Virginia how it happened?"

Tom, my nine-year-old brother, replied slowly, "Yes—"

A farmer, hauling gravel from the Forty Acre Pond, stopped his team.

He was a shriveled, weather-beaten man with a face the color of burnt brick. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Lost your dog, eh? Oh well—don't you cry—you kin git another one—there's lots o' dogs."

He helped us place Monk in the wagon.

As it stopped in front of the house, Mother and Sister Virginia came to the road.

Monk's mouth was grim in death. His front paws were crossed. We cried over the thoroughbred martyr for the peasant Irish. Red-eyed with weeping, Mother looked at me.

"What will you do?" she asked.

Tom said, "Mother!"

Holding both her hands to her ears, she said: "I know, I *know*!"

Monk's name was never mentioned to Mother again.

We buried him in a far corner of the woods. Three hard maple trees formed a triangle over his grave.

We built a fire upon it, and chanted all we could remember of the Litany for the Dead.

## II

### Old Hughie

MY GRANDFATHER, Old Hughie Tully, was short and wide, with the strength of a bull.

My grandmother married him after she had inherited twenty acres of Irish ground. With no money to buy horse or plow, they tilled the land with spades. For five years they bent their backs and starved.

The adjoining land was owned by an English lord. They watched his sleek horses furrow his acres with shining plows. They sold the land to him and came to America. That was during the middle of the last century.

Old Hughie was a peddler of Irish

linens and laces in the South for three years. His wanderings gave him knowledge of and contempt for people. He sent another Irishman to visit the towns ahead of him. It was that man's duty to select a beautiful girl, and to dress her in the best laces and linens. The maiden would saunter forth to church on Sunday. All the other women would be curious to know where she had got such lovely things. She would tell them that she had met a peddler in a town nearby. Hughie would then make his entrance—and do a thriving business. His confederate, meanwhile, would be making arrangements in a town beyond.

"Wimmin are not all vain, indade not!" Old Hughie would say to me. "Some are dumb too."

My childhood was unusual in that it contained no soldier heroes. Old Hughie had two prejudices: he liked neither the Irish nor the Negroes. His dislike of the former was based on general principles; he disliked the latter because he believed that they were the souls of Methodists come back to earth, singed by hell-fire.

Believing this, he had no desire to fight for their freedom. The Civil War was thus deprived of his services.

Once I asked him why he had not been a soldier. A man of nearly eighty then, his body still powerful, his sharp steel-blue eyes looking out from beneath shaggy eyebrows that had faded from red to yellowish gray, he snapped,

"If ye are in a strange nayborhood ye don't take sides. Ireland is me country—an' by the help of God, may I niver see it agin!"

There was an old Irish shrew who did not like him because he drank overmuch at times. She was haggard and worn. Her tongue was sharper than her features.

"The old hag, she said to me yisterday, 'Indade, and if ye were me husband I'd give ye poison.'"

"'Indade and if I were, I'd take it,' I said right back."

Grandmother Tully was said to have been of better blood than he. The daughter of a country squire, she wrote verses. Old Hughie, who was never without his bottle, would take a swig and exclaim:

"Sich blarney! Makin' words jingle! Indade, ye'd better be washin' the daishes!"

When I showed him my own doggerel, he threw up his hands.

"Oh, me God, me God! Git yerself a shovel like yere father! Let yere grandmither do sich things. It's not for the likes of a brawny boy like ye."

When rheumatism had forced him to live on the sparse bounty of his children, he evolved a method that would keep an active mind from getting into a rut.

He would leave the house each morning at seven o'clock. It was the hour the saloons opened. There were twenty-six of them in St. Mary's. Old Hughie knew them all, and all the bartenders in the place.

Many of them were Germans. Auglaize county was settled by Irish and German peasants. They were always at war. Grandfather was the ambassador of love. Not for such a man were the squabbles of peasants! He would lean his two-hundred-pound, five-foot-four body on the bar and pour soothing oil on the troubled waters—for a glass of whiskey.

He was never really a cadger. He simply traded wit for drink. If wit were not needed, he gave consolation and advice. He had worn out several pedler's packs and many shovels. Thus equipped, he knew how to run the country, a neighbor's farm, and all affairs with women.

Every week he trimmed his black and white beard and mustache to within a half-inch of his face. He had never been to a dentist—had never lost a tooth. His teeth were large and even. He had retired at seventy.

There was only one Negro in the town of St. Mary's. In spite of his avowed prejudice, Old Hughie was his bosom friend. The Negro spent his money freely at the bar.

"Indade an' indade," Old Hughie often said to him, "a colored gintleman is better than the Irish. I know—for I'm one o' thim."

Often, on the Negro's day off, the two could be seen walking arm-in-arm from one saloon to the other. My grandfather had a song which would make the darky laugh. He would pound the bar and stamp his feet to keep time, so he thought, with his words. All would listen.

The Lord made a nayger,  
He made him in the night,  
He made him in sich a hurry,  
He forgot to make him white.

Grandfather was one of the first men in Ohio to allow his wife complete freedom. He would not bother her for days at a

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time. But when liquor had made him ill he would sit in his large chair and hit the table with his bottle.

"Kath-u-rin, Kath-u-rin!" he would shout.

Grandmother, aged and stooped but vital, with wrinkles in her face deep enough to bury matches, would draw near him, holding a corn-cob pipe in her hand.

"Indade, Kath-u-rin, you know what it is? It's that damned liquor Coffee sells—it'd eat a hole in a pipe."

"Well, it's good for ye—a man yere age—a-lettin' the lick'er soak yere fine brains out! What'll iver become o' ye?"

"Be still, woman, be still, be still! It's more lick'er I want an' not advice."

"Indade, an' ye'll git no more lick'er this day!"

At this insult Grandfather would hurry from the house.

He was unlike most men. Once in the saloon, no one ever heard of his troubles at home. He was a born man about town.

## II

He could play a fiddle and sing a ballad. Vagabonds with fiddles would often play in the Ohio saloons of those days. Old Hughie would take the fiddle and help entertain. He had picked up many Negro tunes in the South. I can still hear him chanting with terrific gusto—

I wish I waaz an apple—  
An' my yaller gal waaz anither  
An' Oh, how happee we would be,  
On the tree together!

Oh, how jealous the niggahs would be,  
When by my side they spied her!  
An' oh, how happee we would be,  
All smashed up into cider! . . .

The crowd would buy him many drinks. There was a tacit understanding between the bartenders and Old Hughie that when other people treated the liquor was to be of the best. Whether he drank five hours or ten, he never lost control of his senses. Liquor merely made him more alive and charming. It made him forget the wretched

cottage in which he passed as few hours as possible.

The little yellow fiddle seemed a toy with his immense arms about it. His red flannel undershirt was rolled to the elbows. The great muscles of his forearms bulged like whipcord. His hair, like withered gray wild grass, was in a heap of tangles on his head. The vagabond fiddlers, glad of a recess, entered into the spirit of each song. Old Hughie took all the drinks offered. But when the hat was passed, all the money went to the strolling players.

There was a path reserved at the end of the bar where Hughie's glass and bottle stood. No man ever stood in that path.

The bartender would raise his hand. Many other hands would be raised. Old Hughie was to sing again. With his squat heavy body tense, his head hung low, his lips held tight and firm, he would move toward the bar and pour himself a glass brimful of Three Star Hennessy.

No one ever knew where he learned the many stories he told. But he always had a new one to tell.

"Did ye iver hear of the man who drank too much? Well, he worried his wife till she went to the praist wit' her troubles. 'Father,' she says, 'he drinks like a well—an' no prayers of me own can stop him.'"

"'Wait,' says the holy man, 'it is I that will stop him an' put the fear of Almighty God in his heart.'"

"So that night he wint to Michael, who was so dhrunk he thought he was the Black Pope.

"'Michael,' says the holy father, 'if the good Lord answers yere prayers will ye quit dhrinkin'?'"

"'Yis,' says Michael. 'I'll be quittin' even if His Mother answers thim.'"

"'All right,' says the praist. 'We'll pray to the Blissed Virgin. An' what will ye ask her?' asks the praist.

"'I'll ask her,' says the dhrunken scoundrel, 'for the loan of tin dollars.'"

"'All right,' says the holy father, 'go ahead and ask the Holy Mother for tin dollars.'"

"Michael knilt on the hard road with the praist at his side.

"Swate Virgin, Mither of a Man without min,' he said, 'may the prayer of a poor bedraggled soul wantin' the loan of tin dollars float up to Ye and into the corridors of Heaven. It is only tin dollars I would be havin' an' it's me first chance to iver git so much money out of a woman.'

"The praist felt in his coat pocket. There was only four dollars. He put the four dollars in Michael's coat pocket.

"Feel in yere pocket, Michael,' says the praist, 'an' see if yere prayers be not answered.'

"Michael felt in his pocket and drew out four dollars.

"Did She give ye the tin?' asked the praist.

"No, begorra,' says Michael. 'She owes me six dollars yit.'

"Well, She'll pay that aisy,' says the holy father. 'Just remember it, an' lo an' behold, some day the Blessed Mither will remimber it too—an' pay you in the gold She scrapes off the stars on Aister Sunday.'"

The old man chuckled.

"Michael got dhrunk on the four dollars. The woman hurried to the praist agin. The good man waited for Michael to come home late at night. A white sheet was about the holy father's head as he stood behind a tree in the road. As Michael came along singin',

"It's the purties goddamn country that iver yit was seen . . .

Where they're hangin' min an' wimen for the wearin' o' the green!

"Who should step right out but a ghost from behind the trae!

"Michael shivered at first, but was afraid to run, so he became brave.

"An' who may ye be?' he asked, his taith rattlin' like stones in his mouth.

"The ghost answered in a voice dayper than thunder in London.

"I'm Jesus Christ!"

"Michael was relieved right away, away.

"He held the ghost in his arms. . . .

"Oh, I'm so glad to see Ye!' he said . . . an' he held him close—

"Yere Mither owes me six dollars!"

### III

Save that he had a greater sense of drama, Old Hughie Tully was like a popular novelist. He gave his audience what it wanted.

He often began a story with "Whin I was a piddler in the South—" After these words he would look about in the manner of a man who expected silence. It generally followed. He would then look from his empty glass to the bartender. More liquor was poured.

"You know, gintlemen, when I was a piddler in the South—"

Once, when all were ready for the story, a drunken man entered, with a wooden leg.

"Please, gentlemen," he pleaded, "be so kind as to contribute money toward the expense of another wooden leg. I lost my leg at the battle of Bull Run, a holdin' back the rebel hordes from the fair valleys of the North."

Old Hughie looked sternly at the newcomer. The intrusion was unwelcome.

"Who is the gentleman?" he asked.

"Oh, some hobo. They're always drunk," said his friend John Crasby.

Old Hughie began again. "Whin I was a piddler in the South." But the voice of the stranger rose higher: "Gentlemen, will you help an old man who lost a leg in humblin' his country's pride? I was the fastest runner at the battle of Bull Run, gentlemen. It was me that got General Jackson the name of Stonewall, gentlemen. He was gallopin' like hell on his horse, with General Lee's daughter holdin' to him, and I came dashin' by. General Lee yells out, 'That Yank's goin' so fast he makes Jackson look like a stone wall.'"

Grandfather Tully looked at him, with grim wrinkles of laughter about his eyes.

The man's leg was off above the knee.



A piece of wood was fastened to it. It was like no other wooden leg ever made. Worn wood curved around an iron band at the bottom. His upper lip was shaved clean. His jaws were covered with bright red whiskers that hung at least a dozen inches and spread across his breast. His eyes were full of laughter. One forgot his thin upper lip in looking at them. He wore a heavy blue army coat with brass buttons. Several brass medals, half hidden by the whiskers, hung from his left breast. His hair, perhaps once red, was of an indescribable color.

An old army hat was crumpled on his head. Several holes were torn through the crown. He was very tall and very drunk. Whenever he took a step, the wooden leg crashed upon the floor with a resounding thud.

Old Hughie Tully looked away from him, and began once again, "Now, whin I was a piddler in the South—"

The one-legged man faced him.

"Do you live in this town?" he asked.

Old Hughie rubbed his stubby whiskers. He looked slightly perturbed. "Indade, if it plazes yure insolence to know, I do." Then, nettled, he snapped out, "And why did ye ask?"

"Oh, for no reason at all," returned the stranger. "You just looked like a man who *would* live here."

"I look like a bright man—I'd be for sayin'!" flared Old Hughie.

"Well, maybe you do—but you deceive your looks."

"Say, who the livin' hell are you?"

"I'm a soldier, sir, home from the wars." He pulled his whiskers aside. "See these medals? I won them all. I am he that runs. It was my old friend Napoleon who said, 'Give the fools medals.' Strange to say, though I'm a Union soldier, I won mine by getting Jackson a new name. Jefferson Davis said to George Washington that a man who could run like that deserved to be treated well." He laid a nickel on the bar. "Give me a mug of beer, bartender, please."

It was placed before him. He drank it quickly, and rubbed his lower lip.

"See that upper lip?" he said to the bartender, "I was years in learning to get rid of my mustache. It hindered my beer-drinking. At last came wisdom and I had it shaved off. So long does it take us to learn the simple things!"

Old Hughie began once more, "When I was a piddler in the South. . ."

"But gentlemen, I would speak to you one and all." The one-legged man waved his arms. "I am a wounded veteran, long run home from the wars. May I ask a small collection from this august assembly? I am endeavoring, as becomes the pride of a soldier, to get a new leg. So long as the great heroes of the Civil War lived, I was well supplied with the money for new legs. But now they are all gone. One by one they have joined, unwilling as they may have been, the bivouac of the dead.

"By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

"Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day:  
Under the one, the Blue;  
Under the other, the Gray."

"Lord, what a lot of mush!" said Old Hughie. "Maybe he'll be still now. Surely he can't talk after sich fol-de-rol."

The stranger remained pensive, as if living over again the days of his vanished glory. He suddenly drained his mug of beer.

"Whin I was a piddler in the South." Old Hughie looked at his audience. They moved closer. "As I waz sayin', whin I was a pid—"

"Gentlemen who wave flags on the Fourth of July, I—a one-legged soldier—who retreated from Moscow with Napoleon—who has ever been in the forefront in the wars of Humanity—even though in that cause I have become legless—I ask the boon of a new leg."

The swinging doors of the saloon opened and shut.

A group of well-dressed men entered.

They were led by Barney Russell, collector for a Kentucky distillery.

"Bellies to the bar, men!" he called. "Bellies to the bar!"

Instantly all in the place were lined up at the bar for a drink. All took whiskey but the one-legged man. He asked for a large glass of beer. "The nerve of a man like that!" said John Crasby.

"Yis," said Old Hughie, "only a hobo would act so ungrateful." Then he said to the stranger, "What do you mane—dhrinkin' beer on a man who sills whiskey?"

The one-legged man rubbed his upper lip and looked at Grandfather a moment.

"Do you know how Rockyfeller got rich?" he asked quietly.

"No, I do not," replied Old Hughie, nonplussed.

"It was very simple," replied the man. "He tended to his own business."

Old Hughie swallowed twice.

"You are not a man I should pay attention to—I don't aven know you."

The bartender filled the glasses a second time.

Russell was busy counting the bills which the saloon-keeper had handed him. Satisfied with the amount, he called, "Fill 'em up again." The glasses were filled the third time.

The one-legged soldier swallowed his beer before Old Hughie and John Crasby raised their glasses. He wiped his shaven upper lip again and turned to Hughie,

"This is what you oughta have—a lip like this—no beer lost. I figured it all out. Eighty-eight barrels of beer stuck to my mustache before I had brains enough to shave it off. It's the little things that count in beer drinking. My father was a brew-master in Poland. I worked in a brewery there until I was forty years old. I learned the beer business from the suds down."

"Was that before you wint to the war?" asked Old Hughie.

"It was all during the war," the reply came quickly.

Old Hughie shook his head.

"You know, Stranger," explained the one-legged man, "the drinking of beer is a lost art in this country, or rather it is an art which barbaric whiskey-guzzlers have not learned." He looked hard at Grandfather. "Now, my father, after he returned from Siberia as brew-master to the Czar, explained to me that beer should never be tasted with the tongue—it should be swallowed—"

"Like castor oil," put in Old Hughie.

"Or whiskey—or any other medicine for children," returned the soldier.

"Men should never drink beer," he went on, "out of glasses. Heavy mugs should be used to hold the tongue out of the beer. There's a great art in drinking beer." He felt his chest proudly.

"How about whiskey?" asked Hughie.

"You pour it on the kindling and strike a match to it—"

"G'wan!" But Grandfather's words were stopped in his throat.

"I've never been able to understand," said the stranger, looking straight at him, "how men drink whiskey. One may as well eat matches for breakfast and drink nitro-glycerine."

"Do ye know how Rockyfeller got rich?" Grandfather asked.

"Su—re, in the oil business," the stranger replied.

Grandfather looked crestfallen.

"He had his mind on bigger things than beer-drinkin' anyhow." The one-legged man drained his mug. Then, with one eye closed,

"I just heard a good one."

"What is it?" asked Grandfather.

"It's a riddle."

"Well, go ahead."

"What is it that stands on one leg and barks like a dog?"

Old Hughie thought long and earnestly.

"Give up?" asked the stranger.

"Yis."

"It's a stork."

"But a stork don't bark like a dog," returned Old Hughie peevishly.

"Oh well, I put that in just to make it harder."

"Well, I'll be sint to purgatory for mortal sin!" roared Old Hughie.

The stranger chased a fly from his upper lip and roared in a voice of thunder—

"As I turned down the new cut road  
I met old Nick with a devil of a load.  
And I said Satan, please do tell,  
They're a lot o' whiskey toppers on their way  
to Hell."

## IV

All laughed. The collector said, "Give that fellow a lot of beer." The bartender placed three mugs in front of him.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," suggested Old Hughie, "I'll dhrink two whiskies to aich mug o' beer ye dhrink an' I'll put ye to slape under the brass railin' here."

The whiskey collector spoke up.

"All right. I'll bet on Hughie an' buy liquor for both."

In a few minutes three mugs had been drained. Then the one-legged man turned to Old Hughie. "Stranger, why are you so rash? Don't you know that my father was a brew-master in France for sixty years?"

"I don't give a damn if he was Quane Victoria's aunt. I'm goin' to dhrink ye unconscious as ye should be—a stranger comin' into groups o' gintlemen an' talkin' about yere damn wooden leg!"

"It's glass for glass," said the bartender. "The man here'll be allowed two minutes more on each drink, Hughie—he's got more to drink."

"Who—me?" asked the one-legged man. "It's even Stephen, as far as I'm concerned—minute for minute—glass for glass. I'll take no unfair advantage of a man. I learned chivalry at Bull Run—every man had a chance there—and they all took it."

"All right, thin," roared Old Hughie. "I'll dhrink three glasses o' whiskey to one of his beer. I'll taich him to brag!"

"My wooden leg is hollow, Stranger—it holds a barrel."

"Oh, an' I don't give a flip o' the praist's

cassock if it holds ~~two~~ barrels. If ye got a brain in yere talky head at all I'll make ye dhrunk."

The crowd stood close. More liquor was placed on the bar. Old Hughie was as steady as an iron rod. The stranger began to reel about the saloon. He raised a hand.

"All I ask now, gentlemen, is that you don't give the bout to my whiskey-drinking opponent until you see me lie down and close my eyes for an hour. Was it not the Duke o' Wellington who yelled, 'Don't give up the ship!'? I am of the breed. What would my grandfather, who was the greatest brewer of ale in Ireland, think of his son if he lost to a man like that?"

"Niver mind, dhrink yere beer. We'll make up our own lies," grunted Grandfather.

The word quickly spread along Spring street that Old Hughie was trying to put a beer-drinker under the table. The saloon was soon filled. Men stood on chairs and watched.

"We're out of Three Star Hennessy, Hughie. Will Old Taylor do?"

"Shure! I can bate this bum dhrinkin' if I dhrink rat poison."

"Well, that's what ye're drinkin', Stranger," said the one-legged man, scraping his wooden leg on the floor.

John Crasby looked into a mug which the stranger placed on the bar. "There's another sup in there yet," he said, lifting it. "Drink it all—no fair leavin' any."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, that was an oversight. Such mistakes are often made by the leading beer-drinkers."

Everybody drank. Even the back yard was filled with men. Many wagers were made. Old Hughie was a two to one favorite.

"But watch this other fellow," said a well-known German beer-drinker from New Bremen, ten miles away. "He was in New Bremen last week. He put the four Hauser boys under the table in six hours."

The stranger, with a mug in each hand, pounded his wooden leg on the floor and yelled,

"Remember what Newton said, gentlemen—give him a lever and he'd roll over the world. The same here, men. Give me a big enough tank and I'll drain the breweries of Egypt. My father wasn't a brew-master in Germany seventy years for nothing."

Old Hughie, like the grim fighter that he was, lost no motion. He seemed to feel that the least effort might tilt his brain. On his face was the expression of a drowning man who tries to keep his chin above water.

His rival staggered about the saloon, talking loudly. He took the battered hat from his head.

"See the holes in this hat, gentlemen?—shot through by whiskey-drinkers after I put 'em under the table!"

"Kape yere eye on him," said Old Hughie. "They're beginnin' to git licked whin they brag."

John Crasby watched the stranger. He examined each mug as it was placed upon the bar.

Hours passed. Still the men drank.

"Let's give them a recess," suggested the collector. "We'll be arrested for drownin' 'em. Is it all right with you, Hughie—and you?" turning to the one-legged man.

Hughie conferred with John Crasby.

"Only fifteen minutes," he said at length. "I don't want to git outa the swing of the drink agin. My brain is in fine fettle now."

It was agreed to suspend hostilities for a quarter of an hour.

The one-legged man stood with his back to the bar, arms outspread. "He'll be fallin' soon," said John Crasby to Hughie.

"I'm afraid not—the dhrunken scallawag! Thir niver was sich a dhrinker since the night o' the big wind in Ireland."

He scratched his head,

"But at any rate—whin I was a piddler in—"

"Gentlemen," shouted the one-legged man, "you have perhaps forgotten my original mission among you. I have come

as a patriot home from the wars—wounded—legless—but not dead. I come among you to obtain money with which to buy a new leg.

"This leg I now wear is much worn and warped with the years. I was not an officer in the army, gentlemen. Officers do not lose their legs in the cause of glory. I fought and died, gentlemen, that all men might be free to escape from the Bull Run of the soul. My distinguished opponent here perhaps does not understand the emotion that kindles in the heart of the soldier—for did he not call my poem a lot of mush?"

"He'll talk himself under the table," Old Hughie whispered to John Crasby. "It's the talk that makes min dhrunk—it upsits their brain. Now, whin I was a piddler—"

## V

"And, gentlemen—hidden away as we are here from the stress and strife of daily life—I would fain say a word about how legs are lost. I too was a soldier in the army of love. I fought under the banner of the noblest young woman in Turkey. She was more beautiful than the wondrous maiden of whom our great drinking companion, Lord Byron Burns, of other days wrote. . . .

"Her overpowering beauty made one feel—  
It would not be idolatry to kneel—

"She loved me as truly as a woman ever loved a man. And she was false. She entered the Sultan's harem against my wishes. She became the Sultan's favorite against her own.

"My old father came from the brewery in Kansas and pleaded with the Sultan. 'The boy has only one wife to give the Sultan,' my father said. 'Please do not make her your favorite.' But it was all to no avail.

"At last I found the Sultan on the top of his building, forty stories up. He was all alone. 'Sult,' I said, 'they will read in

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the papers tomorrow that you committed suicide. Even he who doubts will believe it. If he thinks of your fifty wives he will believe that you fell forty stories into the very arms of your women. It is a terrible vengeance I seek—caused by a terrible grief—but desire for women is the graveyard of greater men than yourself. You shall be folded forever in the company of the greatest men that ever lingered among us."

"Sire," said the Sultan, "don't be a goddam fool! You take your women too seriously. My business in life is women. A mere jump of forty stories would not kill me—and if I am not out of breath when I fall I will hound you with all the soldiers of civilized Europe and the women-loving children of Ireland. I will chase you over mountain and dale and pin you to the walls of Jerusalem with the bullets of my soldiers."

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'What is a woman, however beautiful, to a man like the Sultan?' He patted his chest. 'I would bid you be careful, señorita! And besides, this woman you love so devoutly—who is she? Do you remember all the roses in your walk through a garden? Be civilized, my friend! You were intelligent enough to run from Bull Run—then why do you show such crass stupidity here? Ho—ho—ho—because you love a woman! Go careful with murder, my friend—you come from more ignorant shores—there are no murders in Turkey over women—wise men—we make them wear veils—their beauty is that which we men alone may see. In your countries—or at least it was so when I traveled incognito over the realms of women with Edward the Seventh, then the beloved Prince of Wales—the beauty of women is for themselves—they preen before mirrors—and as they preen—in their minds comes the destruction of men. Remember, friend—men were free before mirrors were invented by a man who was insane—'"

"The time is up!" shouted Old Hughie.

"Let him finish his tale. We must be

courteous to the stranger within our gates," said the bartender. "Besides, Hughie, have compassion—this man has loved a woman!"

"Thank you! Thank you profoundly," bowed the man with one leg. "You are a greater philosopher than most men who wipe bars."

And then he went on.

"The Sultan weighed six hundred and six pounds. His body was gray and blue, like rubber. But he was twenty feet tall, so he did not seem too heavy."

"Women love a tall man," he continued. "If a tall man just remains quiet he will pass for Solomon with the smartest woman alive. The reason my realm is one of beauty and joy everlasting is because women do not think. They are told what to think in your nation—and what have you? More silly opinions—and less beauty."

"The Sultan walked to a chart."

"When did your wife leave you?" he asked.

"Three months ago," I replied.

"Then why this haste?" He thought seriously for some moments. "It will be at least eleven months, according to the most precise regulations of my women tabulators, before I can even see her. Some very beautiful women have remained in my harem for as long as three years before they could even be admitted to my presence. Only four years ago I had to call in four Kings from Christian Europe to help me give them audiences. So you see—sad man of love—that that which breaks your heart is but a dreary incident in the life of another man. All the troubles in the world, my sad man of love, are caused because men cannot lie still in bed."

"He turned swiftly from the chart."

"What were you doing in Turkey with your beautiful wife?"

"I was a missionary, Sire, and my wife worked with me in the saving of souls. Only three nights before she was captured for your harem she had saved forty of your heathen Turks. She was devout—and read her Bible each hour."

"The Sultan raised his hand. 'It's no wonder she left. Your Bible, I am told, does not bring peace to women. Only love can do that—and you denied it to her. No beautiful woman wishes to convert heathens. My long years as Sultan have taught me that. My men have searched the realms of the world for beautiful women. No beautiful woman was ever found among the lady missionaries. Saving souls is for ugly people with minds as bitter as the thoughts of death. For what does it matter, my friend, how you walk to the grave? The test is always—what is important. Whether one be a scavenger of souls—or in love with a woman.'"

The stranger wept for a moment.

"But ah, she was lovely! Before we took ship for Turkey she converted a man in New York who said he was an alderman. She was alone with him in a room for several hours. And when they came out the man said he was saved. 'Much can be done with prayer,' the alderman said.

"She was being wrongfully detained by an evil woman in an evil house when I discovered her. After she, by the evil machinations of this evil woman, had stolen seven dollars from me I decided it was time to convert her and let her see the world. I used to teach women the way of virtue in such houses. It was a hard task.

"At last she consented to elope with me

and save sinners if I gave her the seven dollars. When we were married she told me of her sinful life. Ah, gentlemen—she too had her Bull Run of the soul! I thought of her wrongs as I stood before the Sultan.

"'Jump!' I yelled, pulling a big gun from my pocket.

"The Sultan jumped out of the window. I watched him land on the pavement below. I turned from the window and started to leave the room.

"The Sultan had bounced back and stood before me.

"'I have thought it all over,' he said politely. 'I shall not chase you from my dominions. You are free to wander where you will. But still you will be in prison. For well I know that the man who takes one woman seriously will never be free. I bid you good morning.' He pushed me out of his presence."

"What became of the wife?" asked the whiskey-collector.

Before the man could answer he collapsed.

"I knew it," exclaimed Old Hughie. "He talked himself under!"

"Well, he's just a travelin' bum," put in John Crasby.

"Indade, an' he's worse than that," returned Old Hughie. "He's a beer-drinker!"

He rubbed his chin—"Now, when I was a piddler in the South—"

### III

#### *The Day of Heroes*

OLD HUGHIE could read and write. He was considered an educated man among the Irish peasants of his day in Auglaize county. His father, my great-grandfather, was not so fortunate. England did not allow Irish Catholics to attend school in his youth. He lived and died in ignorance abysmal.

My great-grandfather was five feet high, and nearly half of that across the shoulders. His neck was a mass of muscle, and according to my grandfather, "like steel ropes, be God!" Reared in a hut on a rain-washed

Irish bog, he cursed England and Cromwell, and lifted heavy weights for drinks.

Melodrama was as natural to him as corn to an Iowa farmer. Arson and sudden death were as common in his time as gossip about the King of England. He respected nothing among men. He was capable of turning death into an Irish wake and pouring liquor down the throat of the corpse. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old. He was finally struck by lightning.

"It took an act of God in his mercy to kill him," was Old Hughie's comment.

"No man could do it, begorra. He could knock a horse down, an' choke a bear to death. He hit a man with his little finger one time and it bashed in his skull. He hit a Protestant in Cork an' it broke a preacher's nose in Dublin. . . . He was a man he was—he was!"

Three generations of us sat in the rear of Coffee's saloon in the town of St. Mary's. My father had money in plenty. He had just finished a ditching contract. Dressed roughly, he and my grandfather faced each other.

"How's the dirt in Van Wert county, Jim?" asked Old Hughie.

"Heavy—like glue. It stuck to the shovels and the scrapers—a hell of a job," replied my father.

"Oh, it takes yer old dad to show ye how to throw the dirt. When I first give up piddlin' in the South and took to the shovel I could throw a barrel o' dirt over a house—I could, I could."

"Take another drink, Father, an' ye can throw it over the moon. A house is not a bit high."

"Ye will have yere joke an' doubt the word o' yer old father, but there's only one man who could ever throw the bog to kape aven with me—an' he was—an' he was Timothy Walsh of long dead mimory—God rest his hot soul!"

My grandfather gulped his red liquor and looked at me. I looked at my empty beer-glass. My father called the bartender. Grandfather continued talking.

"He was a murderer—he was, he was. He killed the meanest man in Ireland—and the fattest. This mean man was the boss av a hundred men and he made 'em dig like worms. They cursed him an' he bate thim an' he sneered, 'Go on an' curse, ye scum o' the earth! See the big belly o' me, and the big chest! Indade, ye rascals, I'm growin' fatter on yere curses, glory be to the Saviour!'

"Indade, an' ye are," says Timothy Walsh, 'God bless ye,' comin' up closer to him in the bog. 'How would ye like to go to Heaven—where all the rich belong?'

"'I'll go to Heaven in me own good time,' says he, 'an' it's not the likes o' ye who'll have divil a word to say about it.'

"'All right,' says Timothy, says he, 'but say yere prayers now. I'm not the one to send ye to yere God wit' the poison of yere soul in yere heart. God 'ud think ye were a snake an' condemn ye to crawl over the hills of England forever!'

"'Ho ho ho!' says the boss, 'it's not to be that ye'd be killin' me! Kill one o' your own dirt, if ye must have the gore o' men on yere hands!'

"'It's not the gore o' men I'd be after,' says Timothy, 'it's the gore of devils—with a dead piece o' bog for a heart.'

"Over the bog was comin' the boss's son.

"'Ye better hurry if ye want to see a good man die,' says Timothy, and with that he gave a run an' a jump, an' a dagger a foot long went into the heart o' the meanest an' fattest man in Ireland.

"He crumbled up like a sack o' blood with a hole in it—an' it poured all red and turned thick on the bog. An' whin the son came close he saw Timothy with the dagger—long an' bloody.

"'An' I'll kill ye too,' says he, 'with yere thievin' dead father an' ye to take his place, God Almighty damn the soul o' ye! That ye kin ride in yere fine carriage—an' run over me while I dig in the bog that ye don't starve! He ran toward the stalwart young son—an' the madness was upon him an' the son ran like the English before the Irish at the battle of Fontenoy—an' Timothy was after him with his father's blood shinin' red on the dagger. 'Run as far as ye like,' says he, 'but I'll catch ye at last—an' send ye to yere father, now so lonesome and dead.'

"An' they ran by the cottage o' Mary O'Brien. She was ould and she couldn't see well—an' she walked on a crutch—an' she heard a man fall over a stumble in her yard. An' a man screamed, 'O God! O God! O God! Don't murder me!' Then she heard blood gurgle an' the dagger go up an' down. Then she heard the dead man become quiet—an' look up at the sky with

his dead eyes. Thin Timothy kicked the dead jaws o' him, until his boot rattled agin' 'em like stones.

"Join yere father, ye braggin' bastard!" says he, "an' tell him I sint ye—with yere damned heart empty o' blood that ye sucked from the poor!"

"An' Mary O'Brien hid in her house tremblin' like a frozen dog."

The bartender poured more red liquor in my grandfather's glass. I watched his laughter-wrinkled face go stern.

"Tim Walsh came to me father's house. 'Shake hands wit' a murderer,' says he to the ould man. An' me father says, 'Who did ye murder?' says he, an' Tim says, 'Who could I be murderin'? Why the Blakes—father an' son.'

"It's too bad," says me father. "Ye should o' killed his three brothers."

"Give me time," says Tim Walsh.

"Does anyone know ye did it?" asks me father.

"Nobody but God—an' He always winks whin a landlord dies—ye kin aven hear the angils snickerin' in Heaven."

My grandfather lifted his glass and clicked it against that of my father.

"Here's to yel!" he snapped, "an' to the forever gone an' weather-beaten and lonely soul o' Timothy Walsh!"

The old man's voice crooned soft as dawn on an Irish meadow.

"Tim was only twenty-eight, with a head like a lion's and shoulders as broad as me father's an' a heart that was bigger than all Ireland when it's rainin'.

"Stay here with me," says me father.

"No, it's to America I'll be goin' with me bloody hands an' me soul unafraid."

## II

"But they got Timothy—an' came the day of his trial.

"Bring in the witness to identify him," says the judge.

"In came Mary O'Brien.

"They stood Timothy among the men, an' gave her the long rod to lay upon the

man's head she had seen with the dagger.

"Ye never saw a ghost shook so terrible. She was bent double, and she had no teeth, an' her hands were bones. She smoked an ould pipe. Maybe she wouldn't know him who had rid the earth o' the monsters.

"An' they gave her the rod, an' all looked quiet as the dead on Ash Wednesday.

"She picked up the rod an' leveled it around the room. My Father screamed, 'My God, Mary. . . . Betray not our kind!' His words were took up by others, an' they roared, 'Betray not—Betray not—Betray not our kind!' They made of it a song until the constable made the room be still.

"Ye could o' heard a feather drop. Mary O'Brien looked in ivery face . . . an' thin, like the ould witch that she was, she laid the rod on the head of Timothy Walsh, an' the judge said: 'Him shall we hang.'

"In the ould days in Ireland ye went to the rope sittin' on yere coffin in a cart. Ye got there an' you met Cauty the Hangman . . . an' they said that he couldn't sleep at night for the spirits o' the men with the broken necks kept tryin' to choke him.

"Timothy was ordered to be hung near the spot where he'd killed ould Blake, an' there were many thousands of people gathered there, for they all loved Timothy.

"The horse died—o' poison maybe—on the way to the gallows where Timothy sat a laughin' on his coffin.

"He took the medal of the Blessed Virgin from around his neck an' gave it to me father. 'Wear it,' says he, 'till I be avenged.'

"That I will," says me father, 'till the blood runs like water from the hills.'

"An' they could git no other horse to drag the cart. For if ye have a horse to drag a man to death in Ireland, 'tis niver forgive ye—ye belong to the Informers.

"They wanted Tim to help carry his coffin.

"Indade, an' I'll not carry a bed I don't want to sleep in!" says he, an' so four men carried the coffin—an' Timothy walked behind it.

"Tim's neck was bigger than a bull's.



Big bunches of muscle strung it to his head like ropes.

"He walked along the road, with his coffin goin' ahead, the Irish people cursin', cheerin' an' laughin' at him that was about to die.

"We'll see ye in Heaven," yelled Mary O'Brien's nephew, him o' the black heart.

"Ho, ho," says Timothy, 'not if ye go there, ye dog! I'll leave on the wings o' the angel Gabriel—rather in Hell with Cromwell than with ye in Heaven!'

"The coffin must have been heavy, for the men changed hands, an' one was tired.

"Come," says a constable to me father, 'an' give a hand on Timothy's coffin.'

"Indade," says me father, 'I'll carry the coffin of no frind before he's dead—not if ye bury me in it!'

"It began to rain, an' the drops rattled on the coffin like lost wet souls.

"Hey, hey, hey," says Timothy to me father, 'God in His Heaven is givin' the worms a drink.'

"He dropped his big chin on his breast an' walked like a man in a trance. The rain-drops rattled louder . . . an' Timothy begin to laugh. A man o' ice an' iron he was—wit' a streak of fire between.

"An they says to him at the foot o' the gallows, 'Will ye have a holy father confessor, Timothy?'

"And he looked with flames o' scorn in his eyes.

"Indade, an' it's niver a praist I'll have! If ye bring him that is nayther man nor woman to me, ye'll have to hang me agin for murder—which would be a bother to Holy Mother Church.'

"They put the coffin down.

"Ah ha, ye boys," says Timothy, 'don't break me glass bed . . . for I must see me way through Hell in that!'

"An' the crowd came in closer an' closer, an' Timothy walked up the gallows, the muscles in his neck bulgin' like hunks o' steel.

"Canty the Hangman stood, his fingers itchin' on the rope. 'Have ye anything to

say, before maytin' yere God?' says he to Timothy.

"Was there iver a time an Irishman had nothin' to say?' says Timothy. 'Give me a dagger—ye murderer for England!—an' I'll say it in yere heart.

"Gather round me, ye slaves o' England, ye poltroons! Rise in yere might with daggers in yere hands an' cut the throats of yere masters!'

"The constables rushed around him at the words.

"Kape yere hands off o' me—I want to go to Heaven clane!" Timothy looked as happy as a praist at his own wedding.

"Put the rope around me neck with no traitor's hand upon me—an' I ask ye, me friends, when ye take me away, to let none o' thim to cut me from the rope.' (For the rilitives an' the friends took the body in thim days.)

"They stood Timothy on a cart an' fastened the rope around his neck. Then a dozen o' the lowest men in Ireland pulled the cart from under him.

"He threw his neck back. His body went straight like an iron rod—an' he snapped the rope—an' he fell to the ground—an' thin me father an' a thousand others rushed in. There was sich a battle! Ye could hear the heads crackin' as far away as London. . . . An' they took Timothy with the rope draggin' from his neck, an' they kicked the coffin to splinters.

"Git him agin—over our dead bodies!" says they, an' me father stood like a block o' stone a-knockin' traitors across the Shannon river twenty-eight miles away. Ye could hear their heads hittin' agin' the trees on the other shore.

"An' they rushed to the cottage o' Mary O'Brien . . . an' there was no one at home but a black cat.

"They shut the doors an' stood with clubs at the windows.

"Burn the house!" yells they, 'for the cat is Mary O'Brien!'

"An' the flames crackled up and spit an' spit, till soon there was only ashes and the bones o' the cat.

"An' as they hurried over the hills to hide Timothy, he laughed in me father's ear, an' he says, 'That damned rope scorched me neck,' says he."

Old Hughie hit the table with his glass. My father looked as one who had heard the tale before.

"It's lickie I want," said Old Hughie. He looked around. The bartender filled the glasses. My grandfather gave me a knowing look.

"There was min in Ireland in thim days, me lad—better min niver lived—like dogs," said he.

The glass went toward his mouth with the speed of a bullet. He threw his massive head backward.

"I'd niver heard ye say that Grandad was at the burnin' of the cat," observed my father.

"The hell he wasn't!" the old man retorted sharply. "He'd have burned the Pope that mornin'." He motioned for the bartender again.

"Ye see—they were mad."

My father laughed.

"What became of Timothy Walsh?" I asked.

"Ah—that's the sad thing—that's why he's been dead to me so many years! Indade it was fine the bolt of lightnin' hit me blissed father before he knew it. Ye see—there was some Scotch in Tim, an' we didn't know it. But they smuggled him here to America, an' he became converted—an' inded up a Prissybyterian minister!"

The old man looked at his empty glass dolefully.

"A man with a neck like that!"

### III

Old Hughie and my grandmother made their home with a daughter. He was always well supplied with liquor. He would shake his immense head, narrow his eyes, and bite two words often: "Kape dhrunk!"

I spent hours with him at the different bars of St. Mary's. Still a child, I learned quickly to drink, and to observe, and to

remember. I knew all the ruffians of the town. A shrewd judge of character, my grandfather told me something about each of them. He did not live to please others.

"I'm jist a shanty Irishman, an' I'll go to Hell when I die—so thires no use to worry."

He had been fond of my dead mother, but he had no illusions about his son, my father. Once he said to me: "There's somethin' wrong with your dad. Whin the Lord made him He forgot to take His shovel out of his brain. He's niver bin the man he mighta bin. But it wasn't yere mither's fault. She came to a sad ind—as wimmin do."

He pulled me toward him with a touch of blunt affection.

"But take not to heart what I say." His voice lowered. "She married yere father—a brave woman and a sad. Ye are like yere mither, me boy—yere worth the whole goddam kit an' caboodle of 'em." Wiping the beaded liquor from his stubble of beard, he went on: "An' yere like me, too—the quick timper—an' the heavy heart. Yer mither worried too much—an' for what? Nary the good it did her." He paused. "She's in the Glynwood graveyard now, watchin' the frozen worms crawl in the Winter time, and lookin' at the roots of daisies in the Spring." He rubbed the bottom of his whiskey glass over the wet bar. "To hell wit' it all, me boy! To hell wit' it all!"

"Niver work hard wit' yer hands, me boy. Look at me. I'm bint like an ould tree in the wind—and for what? A bed that's niver made up—an' shotgun whiskey for a nickel a glass—an' the damned rheumatiz on cold nights that cuts at me flesh like Dick Hurm's razors. The praist'll tell ye that work is noble. It may be—for a mule—for he does none of it himself—I mane the praist—"

"Now, whin I was a piddler—" He sighed deeply, and into his faded eyes came the pain of happy memory. "Ah, thim were the days! Even the waeds along the road had blooms to thim thin."

"Well, whin I was a piddler in Asheville—it was a pimple on the world's nose thin—but oh, how purty!—there was the sweetest little yellow girls—wit' forms—I" He curved his big hands. "Ah, me God, they were lovely as sin! Yer grandmither was still in Ireland thin—an' would to Almighty God she had stayed there! I could sing an' drink all night for a trinket outta me pack—I always carried a trinket wit' me." He winked at the bartender, and rubbed a left thumb and forefinger down his nose. His voice crooned on. "There was a little girl there—her dad had been Irish—and he missed mass one Sunday an' sinned wit' her mother—an' later on he left the Holy Church. Her eyes were as a flower on a plate, an' her skin was soft like a berry in the sun. I've niver known anything like her. I give her four pieces of lace one time. Her father was an old piddler who lived in mortal sin. He opened a store in Nashville, and I says to him, I says, 'Ah, the purty little maid in Asheville—and ye know she's yours,' and he says, 'Which one, Hughie? I'm an old man—'tis hard to remimber.'

"I'd attinded his dear wife's funeral that day—he rode so sad to the graveyard—it was all I could do to take the bottle out of his hands—there was little left for me to drown the agony of death—an' on the way home from the dear woman's grave he stopped an' picked up the purtiest woman ye iver see, an' he married her right off an' took her to his house, an' he met Moses the Jew who ran a store in the nixt block to him. An' Moses said, 'Who is she?' 'An' who would she be?' says he. 'I'm an honorable man an' I obey the laws of me country an' me God. She's me wife, ye fool. I'm a better trader than ye: I've traded a dead one for a live one.'

"But his daughter—how be-utiful!—she didn't have a brain in her head—as no woman should—but she could make a poor sad piddler forgit Holy Communion at the hour of his death—ah—a man of miny loves is always a sad man—that's the pain of it—but it's all ye have lift in the ind—

an' niver kape thim too long—they git old an' faded—the stalk when the rose is gone—oh, well!—I thought I'd niver get out of Asheville—I had to walk two nights to make up on me route—but I wint back agin—an' agin—that's long ago now—fifty years maybe."

He looked down at his right foot, which rested on the brass railing. "Yis, yis, that's long ago now. She died of the consoomp-tion."

The bartender laughed. The old man looked sternly at him.

"The likes o' ye would laugh at the spaych of your bitters!" he snorted.

## IV

As the years passed rheumatism crawled like a torpid river toward Old Hughie's heart.

"Indade," he would clutch his breast, "the rist o' me's good, but here I am playin' tag wit' the grave."

A crucifix hung above his bed. Upon it was a plaster Christ with one arm and a broken foot. Old Hughie looked at the broken Christ.

"Oh well, He died too." He turned his heavy face away.

"But He come to life agin—so they say."

Grandmother walked in and out of the room, as silent as a shadow on a grave.

She was bent nearly double in the vise of age. She held a corn-cob pipe between thin tight lips and toothless gums.

Half her aged days were spent in keeping her pipe lit. On and on she would chatter in a ceaseless mirage of Irish nothings. She would then relight her pipe.

Now it remained unlit. Her lips seldom opened. A once heavy woman, she had shriveled to less than eighty pounds. Freckles dotted the edges of her deep wrinkles. She was older than my grandfather.

An unyielding woman, the passions of her life had been Old Hughie and my father. With that pathetic scuttering away from reality which is so typical of America,

I was early told of her high breeding. The illusion of her learning was ever with my father. "If ye inherited anything from anybody, Jim, it was from your grandmother—she was an educated woman."

Always she was asking Old Hughie now, "Can I do anything for ye, Hughie?"

The kindly old despot would answer each time, "No, Kath-u-rin, thanks be."

She would look for a moment at the immense head of her master, buried in the pillow. Her mouth would contract and tremble at the edges. It would then become tight as she hobbled from the room.

"Poor Kath - u - rin!" murmured Old Hughie to his friend John Crasby, as John entered the room. "She'll kill me wit' kindness."

The men looked at each other. Crasby's hand raised. "It's all right, Hughie."

"Shure, an' it's all right! Why wouldn't it be? Indade, an' I'll yit pour beer over the lilies on your grave."

"Sure you will," returned Crasby. "Well I know it!"

He stood in the center of the room.

Old Hughie looked at him with narrow eyes.

"How's the wither out, John?"

"Very good, Hughie. We'll be takin' a walk tomorrow."

"Not me, John—niver no more—"

He looked up at the broken Christ.

"It's a ride I'll be takin'." He pulled his arm from beneath the quilt. "To the cemetery, God help me!"

"You mustn't talk like that, Hughie." Crasby's voice was whisky-cracked and soft. "You're good for many the year yet."

"But not here, John—out in the grave." He looked at Crasby again. "An' ye'll be braggin' how ye put me there—whin ye know that no man kin do that."

John Crasby moved closer to the bed. A one time dandy, tall, with a long red nose, and a nearly hairless head, he rubbed his thin throat. "I'll be goin' ahead of you, Hughie. I'm seventy-three—no more signs to paint—no more work an' no more drinkin'—nothin'—"

He looked around the room. "But I give you my word, Hughie, I'll tell 'em up town it's the rheumatiz what's wrong with you, and I'll tell 'em all you said hello."

"Shure, an' do that, John. I'll not say it often any more."

"An' I'll tell 'em you'll be up an' around by Sunday, Hughie," Crasby added cheerfully.

"An' ye won't brag if I go, will ye, John? For remimber—it's hard enough to lave—without that. . . ." The last words fell into a whisper. "It's not much to ask ye, John," he added slowly, "but ivery man has his pride."

Crasby held out a long arm.

"Hughie, if I ever say a word, you can ha'n't me. May I drink your ghost in ivery glass if I iver betray any word. But you're not going, ye old baby! We'll both live to drink fifty one-legged men under the table."

Old Hughie smiled at the memory.

Late that afternoon he died.

## V

My father followed my grandmother into the room.

They looked at the shaggy old man for a long time.

Sorrow was never endured with greater dignity.

For more than fifty years my grandmother had stood by Old Hughie. It was said by some that as a ten-year-old girl she had taught him to walk.

"Well, Hughie's gone," she said at last to my father. Her pipe fell to the floor. "Blissed Jasus have mercy!"

My father said nothing. He took his mother from the room.

The one Negro in the town attended the funeral. The priest said a few commonplace words. Jack Raley and John Crasby did not go into the church. In Mahon's saloon all drinking was suspended for one minute.

"That's long enough to hold your



drinks, men. Hughie himself would have you hold them no longer. It's bottoms up for Old Hughie." Many voices chanted, "Bottoms up for Old Hughie!"

He lay in his yellow oak coffin, his gnarled hands folded on his broad breast, his head tilted back as if for a drink.

Saloon-keepers and bartenders looked out of their front doors along Spring street as the funeral passed.

John Crasby was the last to leave Mahon's saloon that night. The roosters crowed as he walked, bottle in pocket, toward the cemetery.

With unsteady gait he made his way to Old Hughie's grave. He seated himself upon the newly turned earth. He took the bottle and a small glass from his coat

pocket. He filled the glass and held it so the moon's rays slanted across the red liquor. He looked at the grave.

"Your head would be about here, Hughie. This'll soak down your throat."

He poured the liquor on the ground.

"There's one for you, Hughie."

He filled the glass and drained it.

"Here's one for me."

"One more for you, Hughie." He poured again.

"Here's one for me." He drank.

The bottle empty, he stood it upside down on the whisky-soaked earth.

For a long time he stared at the vastness of the midnight sky.

Rising unsteadily, he hiccupped, "G'by, Hu-gh-iel" and staggered home.

# THE MONEY THAT MAKES PRESIDENTS

BY FRANK R. KENT

IN THE beautiful business of electing their President the American people exhibit every four years a curious combination of gullibility and inertia which to those clear visioned enough to even partially appreciate the facts renders altogether untenable the handsome theory that the average voting citizen is sound in heart and head. On the contrary, the proof is irresistible that politically speaking the general run of Americans are soft in the head and tough in the heart. With the quadrennial drenching of the country with bunk of an almost incredible crudity about to begin, it seems timely to say a few plain words about the really vital factor in elections, and against the notion that, so far as the result is concerned, ideas or issues, personalities, principles or platforms are the really important things.

The fact is that not one election in ten swings on them. Nine times out of ten, when there is a real fight between the parties in State or in nation, success hinges almost wholly on what the late John Walter Smith of Maryland used to call "current expenses." By that he meant sufficient money on election day to at least prevent the opposition from corraling the entire venal vote—money enough to employ your share of the employable. By "current expenses" he did not mean the so-called legitimate expenses that are accounted for in the ridiculous financial statements of political treasurers and candidates. What he meant was *election day* money which is entirely distinct from *campaign* money. It is in a class altogether by itself. It is money that does not show in the sworn statements.

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It is not necessary to decry eloquence, argument, personal contact, political generalship, moral issues, or newspaper support and propaganda as utterly worthless, in order to maintain that, more essential than any of them in our politics as it is played today—or than all of them together—is money. It will of course seem sordid and certainly is sad to say so, but it is none the less true that, like the army with the heaviest artillery, in politics where there is no normal numerical supremacy one way or the other it is the side with the most money that almost always wins. Probably there is a point beyond which money is not effective,—and a side with just enough for "current expenses" may be able to compete successfully with an opposition equipped with funds greatly superior. But when all the money is on one side, then successful competition on a large scale is out of the question.

In a single ward, or county, and even in a single congressional or legislative district, there have been occasional instances of candidates without money defeating candidates with money. It is possible once in a while in these smaller units to organize and arouse the voters, to create for purposes of a single campaign a personal machine, to enlist sympathy and support that will take the place of money and obviate the loss of every venal influence. Occasionally, when what are known, in politics as in baseball, as the "breaks" are all with the shoe-string or impoverished side, it can be done in the precinct, the ward, or the district. But never in the nation as a whole.

In extremely rare cases it may even

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happen in one of the agricultural States of the South or West. There have been Governors and there have been Senators elected who apparently did not spend themselves or for whom there was not spent by others any money at all for "current expenses." But in most of these instances, where it appeared that all the money was on the other side, if the full facts were known, it would have been found that there was yet enough for "current expenses" on the other. It was simply carefully hidden. Such instances of State-wide victory with no apparent money are extraordinarily scarce. In the national field they simply do not exist. There is no exception to the rule. No President has been chosen in this country since the Civil War whose campaign was not sufficiently well financed to take care of "current expenses," which means to get a share of the support of all the influences that can be affected by money. The elections of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and 1916 are included in that statement. In both those campaigns, while the Republicans had more money, the Democratic fund was adequate, and so the venal vote was split.

Now, by venal vote I do not mean that of the voters who can be bought directly with a two- or a five-dollar bill. There is still, I suppose, a certain amount of direct bribery of voters in every State, but it is relatively trivial, and nothing like what it was twenty years or so ago. There was a time in many sections when the out-and-out purchasable vote was really large. In many congressional districts it held the real balance of power, and the party short of funds to buy it was out of luck. Such a party is still out of luck, but for a variety of reasons there has come a decline in open vote-buying. Among them may be listed the tightening of the corrupt practices acts in the several States, and the election law provisions, now fairly uniform and general, under which any distinguishing mark upon the ballot invalidates it. These provisions not only add considerably to the danger of direct

bribery, but make it impossible for the vote-buyer to check up on the delivery of the goods by the seller. Inasmuch as it is unreasonable to place any confidence in the words of a man who sells his vote, this new inability to check up after the ballot has been cast has not only slowed down the direct vote-buying industry but pretty nearly killed it. The vote-seller can take money from both sides and double cross whichever he chose. He can sell his vote and still cast it in accord with his sentiments—an ideal position for him, but not so good for the buyer. And the judges of election cannot, as of old, tell whether he has stayed bought like an honest man or not.

But aside from corrupt practices acts and new election laws, the direct buying of individual votes was bound to wane. The fundamentals of politics do not change, but the methods of playing it sometimes do, and vote-buying, like cheating in the count, has gone out of fashion. Both are still practiced in some cities, but in the main the count is now honest, and the bribery is indirect rather than direct. The change was not due to any improvement in the morals of the machine politicians, but to their growing conviction that such practices had become old stuff, and were not worth while. Today there is in every State a certain amount of furtive repeating and some padding of the registration lists, but in the main elections in the country are now honest and the bribing of voters is almost a lost art, practiced now only in a desultory fashion in certain sections, and for the purpose, as one practical lad in a Maryland county said, "to keep my hand in." The best proof of this is the rarity with which, in these days, the charges of vote buying or cheating in the count, frequent enough in most States twenty years ago, are made, and the furore which is kicked up when they are.

Yet the fact is that today money is more plentiful in American elections than ever before and that the lack of enough of it on election day for "current expenses" is

more fatal than ever. Except with rare and extraordinary luck, or with extreme stupidity on the other side, no combination of principles, personality and individual effort can compensate for its lack—and never in a national election.

## II

"Current expenses" does not refer to campaign expenditures for meetings, music, advertising, headquarters, posters, propaganda, publicity, payroll, stamps, stationery and the like. It does not even refer to the secret deals involving money made in every State in every national fight—deals, for example, that secure the support of the numerous foreign language newspapers, and that engage at large weekly salaries the services of individuals supposed to be influential in the ranks of organized labor, or with certain religious denominations, fraternal organizations and the like—nearly all of whom are fakes. There is no limit to the amount of money that may be "legitimately" spent in this way. In a national campaign it will run into millions.

But it is not the important money. The bulk of it is wasted, and might just as well be thrown down a sewer. Some day, perhaps, the politicians will see the absurd futility of spending it, and begin to curtail, but it is not likely, for in the first place they are not shrewd enough to grasp the fact that such expenditures are practically barren in results so far as polling votes is concerned, and secondly, abandoning the waste would take away from the organization a considerable part of the nourishment upon which it regularly counts. From the standpoint of "keeping up the spirit" of the boys, these quadrennial orgies of extravagance in the nation and oftener on a smaller scale in the States can be justified, but not otherwise.

It is a temptation to pursue this subject of waste, particularly in the national campaigns—to point out the number of bums carried on the national headquarters

payrolls at \$300 or \$400 a week, and to describe the ludicrous schemes by which money is extracted from the pot, and the various confidence games played on unsophisticated national chairmen. It is a temptation to tell of the publicity agent, not worth a nickel, who got himself on the payroll of an aspirant to the Presidency at \$500 a week, who put his wife on at \$150 a week, who "spent" in the course of six months more than half a million dollars, and whose candidate did not get the nomination. But that would be to wander from the point it is here desired to make. This is that the important money for the candidate and his party is not what is spent *before* election day—it is what is spent *on* election day.

The really vital "current expenses" present themselves when the ballyhooing is over and the balloting begins. It may be possible to get by on a shoe-string or a bluff up to that time, but the candidate who can't meet those election day expenses wins only once in a hundred times, and then on a fluke—and never if he is running for President. The ideal situation for a party is to have enough money for both purposes—to be able to scatter dollars to the birds during the campaign in order to "keep up the spirits of the boys" and to meet the "current expenses" on election day as well. If it is not possible to do both, the wise candidate will hold his cash for election day and let the rest go. That is the money that counts. That is the day the shoe-string candidate gets shown up.

All rules for success in appealing to the voters are predicated on the idea that the candidate will have enough money on election day for these "current expenses." If he has enough—and of course the necessarily experienced hands to put it out for him—to prevent the other side from monopolizing the reachable voters, he can make out all right, and his issue, personality and publicity may count effectively. If however he hasn't—or only so little as not really to mean much in the way of competition—then all his political



skill and knowledge will be futile. He may have made a magnificent campaign. He may have fed the people supremely fine hokum and given a show that won their hearts. But if on election day his funds are too low he will be licked with a certainty and precision only averted by the rare political miracle of an understanding and aroused electorate. This, of course, assumes that the election is a genuine contest, and that neither side has such a normal numerical advantage as to be sure of winning without a struggle.

It is a mere matter of applying the principle of mathematics to the normal and average American voter. Reduced to its simplest terms, the facts are these: the country is divided into States, the States into districts, the districts into wards or counties, the wards and counties into precincts. The precinct is the smallest political unit. There are between 150,000 and 160,000 precincts in the United States. The average number of qualified voters in one of them is 400. In some localities it may run as high as 600; in others there may be not more than 250; but 400 is a good average. This means that in the country as a whole there are practically 60,000,000 qualified voters, white, black, native, foreign-born, literate, illiterate, virtuous and venal—all kinds and all classes. Of this great total, in a Presidential election, approximately 50% go to the polls—in 1920 a little under 50%, in 1924 a little over 50%. In State and municipal elections the proportion in most sections is slightly higher, but it rarely gets above 65% anywhere at any time, and it would be far below the 50% if it were not for the extraordinary efforts of the machine in the precincts to get the vote out. If the precinct executives laid down and the machine failed to function, the percentage of qualified voters who voted in general elections would be around 30% rather than 60%.

Now, then, in every one of these 150,000 precincts of approximately 400 voters each there are to be found on election day anywhere from fifteen to thirty men—and now

occasionally a woman or two—whose chief idea about the day is that it offers them an opportunity to make a little easy money. In the old days they were known as floaters and were—most of them—sellers of their votes. In more recent years they have become runners, or workers, or watchers, or messengers, according to the sectional terminology. Many of them are impecunious idlers who would revolt against regular jobs; others are thrifty fellows who utilize their election day holiday to make a few extra dollars. Some of them have real party affiliations; others do not care which party they work with so long as they are paid. But they are all registered either as Democrats or Republicans, and are thus known by the precinct executives. The Democratic workers naturally look to the Democratic precinct executive for employment on election day; the Republican workers look to the Republican executive.

Supplied through his machine superior with money for "current expenses" the Democratic executive, say, picks out ten of these workers or runners in his precinct, and employs them at from \$5 to \$10 each. At a maximum the cost is \$100. They are worth at least 100 votes. Consider, now, what 100 votes mean in a precinct where the total vote is 400 and less than two-thirds of that number really vote! Consider what they mean in a precinct when you add them to the 60-odd votes the precinct executive is himself worth through the job-holders and the election officials whom he controls directly! Maybe you wonder how these idle, impecunious persons, willing and anxious for employment at \$5 or \$10 a day, can be worth an average of ten votes each. The answer is easy and obvious: their families. No bachelors are employed as runners or workers by precinct executives who know their business. Men of considerable families and wide connections in the precinct are always given preference. Count the man himself as one vote, his wife as one, a couple of children, a son-in-law, his brother's family, a

brother-in-law, aunts, uncles, cousins—and it is easy enough to add up ten votes. Says the precinct executive making the deal: "All right, \$10 for the day, Johnson, but you must be out in the precinct by six o'clock, and be sure to get every one of them Johnsons in early." Thus all the worker has to do to earn his \$10 is to deliver his own family. Occasionally he may be used by the precinct executive to drag some other backward voters to the polls, but if he delivers only the Johnsons he has made good.

Of course, when both sides are equipped with money for "current expenses" the Republican and Democratic workers offset each other. Each side plays the same game, and then it is the character of the campaign, the sort of show that has been given, the prejudices and predilections of the voters which determine the result. But when one side has money and the other has not it is an entirely different story. What happens then is that the Democratic workers—or Republican, as is occasionally the case—, discovering that their precinct executive has no money, turn at once to the other side. If the other side wants them for \$5 instead of \$10, they are easy to pick up. If they can't do business with the other precinct executive and their own has no money, they develop a grievance and sulk. "The party has thrown me overboard" is what they say, and they not only do not vote their party ticket themselves but, so far as they can, they keep all the other Johnsons at home too.

Not infrequently, however, with no inducement at all from the other side, they will vote the other ticket and bring out their controlled family vote to do likewise, just to show their own party executive how badly he is off when he does not do business with them. The net result is that the candidate who is short of election day money not only loses the 100 or so votes which the workers who regularly look for employment by his party are worth, and so cannot offset the 100 or so produced by employed workers of the opposition;

in addition, he offers the opposition an opportunity to add his normal workers' family vote of 100 to its own. It is easy to see what chance the busted candidate has against the flush one—how little chance Bryan had against McKinley in 1896 and 1900, or against Taft in 1908, and how slight was the show of James M. Cox against Harding in 1920, and that of John W. Davis against Coolidge in 1924. If in those campaigns the Republicans had not had, on election day, at least \$5 for "current expenses" to every Democratic dollar the result might have been the same, but certainly both the electoral and the popular majorities of the Republicans would have been greatly reduced. If the situation had been reversed, and the Democrats had been financed on election day on a \$5 to \$1 basis all over the country, not many informed persons will dispute that the result would have been changed. Certainly no practical precinct executive will dispute it—and the precinct executives are the only people who really know politics, the only ones who really have the opportunity to learn.

### III

It is perhaps not pleasant to admit that no election can be carried in the United States without the aid of these venal precinct workers, that when they lay down or sell out you are licked, that when you have the money to hold your own and the other fellow can't hold his you win, that the only real fight is when both sides meet the expectations of the precinct boys and thus cancel out any advantage. But such are the facts. It has always seemed to me a little unfair to pillory poor Mr. Vare because of his admitted expenditure of \$800,000 in the 1926 Pennsylvania primaries when his Mellon-Pepper opponents acknowledged putting out more than double that amount. If Mr. Vare had not at least to a reasonable extent offset the election day money of the other side, his opponents would have taken his machine workers away from him and his defeat would have been decisive.

It was not only a matter of self-protection with him, but actually of self-preservation. He had to put out the money to hold the "floater." The truth is that each side spent vastly more money than was accounted for in that fight, incredible though it may seem. No man can afford to let the other side have all the election day money advantage.

Reminiscing about the 1900 Bryan-McKinley campaign, a Democratic county precinct boss once said: "It was a darn hard blow on the Saturday before election when, instead of getting \$120 for my precinct from the district leader, I got only \$30. I knew then that things were not going to be so good, but I didn't know the worst. On election day before nine o'clock I knew we were beat and beat bad. There were a dozen fellows in that precinct, all Democrats, who in every election I put to work at anywheres from \$2 to \$10 each. Usually they showed up around the polling place around six o'clock. This time it was nine o'clock before I could find any of them. Then I found one and he was good and drunk, and I got the truth. He had \$25 of Republican money in his pocket. So did every other of my dozen floaters in the precinct, and one or two of 'em had \$50. They never had seen such money. Neither had I. I lost a precinct by 167 votes that I had counted on carrying by 150. If I had had their money and they had had my piffing \$30 I could have carried it by more than that. I could have carried it if I had had an even break, but nobody could buck the kind of money they had that day. They could have put over a yellow dog against the Apostle Paul."

That tells the story. Under ordinary

circumstances there is a reasonable degree of uncertainty in political predictions, in spite of the fact that it is the expected that usually happens in politics. There need be no uncertainty, however, if you find out in advance that one side is going to have an average of \$100 in the precincts on election day and the other not more than one-fourth as much. Once you have that information, you know it is a runaway, not a fight. These are the hard, cold, and practical political facts. All the sentiment is squeezed out of them. It may be more or less shocking to those who believe that elections are decided by the popular will to find that the real power to elect Presidents is lodged largely in the hands of about two million low-grade fellows scattered through 150,000 precincts, who regularly sell the votes of themselves and their controllable families in the manner I have described. Yet such is the fact, and from it there is no escape. Infinitely more powerful politically than the intelligent classes, these low fellows hold the situation in their hands. When they do not offset each other, the prize goes to the side they select.

Sometimes in the story books the young reform candidate without money, firing with enthusiasm the Boy Scouts or the members of the Epworth League, overcomes the corrupt machine and its paid henchmen. But that does not happen in real life. In real life the side with the dough on election day beats the side without it every time. It will be that way this year. It isn't a question of issues. It isn't a question of candidates. It is a question of money. If one side has it and the other has not, there will be no real argument.

## THE MOVIES TACKLE LITERATURE

BY LEDA V. BAUER

ELDER WILL H. HAYS, expounding once at some learned gathering his notion of the successful movie scenario, told of a man who wrote to an eminent Hollywood producer, asking for his definition of the perfect screen story. He was confident that he could write good scenarios, once he knew what a perfect one had to contain.

The producer replied that he was not only glad to tell, but that if the inquirer wrote a perfect story, embodying all the elements the producer believed essential, he would be paid \$25,000 for it.

"A perfect scenario," he wrote, "must have five things—first, religion; second, humor; third, society; fourth, action; fifth, sex."

Shortly afterward, the author sent the producer his scenario. "Here is your perfect story," he wrote. "It has religion, humor, society, action and sex. Please send me the twenty-five thousand." Delighted by the prospect of at last getting a manuscript worth reading, the producer turned to the scenario, and read:

"My God," laughed the Duchess, "let go my leg!"

This tale, I fear, goes back to the *Gesta Romanorum*, but it still has its point, and a scenario editor of today might be forgiven if he mistook "The Duchess' Leg" for the ideal manuscript he is endlessly seeking. Unfortunately, unlike the optimistic producer of Elder Hays' story, he does not believe it will ever come to him through the mails.

And so, in the pursuit of this elusive story which shall become the Great American Picture and make millions of

dollars and much fame for actors and camera-men and costume designers and hair-dressers, the scenario editor canvasses all the material in existence available for conversion to the uses of the screen. Moreover, his relentless employers hold him responsible not alone for finding the thrillers in the classics (that is, in material out of copyright and hence free to any producer), but also for a thorough knowledge of the contents of every novel published within the past fifteen years, here or abroad, and of all the fiction in the current magazines, and of all the play successes of England, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Russia and Broadway. This material he is supposed to get in advance of the editors of rival and competitive companies, all of whom are his enemies, spying on his methods, alert to rush in and grab what he has missed, ready to commit any infamy for a five-minute start at the works of Dumas and Sardou.

This business of getting a first look at all material is the one big joy in a scenario editor's life. It brings excitement to what would otherwise be colorless office routine. It becomes a game without rules. Not much fun can be had with the classics, but with modern novels and plays there are any number of openings. No self-respecting editor waits until a book is published to read it. He makes arrangements with the publishing house and reads the book in proof. Many houses refuse to allow proofs to go out, so the editor, or his assistant, if he is lucky enough to have one, runs at top speed to publishing headquarters, there to be confronted by all the rival



editors, and, in a little room reserved for the motion-picture department (almost every publishing house now has a department which handles picture rights to its current fiction and lives in a draughty corridor or dark closet), he makes notes for a synopsis of the plot.

When it became obvious even to the editors that nothing was to be gained by reading novels in proof if every other editor read them at the same time, the device was contrived of inducing popular authors to show their manuscripts before the publishers saw them. But the same old difficulty soon arose with this method. No author could be depended upon to exhibit his manuscript to one editor exclusively. No one could get a start over the others. Now the method is to get the author to come and tell his story to the scenario editor before he puts it on paper. The incipient Conrad is then told whether the story is worth writing, and is thus saved.

## II

With plays, there are even more gambits. By the opening night of any Broadway production a play is an old story to every motion-picture editor. Not only has he seen it in rehearsal, dress-rehearsal and manuscript, but he has voted upon it at its out-of-town try-out. He knows who wrote it, who rewrote it, who stole it from whom, who was tried out and failed for the lead, who is bidding for the picture rights, and how much is offered for them. He commutes to Stamford, Great Neck, Philadelphia, Baltimore, even to Toronto, all to get this advance information. Some of the more prosperous movie companies have even been argued into letting their editors take an occasional trip abroad, to look over the ground in Budapest and Milan and get the response of European audiences on the ground.

The net result of all this is nothing. The scenario editor has his advance information, but what can he do with it? He is never empowered to buy a book or a play

on his own judgment. If he is fortunate, he can go with his news to the producer direct and, telling him the story, assure him his find will be another "Big Parade." But what usually happens is that, having no interest in the childish pastime of listening to plots, the producer is too busy to meet his editor or, his headquarters are at Hollywood while the intellectual section of the firm operates in New York. It then becomes necessary to send him a synopsis of the story. The fate of this synopsis after it leaves the editor's hands is a saga in itself—but by the time word comes of it from the Coast, if ever, the novel has gone into many editions or the play has fled to the store-house.

As a matter of fact, and what few scenario editors seem to understand, no producer is really interested in a novel or play until he gets the figures on its takings. Best-sellers and long runs mean business. At least, a producer takes less chance on a story that thousands pronounce good before it ever gets to the screen than he does on the say-so of some more or less literary gentleman who would be writing that novel or play himself if he really knew anything about it.

The present trend is toward the until-recently despised original story—that is, the story written directly for the screen. These stories come by the hundreds through the mails, or in person with letters of introduction from malicious publishers, theatrical managers or rival editors, or are acted out in the office, to the editor, by the author. Most reputable companies return the mailed scenarios unread, partly because they are usually unintelligible, but mainly because all unknown scenario writers are potential blackmailers, who often rush to the courts for protection whenever a situation, type, or locale in a produced picture even remotely resembles something in their own attempts. As the great majority of original movie scripts are bowdlerized Bible stories, incidents of history transformed into epics, and stories out of the *Saturday Evening Post* with the names of the

characters only slightly changed, the resemblance is often pronounced; and the editor who protests the honesty of the company he represents feels abashed in the presence of the irate scenarist.

The hack writer, the star of the cheap magazines, is coming now to write for the screen, and will probably be, for some time, the main source of screen literary material. For several years he has been writing his stories with one eye to the movies. Now, at last he writes scenarios directly, and because of his "name" they are often taken seriously in production departments. This "name" assures the powers that they have a man who knows the popular appeal—and an original scenario is usually less expensive to buy and make ready for screening than a novel, a play or magazine story.

The scenario editor is often saved the pleasure of listening to the plots of these hacks, for they not uncommonly know the producers socially, and so impart their ideas for the furtherance of the screen art at Hollywood tea-parties. Occasionally even a Hergesheimer, because of his ability to disport himself in the high-circulation magazines, is invited to write a story for the films. The things thus brought forth, save for the notable exception of the work of Laurence Stallings, whose concessions to "screen technique, about which authors know nothing," have been fewer than those of most, have often been disastrous for producers and authors alike.

In a desperate attempt to secure material slightly superior to the *True Experiences* type of fiction, the scenario editors began, a year or two ago, to juggle with the names of certain foreign writers whose work was apparently enlivening the French and German films imported for release here, or whose book circulations or play audiences were as large, comparatively, for Paris and Vienna as those of our own Curwoods and Wrights and Shipmans are at home. Persuading sceptical producers of the feasibility of bringing over such men as Lothar, Savoir, Fazekas, Biro, and Vajda to write

directly for the screen, they managed to get them past Ellis Island and into the executive offices in New York. The sophisticated angle, the new approach, the civilized point of view were to be applied to the movies.

But the hoped-for lease of artistry was not forthcoming. Something happened to the foreign *opera* between their inception and their screen *début*. The tale received so enthusiastically by the scenario editor died in the office. The conglomeration for which the European received screen credit in no way resembled it. It soon became apparent that the producers, seduced by the elegant names of their new employés, wanted only the names—though well knowing that these names were entirely unknown to motion-picture audiences.

One famous foreign gentleman, invited by perhaps the most important of picture concerns to these shores to contribute a Hungarian melancholy to our too-cheerful fare, was placed in charge of an American, paid to show him the comforts of New York and, incidentally, the psychology of the American public. The foreigner was taught, in great detail, precisely what it was that Americans would and would not stand for. He was shown statistics of the pictures that made money and of the pictures that lost money, and told how much and why. He was assured that we could not abide unhappy endings. He was told that we could not fathom such a notion as that man cannot, for example, conquer fate. He was told that class distinctions, social or mental barriers, and other such unsurmountable obstacles do not exist for Americans, and that any story based on such a thesis was unwanted by the company.

The foreigner, gasping at these excursions into the American mind, jotted down several ideas for stories, but they were promptly and elaborately blue-pencilled by the amateur psychologist. At last, with the help of this friend, he achieved a story so idiotic that even the company rebelled at having anything to do with it, and no

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contract was ever signed with him. Concluding sadly that the company was too intellectual for him, he took his script to a producer famous for manufacturing cheap thrillers. Now, having got the knack of it, he is making a fortune.

### III

Another company, with the lure of a tremendous honorarium, inveigled over a French playwright, several of whose boulevard farces were already known to the Broadway theatre. The Frenchman was to provide the fillip so lacking in our native fare. Our comedies were admittedly either stale or vulgar. It was time for something new—different—risqué, without, of course, being censorable. The Frenchman, some of whose plays had already been done on the screen with enormous success, was the logical man to solve the problem. He was obviously full of picture ideas.

According to his contract, he agreed to provide five stories, to be pronounced suitable by the production department, within a certain stipulated time. He was given a retaining fee, but was to get nothing more unless the stories were accepted. Naturally, so famous a playwright would have no trouble dredging up his quota of screen plots. It happened, indeed, that he had landed with the five plots called for in the contract already in his trunk. And, eager to show his new business friends true French enterprise, he rushed to the producer with his first comedy. Being also a clever playwright, he laughed heartily as he told it. The producer laughed, the stenographer laughed, the office-boy laughed. It was a grand comedy and everybody was happy and the producer would show it to the director, who needed a story.

Next day, a lugubrious producer sent for the famous French playwright. The story would not do at all. Its form was bad. Its idea was fantastic. Its characters were un-American. Everything about it was all

wrong. It could not be accepted as one of the five under the terms of the contract.

The playwright took back the unsuitable story and asked to be allowed to visit the studios before he thought up any more ideas. The request granted, he contrived to meet the director who needed a plot, apparently took a sudden and great liking to him, and went back to see him day after day. Under the guise of a consuming interest in the art of directing, the Frenchman probed his new friend's mind—questioned him about the type of story he liked, what situations it most amused him to portray, in short, what fare he considered best adapted to his abilities as director. In three days the American had unconsciously given out a series of situations, characters and gags which, strung together by the playwright, made the next tale presented to the producer under the terms of the contract. This time the producer did not laugh so much, but the director, reading it, insisted that here at last was the story he had looked for all his life. Incidentally, it made a very bad picture but, at any rate, the director was satisfied.

Scrapping his four other good ideas the Frenchman asked for whom the next story was needed and, learning that a certain comedian lacked material, proceeded about the business of getting a story out of him in exactly the way he got it out of the director. The comedian sketched to the Frenchman the kind of story he had always longed to appear in, the Frenchman wrote it down, and the producer, who always consulted his stars, was amazed to find how cleverly the playwright filled the needs of the organization. So the playwright moved to the Ritz, wrote his other three stories after the technique he had learned in America, and art was served. Returning to France, he bought a house with the money he had earned and turned his original five ideas into plays, which he later sold to the same company for a terrific sum, stage production having increased their value!

Perhaps the most charming episode of



all is that of the eminent German author, a figure of enormous consequence abroad, who was invited here to write scenarios during the height of his Berlin season. The financial bait held out to him was so huge that, unable to resist, he curtailed his literary activities and, at great inconvenience to himself and to a number of German theatrical managers, came to New York. Since he spoke no English and could not be expected to enjoy the sights of the great city, he was immediately put aboard a train for Hollywood and told that he would be taken care of at the other end. Arriving at last at the art center, he waited at the station several hours for someone to come and get him. When it finally became apparent that no one would, he inquired from a passerby for a hotel, and from there telephoned to the company studio. The gentleman he was to inquire for—the company chief—was in conference and could not be disturbed. It took the German three days of telephoning, at intervals of an hour, to deduce that "in conference" might be a mere excuse.

Determined not to be outdone by this strange, American method of doing business, he went over to the studio and asked for the gentleman in charge. But the office-boy did not like his face and it took several calls to wear him down to the point where he would take in the playwright's card. The card, however, did not do much good as the gentleman in charge had never heard of him and could not be bothered anyway. Turned away, the German, quite by chance, ran into one of his countrymen employed by the company who, listening to the tale of woe, arranged an interview. But the chief was much too busy, what with one thing and another, to waste time on another one of these crazy foreigners, so, after shaking hands and inquiring about his health, he dismissed him. The German took the next train for New York and the first boat back to Europe, and has since specialized in articles for the press of the entire Continent on American brains, manners, and the chances for another war.

## IV

There are two different problems with which the scenario editor is confronted on his accession to what he fondly thinks is power. One is reading for programme pictures, the other reading for stars and specials. For programme pictures, he is expected to find a story which will not cost too much to make—which, in one particular or another, resembles every other picture ever made—which will not run over a certain length of time, (thus usurping the place of the organ solo on a theatre programme,) and which Kankakee and Oshkosh will find inoffensive. From the great mass of published hokum such material is easy enough to secure. All that is required is a love story with an opportunity for the heroine to wear pretty clothes at some time during the course of the picture, even if it is only in a dream sequence. Little is wanted in the way of characterization. The possibility of introducing a ball-room set is always eagerly sought. A chance to utilize store-house furniture and other props is an advantage.

These programme pictures run in very evident cycles. Some one company makes a tremendous success, a "Miracle Man" or a "Big Parade" or a "Merry Widow," and immediately the market is deluged with five-reel pictures proving that infantile paralysis is cured by prayer, or that war is serious, humorous or whatever you bring to it, or that life in Vienna is just one waltz after another. Just now the fever is for stories in which the Irish love the Jews. This has taken the place of the story in which two roistering Americans get a lot of fun out of fighting in France. Shortly before that, we had flapper mothers whose example almost ruined the lives of their flapper daughters. Opinion is divided in movie editorial circles as to whether the next fashion will be the delights and despairs of airplaning or whether it would be safer to stick to recommending swimming, rowing or playing football for dear old Alma Mater.



For the special, the problem is a bit more complicated. Such a picture runs to a greater length, has only a prologue to contend with on a programme, and is expected to be important enough to take in as much as two dollars at the theatres in the larger cities. Gaudy sets, howling mobs, elaborate costumes, the building up and tearing down of great structures are necessary for such a picture. Earthquakes, floods, any expensive acts of God are good. Best of all, of course, is the Epic. This is the piece based on some incident, usually in American history, which involves great numbers of extra actors, a fight on a huge scale, and horses, ships or airplanes. But a new interpretation of the Bible, or a new side-light on the character of Don Juan or Casanova, proving they were more sinned against than sinning, is always safe.

Stars require a specialized kind of reading. For them, one must find a vehicle suited to their fancied talents as well as to the hazy notions of their several managers. Apart from such obvious considerations as their ability to play comedy, tragedy or nothing at all, note must be taken of their personal idiosyncrasies. For example, one woman star has been remarried so frequently that she refuses to play any other part than that of a wife faithful unto death. Another, not quite sure of the symmetry of her legs, will listen to no plot that requires her to wear a riding-habit. A very popular male, with a heart-breaking mustache, aware on what his popularity hinges, is unable to portray any rôle laid at the time of the French Revolution, although costume plays are his forte.

Some stars play only child rôles—others are It girls. Some have built up a following on their apparent virginity, which must never be disturbed. Others have a reputation for being daring and dare not disappoint their public with a little-girl characterization. Many producers have their favorite story—a certain situation—say, a female in pursuit of an elusive male, eventually capturing him to his sudden

delight—, and will buy nothing that is not a variation of that theme. To retain his position, the scenario editor, by means of discreet questionings, must elicit all such necessary professional information. When he fails to act on it, he is informed that he has no picture sense and would not know a good story if he saw one.

Such things as the various censorship boards, the Hays office, the protests of Mexico against Mexican villains or of Germany against war guilt accusations offer only minor irritations. By the simple process of making the hero and heroine marry before the rape, as in "The Sheik," outraged virtue is placated. By changing the title and the point of any "questionable" property, such as "They Knew What They Wanted" or "The Tattooed Countess," the committees on immorality are satisfied. Transplanting the locales of sensitive peoples into mythical kingdoms does away with the difficulties of foreign exploitation. One day we shall surely see Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* on the screen, pictured as the victim of at least two mock marriages.

## V

If an editor had only to deal with the producer, this matter of finding material would be simple enough. Any story that fitted into a season's schedule, a star's individuality, a producer's uncomplicated notions, with a bow to the censors, might be expected to do. Unfortunately, these captains of art rarely trust their own judgment in the literary department, nor do they trust that of any other man. The story usually has to run the gauntlet of a conference of advisers—a director, who almost invariably has an original idea of his own he would like to sell; a treatment writer, who almost invariably has an original idea of his own he would like to sell; and a salaried writer of originals who, to keep his job, must sell original ideas of his own.

Should all these, by any inadvertence, agree to recommend to the producer that

the story under discussion be bought, there is still the production manager or general manager to consider: disliking to allow anything to go through that he did not personally engineer, he feels it "would not be a good bet." And, last of all, there is a horde of other gentlemen on the payroll of the company—relatives of the producer, relatives and admirers of his wife, men who have been given jobs for business, social or political reasons—all of whom, being obviously unfit for anything really important, are allowed their say in the matter of story-buying. By the time that nine men, all drawing high salaries, tell the producer that the story is no good, he has long since forgotten his first enthusiasm and the editor is again set to "find a good story."

Eventually, of course, something is bought—something which, by a miracle, satisfies all the cooks. It is, naturally for so much agreement, a fifth-rate story, but now the editor's troubles really begin. There are at least five major operations which may be and usually are inflicted on a story to prevent it from resembling the idea the producer bought. First, it is completely rewritten. This is called translating it to the screen, "because word and picture symbols are so different." When there is no longer any connection with the story on which the screen play was based, it is pronounced perfect, the title is changed to something short, spicy and entirely inapplicable, and the original story is re-sold to another picture company to go through the same process. Or again, a well-known story, with a title that holds an irresistible box-office appeal is bought but, for some reason, shelved. Another is made which, in the projection-room is found, even by the most optimistic of producers, to be bad. The well-known title is thereupon appended to the bad picture, a proceeding considered thoroughly ethical in the movies, since the company owns the title as well as the picture that has no connection with it.

That a moving-picture company may buy a famous title without buying the story itself, and then release, under that title, any story it sees fit, is apparently unknown to the general public. By the time it awakes to the situation, the trick is *vieux jeu* and the producer has thought of a new one. A favorite money-saving habit is to make a picture that is very like a well-known popular novel or play, and then grow timorous at this similarity when the picture is almost completed, and buy the story which was used as a model. The title of the bought and popular tale is then used, but it usually happens that the similarity is not nearly so great as the nervous producer, haunted with dreams of plagiarism suits, first thought. The public, coming out to see its favorite story filmed, sees instead something that only remotely resembles it. Its disappointment is none the less keen when the apologists of the films point out that translation to the screen requires different symbols, and so on.

The final result of the making of these Francescas and Paolos with happy endings—these plays of so many reels that eventually two pictures are made out of one and sold separately—these dramas in which, after the picture is finished, the leading man is found to have photographed so badly that another actor has to be engaged to play the lead while the original hero is transformed into the villain without a scene being thrown away—is that the public begins to absent itself from the movie cathedrals in hordes, though, truth to tell, the hordes are not yet as large as they promise to be later on.

Perhaps the best solution to date of the problem is that of the cynical picture concern which recently and frankly let it be known that it was in the market only for such tales as could be tailored to fit the titles:

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## EDITORIAL

THE art of the bootician has now reached so high a vigor and polish in the Federal Union that practically all the more familiar varieties of stimulant are now obtainable in every town pretending to culture, and at reasonable prices. I have drunk the soundest sort of Scotch in Chattanooga, Tenn., and gin of a noble bouquet in Hollywood. In Kansas City I have encountered Martini-Rossi vermouth that was as good as any on tap in Havana, and in Boston, not long ago, I eased my esophagus with a capital bottle of Château Lafite, of some unknown but praiseworthy year. Even in the wilds of Mississippi, a State in which no man may occupy a position of public honor or trust unless he has been baptized by total immersion, I have washed down the charming sea-foods of the region with a very meritorious Graves—unless my memory fails, a Podensac. What goes on in New York I leave to a just God and a candid world. There must be five thousand booters on Manhattan Island alone, and another five thousand restaurants that boot. Almost anything known to the human uvula is obtainable, from Russian vodka to English ale. In the early days of Prohibition it was necessary to take whatever the broker had, giving thanks meanwhile to the Holy Saints. But of late the more advanced practitioners bring it in on order. One may order (so I hear) a case of Piesporter Goldtröpfchen 1921, and get it within four weeks. And it will be real. Even some of the champagne on sale is real.

The men responsible for this increasingly agreeable arrangement of things are unknown to me, but certainly they deserve well of their country. It threatened, a few years back, to be engulfed in a wave of moronic, barnyard drinking. The theory

was that the wise man would drink whatever he could get, and at once, lest the agents cut off the supply on the morrow. There ensued the great Cocktail Plague, of which clergymen in the remoter suburbs are still discoursing lasciviously. Anything was good enough to make cocktails, and curst be him who first cried, Hold! Enough! I dreaded, in those crude days, to go into society. It was a choice between growing ulcers along the duodenum or affronting one's hostess. The dreadful stuff—often with eggs, pineapple juice, grenadine, crème de menthe and other such horrors in it, to say nothing of Tuskegee gin—came on in vast shakers, and there was no approach to the dinner-table until they had been emptied. More often than not, other shakers followed at the table, and among Christians but recently delivered from Calvinism it was even common for yet others to be brought in *after* dinner! Or there was whiskey-and-soda—a drink fit only for golf-players and Englishmen.

It was during that era of gross, revolting guzzling that I withdrew myself from social intercourse, and got the name of a recluse. I hope I need not protest that I am actually nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I find dining out a very pleasant cure for the fatigues of Service. What spoiled it for me temporarily was simply the excessive vogue of the cocktail—a trial almost as burdensome, to a man tagged by the sphygmomanometer, as the presence of females aspiring to literary endeavor. I quit because my gizzard was going back on me. Now I resume because the new *Stiefelkunst* has restored genuine dining, vice what was really a mere brawling in private saloons. At my last ten dinners I have been beset by no more cocktails than a healthy Elk would have called for in the

old days—maybe two, three, four or five; in two highly civilized houses, none. In place of their hot fires I have enjoyed the caress of sound wine, sometimes even of distinguished wine. It has filled me with an immense satisfaction, bordering upon ecstasy. Even the bad wines that I have encountered (for example, white Chianti: what a dose!) have somehow soothed me: they are at least better than the harsh beverages swilled by oil magnates, longshoremen, and the young gentlemen at the universities. I have found myself, after a glass or two of a passable Volnay, speaking well of Mr. Coolidge, and chucking a lady poet under the chin. Mellowed, with the *café noir*, by a shot or two of authentic Kirschwasser, I have listened to music of such sort that, after the brutal liquors of 1921 or 1922, it would have caused me to shoot the piano full of holes.

## II

Such is human progress. The bootleggers, aided by their friends, the Prohibition agents, have so far disposed of Volsteadism that there is no longer any excuse for drinking in the porcine manner of a sailor home from the Horn. Even United States Senators and Federal judges, so I hear, are now learning to like the lighter and more polished beverages, or, at all events, to drink them without any unseemly coughing and belching. Evening by evening, as I eat my way toward the life eternal, I project my mandible into better and better stuff. It is now months since I have encountered a cocktail with *crème de menthe* in it, or lime juice, or the whites of eggs. It is almost as long since I have been asked to drink whiskey at dinner. In a short while, no doubt, cocktails will disappear altogether, or be reserved for stag affairs, as the hymnody of the A. E. F. is reserved. Rotarians on the bust will drink them, but not men of condition.

But I believe that it will be a long while before any genuine understanding of and gift for wines, in the Continental sense,

will show itself in the American people. Only too many of them still labor under the belief that champagne is a wine, and it will take years to debamboozle them. To the chemist and toxicologist, of course, it is, but surely not to the enlightened palate. The functions of wine and of champagne in this world are quite different, and even antagonistic. That of wine is to dull the sharp edges of life, to slip a *sordine* over the medulla oblongata, to translate pain and sorrow into an amiable, *pizzicato* melancholy. That of champagne is to awaken and inflame the baser nature. It is used by realtors to arouse the acquisitive passion in their prospects, by the proprietors of night clubs to make their clients spend-thrift, and by men of no character to induce young women to take false steps. Is it drunk with game? Then it is only to conceal the fact that the colloids of the game have undergone dissociation. Is it guzzled at wedding breakfasts? Then the least said about wedding breakfasts the better. Is it employed to christen ships? Then sailors are not what they should be.

I pass over champagne. It will follow the cocktail into history. It emerged from the brothels with Prohibition, and will return thence as Prohibition fades. It is now nearly six months since I last had to drink any champagne, and I did it then only to please an elderly widow whose husband had been a Shriner. He left her a cellar full of it, along with a huge stock of *blended* Maryland rye—a drink consumed in the Free State itself only by policemen and politicians. Champagne is going, and still wines are coming in. Every incoming ship brings more of them; the booticians, as I have said, even begin to take orders for special marks. But the impression still seems to prevail in the Republic that serving them is a mere matter of emptying them into glasses, and so the cultured wine-bibber frequently finds his sensibilities lacerated. I have myself had a Büdsheimer set before me in a red glass. I have seen a very fair Beaune served with the soup. I have drunk a thin, sad Moselle (it



must have come from Luxemburg!) out of an old-fashioned champagne glass, with a hollow stem. I have witnesses that I was once offered Château Yquem with fish.

Here there is plainly room for improvement. The gallant gobs of the Rum Fleet cannot come ashore to teach their customers and beneficiaries the commonest elements of human decency. Nor can their agents on land. These hearty lads have done all that can be asked of them when they have got the stuff over the dock and through the Methodist Papal Guard. If the wines that now come in so pleasantly are ever to be treated with the respect due their merit, then there must be a campaign of education by other agencies. I nominate no such agencies, for all that I can think of are dubious—for example, the newspapers, the pulpit, and the universities. Civilized drinking habits have never prevailed among journalists, nor do they prevail today at the universities. On the former subject consult Samuel G. Blythe's "Cutting It Out"; on the latter, any recent speech by a university dean. The pulpit is hopeless. More and more clergymen, I believe, are resorting to the jug, but it will be a long while before they lift themselves from the jug to the hock-bottle.

### III

So the job remains for pedagogues yet unorganized, and even undetected. Let them first address themselves, when they get into action, to the elements. Let them make it generally known, in a series of easy lessons, that red wines are not to be served with soup and fish, and that white wines had better not be brought on with huge roasts of bloody beef. Let them inculcate the great moral principle that (save for sound and sufficient reasons, too recondite for neophytes) the lighter wines are to be served first and the heavier afterward. Let them teach that drinking port after dinner, like drinking whiskey with it, is a practice confined to citizens of the Motherland, who, like Marines and Con-

gressmen, judge alcoholic beverages by their kick, and by naught else. Let them, when they have made some progress, disseminate the news that, in the palmy days of the boozeart in America, a glass of sherry took the place of the current (but happily decaying) cocktail. Let them make it known that sweet liqueurs are distasteful to the refined male, and fill him with malaises for which no Lydia Pinkham offers a cure.

I outline only the studies of the first semester. The whole course may well run a lustrum, and still leave all save the most talented pupils two-thirds police sergeant. A lustrum? Rather say a century. For when one enters upon the subtleties of marks and vintages the business becomes as complicated as counterpoint or moral philosophy. But even on that high level something, at least, may be taught within the span of one life—for example, that St.-Julien means a claret, even when the stuff in the bottle hails from Union Hill, N. J. Again, that an excess of any Italian red wine is apt to cause a powerful smarting of the pylorus. Yet again, that it is more civilized and satisfying to drink a bad wine with a good label than a bad wine with a bad label. Once more, that the safest of all drinks after 10 P.M. is malt liquor.

On the subject of malt liquor I could write at immense length. I am, in fact, a professor of it, and might very well fill the chair of it in the proposed College of Wines and Liquors. But pedagogy is foreign to my nature, and so I withdraw in advance, before the post is offered to me. There are as many subtleties in malt liquors as in wines. They are infinitely protean and various. In America, before the Blight, they were mainly bilge. They remain so to this day. But what the boys of the Rum Fleet have done with the still wines, they may do again with beers and ales. I look for better times. I expect, on some near tomorrow, to knock off a *Lis'l* of Pilsner Bürgerbräu on American soil. Such is my faith—the substance of something hoped for, the evidence of something not yet seen.

H. L. M.

## IF THIS BE TREASON—

BY JAMES ROBINSON

I AM a Protestant. As a matter of fact, I am a Protestant clergyman, and of one of the sects whose communicants number over a million. And I could never be a Catholic, either layman or priest, for the Papist beliefs and superstitions would soon choke me to death intellectually. Nevertheless, I prefer Catholics for neighbors.

This preference of mine took root thirty years ago down in the sad town of Bonham, Texas. The family skeleton, having suddenly broken loose, was cavorting around threatening to blacken the family escutcheon. At the same time it had laid us out financially. I had just entered the world, adding woe unto woe. We needed help and we needed it badly. The adjacent Protestants—mainly Baptists and Methodists—heaved long sighs and shook mournful heads, but kept their distance. They seemed at a loss as to the proper attitude to assume toward a Protestant preacher whose character looked shady, even though it wasn't, and who was flat on his back. To be sure, a few soggy cakes and some tasteless, open-faced pies came to our relief. But she who really saved us was a Catholic neighbor. She entered one day carrying a steaming platter of food. She found my mother in bed in a low state following my birth. She appointed herself nurse for both Mother and me, and for a month she fed us from her pantry. It was she who finally kicked the wolf from the door, and who, singlehanded, turned our big black cloud inside out. She was a good soul, though a victim of unsound theology, and her name I arise to call blessed.

I mention her, not for sentimental reasons, but for purposes of illustration. I believe she was typical, and that the Protestant women who did a lot of sighing and gossiping and fluttering about were also typical. My opinion, I believe, is without bias; it is the result of observations in many fields, first as an evangelical preacher's son and later as a preacher myself. I've had the misfortune to live on twenty Main Streets, and the more popishly inclined the inhabitants the more to my taste was the town. I don't maintain that it was more progressive, or so replete with boosters and Rotarians and Kiwanians and Lions and what-have-you as the average 100% Protestant community. But the Catholic town was and is more human. It is less given to reforms and not so self-conscious and artificial. Perhaps a 100% Catholic town wouldn't do, but a liberal sprinkling of Romanism is excellent condiment for the flatness of Protestantism. It's not that the Protestants are without virtues, for they abound in them, but that they lack the virtues which make for *Gemütlichkeit* and happiness. These they have left for their Catholic enemies to cultivate. That's my whole point. My Catholic neighbors are more congenial, more natural, more human and less given to starchiness in their mental, moral and spiritual outlook than my own people.

I once asked my mother why she preferred them to Protestants. She replied laconically, "Catholics don't pry." I have since learned that wisdom was her handmaiden. For my mother, as the wife of an evangelical parson, had reason to fear people who pry. And now I, a Protestant

clergyman in my own right, experience the same fear. I dread the snooper; he inspires me with something akin to terror. For, in spite of my profession, I like to consider my home as my castle, and my Catholic neighbor appears to agree with me in that. He seems to realize that I'm a human being with a reasonable share of the old Adam in me. And he doesn't assume that because of my cloth I should be eternally closeted in prayer or forever about some mission of good works.

He respects, for example, my pipe. When there are Catholic neighbors on each side of me, I don't feel compelled to lower the blinds when I wish to smoke. They wouldn't be struck dumb with horror, even, if I should take a drink. Indeed, my Catholic neighbors have frequently tempted me with offers of the best in their cellars. If my times for arising and eating and retiring are not scheduled—and they never are—this remissness doesn't worry them. When my wife and I must pass through the agony of packing and unpacking for a move, I prefer to forego the assistance of my leading Elder's spouse for that of the local Romish Father's housekeeper. For if the latter stumbled upon a bottle of elderberry wine lodged thoughtlessly among the canned fruit, she would wrap it gently in a blanket and put it carefully away, thinking no more of it than she would of a bottle of soothing syrup. It is painful to imagine what the Elder's wife would think, say and do—provided, of course, she didn't pass out at the mere discovery. I'm always careful to clean the tobacco out of the lining of my pockets when I take them to the Methodist cleaner, but I buy all my tobacco across the counter from that good slave of the Pope, Bill Mullaney.

I feel strained and unnaturally dignified when I visit the houses of my Protestant friends, but I am strangely and heretically at home at my Catholic neighbor's. He offers me a cigar. Only a feeble hint from me, and he would shake me a cocktail. When I smoke, the lady of the house does

not look horrified, as if I were making preparations for the eternal fires of Hell. Nor does she pussyfoot around coughing and sniffing, and raising all the windows and opening all the doors in an effort to keep her home pure and sweet. If the odor of tobacco sickens her, she lies about it, assuring me that for fragrance, cigar smoke is comparable only to attar of roses. She endures much in the name of hospitality, and I am at home in her house. I feel free to talk about this, that, and the other thing, and do not confine myself to lamentations over the pestilence of necking among the young or speculations as to why their fathers play golf on Sunday. If my big toe itches while I am at my Catholic neighbor's, and I have unsuccessfully tried will-power, Christian Science, and theosophy upon it, I take off my shoe and go after the damned thing.

## II

Somehow, I've always felt that the Catholic respects me, whereas the Protestant usually suspects me. For the Protestant, at least of the evangelical sects, is sworn to reform, and this obligation necessarily makes him suspicious. He must needs snoop around in order to find sins to correct. I am sensitive in this matter. Reform from the heart is all right; I'm for it. But when anyone attempts to coerce me, I want to break the furniture over his head. Nine-tenths of the misery in the world, it seems to me, can be laid at the door of those who attempt to transform their neighbors to suit themselves. The Catholics I know always make me feel that they didn't strike up an acquaintance with me in order to inspect me or alter me. But I suspect the Protestants' motives, as they seem to suspect my morals.

The Catholic is a wholly human fellow—perhaps all-too-human—and he likes that quality even in his priests. Only recently I learned to my delight that the local movie-parlor magnate preferred me to his own father confessor—that he had

said in substance, "I like that young preacher a lot, but I can't go that damned high-hat priest of ours." This man believes in the Adamic Fall. Technically, perhaps, I am supposed to be perfect, but he realizes that there is nothing perfect in this imperfect world. I am sure that my Catholic friends and I would have been on good terms with Adam, especially after he purloined the apple.

But the evangelical Protestant, being harassed by the prickly inhibitions of Calvinism and Wesleyanism, is forever uncomfortable. Miserable himself, he desires the company of *my* misery. My sins weigh heavily upon me when I am in his presence. To use a good Rotarian phrase, he doesn't know how to neighbor. "To be a good neighbor," said some wise man, "one must be a good lender." I don't like to borrow from Protestants, but I have no hesitancy about getting my Catholic neighbor out of bed for paregoric, for I know that he won't suspect me of wanting it for voluptuous use. And this neighboring extends from paregoric and lawnmowers to high finance—at least as high as I can go.

It was only a few years ago that, like many another poor parson, I fell into misfortunes and a flock of my creditors launched a terrific offensive against me. As they closed in from all sides a pacifier of some sort seemed necessary. The Protestant banker before whom I prostrated myself smiled sadly and sympathetically, but said no very firmly. His Irish Catholic competitor, however, smilingly did the handsome thing, and thereby enabled me to hold off my creditors for another year. I have borrowed money from Protestant bankers, but they were always at pains to impress upon me the cold-blooded nature of the whole borrowing and lending business. And although I fully realize that the pound of flesh must be exacted in the end by any banker, whatever his theology, my Catholic friends have a way of making me forget that dismal fact. They make cold cash glow with warmth and geniality.

As Eddie Guest might remark, these Catholic neighbors of mine are home folks. One can truthfully say that Eddie's poems contain more truth than poetry. For, if it be sentimental or not, there is something likeable about the person who is in love with his home. The Catholic is thus enamoured for the very simple reason that he almost invariably has from three to a dozen children. Among the five Protestant women in my choir in my last charge, there were two children, one of whom was adopted. I am confident that I couldn't find five Catholic women in any town where I have resided whom Jehovah had stricken so sorely. The Catholics do their best to populate the earth. Consequently, they are neither self-centered nor introspective. It is surely not hokum to say that the selflessness and sacrifice and hardship attendant on child-bearing and child-rearing have made my Catholic friends more human. Let the wise men advocate birth control; Protestant women will practice it for them. As for me, I fondly hope for the continued medievalism of my Catholic neighbors. Their copious offspring may be pests now and then, but the effect upon the parents is decidedly wholesome.

I should add here that this spirit of neighborliness is not confined exclusively to the sons of Holy Church. For that denomination which owes its Apostolic existence to the adulteries of Henry VIII, the so-called Anglican or Episcopalian, also causes its light to shine in this respect. Paradoxically enough perhaps, in their retention of the doctrinal absurdities of the apostolic succession and so on the Episcopalians have also retained many of the human qualities of their first cousins, the Papists. To read the recently published diary of that Eighteenth Century curate, the Rev. James Woodforde, is to realize to what heights of neighborliness *Homo sapiens*, though in holy orders, can ascend. People liked to have the Rev. Mr. Woodforde around. He was always the life of the party. It was only the Methodists,

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just then beginning their peregrinations to and fro on earth, who considered him a lost soul.

Nor has the Volsteadian Era seen the successors of Mr. Woodforde falling into grim and anti-social ways. The brand of the W. C. T. U. has not yet seared their flesh, and so they continue to be spiritual mavericks in this day of Babbitry. In substantiation of this proposition, there is the recent vote of the Episcopal clergymen on the liquor question. By a smashing majority of 1304 to 501, they denounced Prohibition as a failure. Not even their brothers in unenlightenment, the Romans, have taken any bolder step toward parading their depravity, or toward provoking the ire of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League. For what has been denounced as that "singular and illogical vote of the Episcopal clergy," let us who must suffer the gag of Calvinism and the Methodist Book of Discipline pause long enough to uncover and give three loud, rousing huzzahs!

Card-playing, dancing and smoking the pernicious weed are almost universal among the happily depraved priests of the Anglican communion. Their bent toward sin is lamentable, and a choice reservation in Hell is assured them. Inasmuch as I attended an Episcopalian college for several months, I do not speak without my facts. I have known many a rector and prospective rector intimately, and I can count the Puritans upon the fingers of one hand. Consequently, they make good neighbors, whether they reside next you in a college dormitory or along Maple avenue in the Corn Belt. To be sure, their tendency to high-hattedness, highfalutinism, and geneological tables is sometimes subversive of the nobler kinds of neighborliness, but one may say that in general they are good sinners to have around.

My later attendance at the second largest theological seminary of one of the straight evangelical denominations brought out with terrific emphasis the contrast between the evangelical-minded and the

Episcopal- or Catholic-minded. In this institution of approximately two hundred students I knew exactly four brethren with whom I could revel in what was generally known thereabouts as "good fellowship." We were known as "the five horsemen of the tobacco lips." And we rode alone. For the others, upon their snow-white chargers of Calvinistic purity, avoided us as they would the plague. We were contaminated. But though our souls were black, we were good neighbors. And though often oppressed by the morgue-like atmosphere of the seminary, we managed to enjoy life, smoking and talking far into the night, while our more moral brethren slept the sleep of the pure in heart, having retired strictly on schedule.

Would it be superfluous to record the careers of my four brothers in sin? One, who held high hopes for himself, has left the sacred desk after a short service, and now consorts with Mammon in San Francisco. Another, though still in the ministry, spends the greater part of his time writing verse. Still another tells me that he shudders as he looks ahead to fifty years of such "steel-cold morality" as he now endures. And the fourth? Opportunely enough, I received a letter from him this morning, written from Windsor, Canada, that Mecca of thirsty 100% Americans. He writes: "Just a line to let you know that I am up here where you can get 100% proof genuine Bourbon, good wines, and sound beer. I have my permit, a quart of Walker's Bourbon rests at my elbow, and a pint of extra dry champagne is cooling on ice." He says further: "C—, who is with me, sends his regards." C— was once a postulant for holy orders in the English Church, and is now studying in America. Thus do good fellows get together. And thus, also, are budding Protestant clergymen driven to drink. A month ago this particular parson, a man of unusual ability, was refused a position in the church because he smoked.

This Pharisaical Puritanism pervades the evangelical clergy. They still worship

the harsh, humorless Jehovah of Sinai. Their religion is subscription to the moral law. It expresses itself in reform movements. The personality of these brethren is consequently mainly negative. They attempt to make up for their lack of human juices by slapping their parishioners on the back, and by promoting evenings of "good fellowship" in the church parlors. Impossible! The evangelical emphasis on reform has emasculated them.

To remedy all this, I favor their going in for the bold, wholesale chewing of cut-plug and the smoking of long black cigars. Such lapses would save them, and their suffocated personalities would revive. Today they are scarcely human. Nor are most evangelical laymen.

### III

Even the saints of the Protestant pulpit, as they weekly confess, are forever afflicted with the urge to sin. The attempt to subordinate this Adamic tendency to the higher ideals of Service only aggravates its pull upon many a poor pastor's nerves. The progressive city shepherd's recent addiction to the manly "damn" is evidence in point. Among the first duties of every pastor is the extremely difficult one of finding some congenial soul with whom he can talk freely, and perhaps "neighbor" in trivial iniquities. Certainly there is nothing so rejuvenating and so edifying for the prophetic office as a safe opportunity to get accumulated sin out of one's system in a natural way. A man must express himself. Naturally then, it helps immensely to have a good long talk on the problems of sex with some one who will not reduce the conversation to a discussion of the wonders of flying pollen. Or to hear the lurid details of a rousing party the boys had last night. Such things give a phosphorescent shimmer to the drab inner soul of a sin-starved parson.

But where is this sin-physic to be found? Where, among all the Hell-smitten citizens of this Christian Empire, is there the one

lone soul with whom a Protestant clergyman may neighbor? Surely, not among the sheep of his own fold: they already have an eye cocked for any possible remissness in their shepherd's decorum. Nay! The dear pastor's brother in sin must not even lean in the direction of his sheepfold. For even he who only leans will find the morsel too sweet to be eaten alone, and forthwith the whole community will become privy to the holy man's perversity. The parson must turn to the idolatrous sons of Holy Church. With them he is on no moral pedestal. They see no wings on his shoulders, nor do they expect to hear of any sprouting. As they regard their own priest, so they regard him—not as an impeccable moral exemplar but simply as a religious expert, one who has the low-down on the divine mysteries. They do not expect a man to be base or vile, nor does the average man desire to be either. They simply expect him to be human, and he himself desires no more than that.

I of course speak ironically when I say that fraternizing with Catholics affords me an opportunity to sin. That would be an insult to my Catholic neighbors. They simply afford me an opportunity to be myself. Not so the sheep of my own fold. These latter want me to pull a long face and heave heavy sighs. They would corral me within the pasturage of cold, dead, barren Puritanism. They would bind me to the Procrustean bed of Calvinism. Though I spake with the golden tongue of Chrysostom and had the intellect of an Augustine and the heart of a St. Francis, if I should take one little sip of wine for my stomach's sake, as advised by the Apostle Paul, my Protestant friends would forthwith consign my soul to the bluest flames of Hades. My Catholic friends expect only charity, sympathy, good-will, and temperance of me. And that is exactly what I expect of myself.

Just why this difference should exist between Protestants and Catholics I don't know. After all, why bring *that* up? This is not a treatise on comparative religions,

but a humble discussion of neighbors. At least I know that I like to squat on the running-board of an old Ford and talk by the hour with Romanist Joe, the mechanic. Joe went to France, not to make the world safe for democracy, but to see Paris. And he saw it. His companionship amuses me. But a surge of horror sweeps over me whenever my wife announces that old Sister Simpson is entering the front gate. For I know that the good Sister's question will always be the same: "Why does the Lord let His people suffer so?"

Catholicism is intellectually medieval, but it hasn't yet supplanted Christianity with Pharisaism. Confessions to priests and the beading of rosaries and prostrations before the Roman pontiff are a bit barbarous, I think, but the legalism of Protestantism is downright savage. The Protestants need the Gospel preached to them. They alone are responsible for the Anti-Tobacco League, the W. C. T. U., the Ku Klux Klan, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Protestant negativism galls me. In my own small way, I am attempting to make Christians out of the victims of Wesley and Calvin. But I fear I shall be forced out of the fold before my message exerts any transforming power. Indeed, when I lately hinted to a parishioner that Al Smith wasn't such a bad sort, after all, the malignant glare that leapt to his eyes augured me no good.

This suggests to me that, if the Democratic party will give me the chance, (I write in May) I shall certainly vote for Al. I prefer him for President, even as I should prefer him for a neighbor, over Mr. Coolidge. In fact, I'm certain that the Calvinistic Calvin would prove insufferable. Economy and a family budget would interfere with his neighborliness. He would insist on my joining something. He would refuse to smile should I regale him with a good story. He would be given to platitudinous remarks about the Faith of Our Fathers. He would insist that America won the war.

But Al . . . ah! there is contrast! Sin-soaked and full of superstition as he is, who would not prefer him for a neighbor? Indeed, doesn't his neighborliness account for his repeated reelection to the governorship of New York? Al would have a well-stocked cellar and a can of fine-cut. He would have some amusing stories stowed away. He and I would exchange heresies in regard to 100% Americanism and the protective tariff. If I were broke, he would ask no questions nor sermonize on the evils of extravagance, but would assume the rôle of cheerful creditor. If I peradventure fell into sin, he wouldn't pass me by on the other side. If Al had been in the Garden he'd have eaten the apple.

I am of course aware that his assumption of office would mean rule from Rome, wholesale public hangings of Protestant elders, and the disemboweling of thousands of pregnant Protestant women. Only the other day I received a letter from one of His Imperial Wizard's agents thanking me for my subscription to his paper, to which I have never subscribed, but which I receive regularly, and which I as regularly consign to the waste-basket. Enclosed with His Excellency's expression of appreciation was a solemn warning to be on guard against the agents of the Harlot of Rome. The warning was freely illustrated. Trees were bowed to the earth beneath the weight of hanging Protestants; other sons of Wesley and Calvin were having their toes scorched; yet others were undergoing painful elongation upon the rack; monks in long black robes were going fiendishly about the work of disemboweling still more.

Thus, on the best authority, I know that my Catholic neighbor is a fiend incarnate. But he plays his part well. In fact, he plays it so well that, though it would pain me to lose my viscera or have my neck strung out to three feet in length . . . as witness the pictures sent me . . . I still find myself preferring his company to that of his morbid, if moral, Methodist or Baptist brother.

## MAKING JUSTICE LESS EXPENSIVE

BY H. H. SAWYER

OUR laws, rules of evidence and methods of procedure are all made with a view to settling controversies over questions of law and disputes of fact wherein relatively large amounts of money are involved and expert counsel are employed on both sides. For this purpose the machinery is admirable. But for the purpose of settling and adjusting small claims and differences between parties that machinery is too rigid, too cumbersome, too expensive and too technical to function. In small claims an injustice is almost sure to be done to one of the parties to the litigation, and usually to both.

A man had purchased a bill of household furniture amounting to \$462 on a conditional bill of sale. He had paid \$456 in instalments, and then sickness had come and he got behind. The creditor company brought suit in replevin to recover back the entire lot of furniture, together with damages for its wrongful detention, and for costs and attorney's fees, though only \$6 was still due upon the bill of sale. Because the title to the furniture had never passed from the company to the purchaser, the court it appealed to was powerless to prevent the action. In another case a stenographer had purchased clothing on the instalment plan and had given an assignment of her wages to secure the bill. She got behind in her payments, the clothing company attached her wages, \$15 a week, and she brought suit against her employer and the clothing company to recover them. After a two days' trial, with three lawyers and many witnesses, a jury awarded her the \$15. But it cost her and the other two litigants many times that

amount, and the expense to the taxpayers was more than \$125—all to determine a \$15 controversy!

These are not unusual or extraordinary cases, as every judge or clerk of a municipal court knows. They are the kinds that consume a large portion of the time of the courts in every city of the United States. In the year 1926 there was filed in the municipal court in Des Moines more than 2500 cases for \$100 or less. These small cases are just as important to the parties concerned as are the larger ones to those who deal in greater sums. To compel such people to go to the expense of ordinary litigation, suffer the loss of time that is consumed in the trial of a lawsuit, and submit to the technical legal defenses that are often raised for no other purpose than to wear them out, is a practical denial of justice to the poor.

For the past ten or fifteen years there has been a growing sentiment throughout the country for a reform and simplification of court procedure. From Chief Justice Taft down through the bench and bar and out into the business world there have been some very strong utterances on the subject. As a result, the State Legislatures have been gradually encroaching upon the field of the lawyers, taking from them and placing in the hands of business men a great many actions and transactions which were formerly considered the exclusive concern of the bar. Thus we now see the settling of estates by trust companies, the adjusting of industrial accident cases by commissioners under workmen's compensation laws, and the provision of boards and commissions for the arbitration and ad-



justment of disputes that were formerly triable only at law. Not the least important of these simplifications of the law are exemplified by the multiplication of small-debtors courts and conciliation courts.

The new courts are of two kinds, indicated by their names: conciliation courts, in which settlements are based solely upon an agreement of the parties, without which agreement there is no settlement; and small-claims courts or small-debtors courts, in which there is a hearing before a judge and an arbitrary judgment entered. Both kinds have the advantage of a speedy, non-technical and inexpensive hearing on small claims of every kind. Each has some advantages over the other. Conciliation has the advantage of persuading the parties to reconcile their own differences under the guidance of a conciliator and thus part friends, the loser making an attempt in good faith to carry out what he has agreed to do. Small-claims courts have the advantage of either compelling a stubborn and unreasonable person to pay what seems rightfully due, or putting the burden upon him to appeal and try the case over again. Perhaps the ideal would be a combination of the two, first attempting conciliation, and then, if this failed, entering an arbitrary judgment with the right of appeal to another judge. However, history seems to show that when arbitrary power is given to anyone, the tendency is to exercise it and neglect all efforts to conciliate.

## II

The history of these small-claims and conciliation courts goes back to Europe. Something of their kind is in vogue in many European countries. Norway and Denmark, where they have been used since 1795, have had especially marked success with conciliation. In Norway about 75% of all litigation is settled in conciliation tribunals, while in Denmark settlements run up to about 90% of the total litigation. In those countries two or three conciliators are appointed in every

community, and anyone with a claim of any kind may appear before one of them and file his case; his adversary will then be cited in to meet him and adjust their difference.

The beginning in America was made in Cleveland about sixteen years ago, when a wise clerk of the municipal court began, without any order of court or authority of law, to call in disputants in small cases by telephone and sit down with them and adjust their differences, if possible, before any suit was filed. He was so successful that when he could not reach the parties by telephone he sent them letters and thus got them together. When he had demonstrated the feasibility of his scheme, a small-claims court was established (on March 15, 1913) by order of the judges of the municipal court. This court is now handling about 16,000 cases annually and is probably the most successful in America.

It is a curious coincidence that on the same day the Legislature of Kansas and the municipal judges of Cleveland, wholly independent of each other, provided for such courts. But what is still more curious is that the Kansas Legislature designated its courts small-debtors courts, whereas in reality they are conciliation courts; and the judges of Cleveland called their court a conciliation court, when in fact it is purely a small-debtors court. This simply shows that in the early stages of the development of these courts there was little distinction between the functions of the two kinds. The Kansas courts have not achieved the marked success which has attended the Cleveland court, probably due to two facts. First, there is not the same need or demand for such courts in rural communities as there is in large cities. Second, the chief factor in the success or failure of conciliation is the conciliator himself. Cleveland was especially fortunate in having a clerk who was peculiarly suited to his position.

In 1915 Minneapolis secured a special law from the Legislature and established a conciliation court. This, too, is a con-

ciliation court in name only—in actual fact it is purely a small-claims court. Little or no effort is made to conciliate the parties, but a speedy, non-technical hearing is had and an arbitrary judgment entered from which any party dissatisfied may, on the payment of a fee of two dollars, appeal for trial before another judge of the municipal court. This court has some remarkable features, especially its mail-order business and the absence of any fees whatsoever. Nearly everything except the hearing is done by mail. The notices to the parties are sent by mail, not even registered, and if the letter fails to return to the clerk's office and the defendant fails to appear on the date set for the hearing, judgment is entered against him without further proof that he ever received the notice. The judge makes no decisions from the bench, but sends his decisions to both parties by mail. Notices of continuances are also sent by mail. In fact, almost all the business between the court and the parties is done by mail. No fees of any kind are charged. Everything is free. This is on the theory that justice to the poor should be furnished without expense, and that the taxpayers should pay the bill. There is some feeling that this is a mistake and that a fee sufficient to cover the actual costs should be charged, for a very large proportion of those using the court are not poor, and the absence of fees tends to invite many to file fictitious claims.

In both the Cleveland and the Minneapolis courts, which have been the most successful in this country, the most remarkable feature of the court work is its speed. I sat on the bench with Judge Hall in Minneapolis one hour and fifteen minutes, and he disposed of fifty-four cases and told me that he had more than two hundred cases assigned for hearing on the next day. In Cleveland I sat with Judge Stevens one hour and forty minutes and he disposed of 112 cases. It must be remembered that about one-half of these cases were defaulted—that is, no one appeared when they were called, and they were dismissed or a judg-

ment entered without further ado. Also, a small number were continued for one reason or another. But the average length of time consumed in the hearing of those litigants who appeared was less than five minutes to the case, and none took more than ten. This, I fear, is inadequate time for a judge to reach and enter an arbitrary judgment. To be sure, any mistake can be rectified by the provision that a regular trial may be had before some other judge on the payment of a small fee. But if the first judgment is not right, nothing has been accomplished and the purpose of the court has failed.

There are now more than one hundred cities in the United States that have some kind of small-debtors courts, and the States of Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, North Dakota and Wisconsin have State-wide laws permitting any community to establish one. It appears that the new form of court is especially adapted to cities, and that it is not much needed in rural communities, where justice of the peace courts accomplish much the same thing.

In my own State, Iowa, the law was enacted in 1923. It provides that the judges of any district, municipal or superior court may adopt rules for establishing the new form of court. The Des Moines court was organized on Sept. 1, 1927, and Des Moines is the first and only place in Iowa where it has been tried. It is purely a conciliation court and enters no judgments except by agreement of the parties or on default of the defendant to appear when he has been served with a legal notice. There has been a steady increase in cases each month as the public has become acquainted with its work. No ordinary claim under \$100 can be brought in the regular courts until an effort in good faith has been made to conciliate, and a certificate to this effect has been furnished by the conciliator.

In the year 1926, out of 4535 civil cases filed in the municipal court, 54% were for \$100 or less. From 75% to 90% of these could have been adjusted by conciliation,

which would have saved time and expense for everyone, and especially the taxpayer, who bears the biggest expense of the courts. In the same year the cost of juries was \$9780 and there were 130 cases tried by them, making an average cost of \$75 a case for jury fees. Under the Iowa law litigants pay a jury fee of \$6 for each case tried; the remainder, \$69, is paid directly or indirectly by the taxpayers. The other court expenses run in about the same proportion.

### III

It is therefore evident that the big public expense of litigation is incurred in those cases which are tried to juries and consume a long time for trial; small cases which take only a few minutes are inexpensive and cost the taxpayers practically nothing. It is also evident that when the costs charged to litigants are substantially the same in both kinds of cases, the man with the small claim is charged an unreasonable amount to help make up for the loss sustained by the man who has a long-drawn-out trial. It is for this reason that in conciliation courts a very small fee will cover all of the actual costs incurred.

In the municipal and city courts over the country the minimum cost of obtaining judgments runs from \$3.50 upwards. It is \$4.50 in Jersey City, \$5.50 in Pittsburgh, \$8 in Los Angeles, \$11 in Philadelphia, and \$15.50 in Hartford, Conn. But in the new small-debtors courts the cost is from \$1.25 downward—\$1 in Des Moines, fifty-two cents in Cleveland, and nothing whatever in Minneapolis. Nevertheless, these small charges cover the actual cost in most cases, except in Minneapolis, where justice to the poor is furnished without any expense whatever. When it is remembered that the total time consumed in conciliation, including the time of the conciliator, clerk and all others concerned, is on the average less than thirty minutes, it is understandable why a very small fee may cover the entire cost of the service.

But the expense is not the chief objection to the trial of small claims in the old way. Far more serious are the technicalities, uncertainties, delays and waste of time involved in the regular courts over claims of \$100 or less. They make regular trials almost a denial of justice to poor litigants. This is especially true when the contest is between one who is able to hire a lawyer and one who is not, which is very common in small cases.

In such cases the defendant's lawyer very frequently tries the tactics of wearing out his opponent with telling effect. And when the poor litigant does win in the end, he often pays more dearly for his victory than if he had not brought his suit at all or had submitted to an unjust claim. It is not uncommon for a man to be taken from his work four to six times, a half day or more each time, only to find that his case has been postponed, a technical motion filed, or a jury trial demanded. By demanding jury trials, filing counterclaims, requiring bonds, filing technical motions, attachments, etc., a poor litigant without a lawyer soon becomes lost in a maze of legal technicalities and procedure, and is compelled to settle on unfavorable terms, employ a lawyer, or drop the case.

He generally does the latter, and then goes out to complain loudly that there is no justice for the poor. And there is altogether too much truth in that complaint. Thousands of just claims are permitted to go unadjusted and hundreds of unjust claims are paid each year to avoid battles with lawyers. Witness the threatening letters sent out by collection agencies in their attempts to force the settlement of doubtful claims that fall into their hands.

The courts, in most cases, are powerless to give relief when unjust and unconscionable suits are filed, and even when such relief is possible it usually comes too late to be effective. This is well illustrated by the following case: A stenographer sued her employer, a collection agency, for \$72 back wages. When she commenced the suit



there was sufficient property to pay her in full, but by filing technical legal defenses and using other wearing-out tactics the defendants kept the case from trial until they had disposed of their property. When she finally got a judgment after three months' delay and considerable expense there was nothing to satisfy it and she never recovered a cent. Incidentally, it cost the taxpayers more than \$75 for her to obtain a worthless judgment. In another case a laboring man had deposited \$50 as a good-faith bond with his employer. When he was discharged his employer refused to return the money, the man brought suit to recover it, and the employer demanded a jury trial, which compelled the man to employ a lawyer. He finally won the case, but it was five months and ten days before he received his money, and when he had paid his lawyer and counted his other expenses and his loss of time he had lost a good deal more than if he had never brought suit at all. This litigation cost the taxpayers more than \$100. The court records are full of such cases.

The conciliation court at Des Moines eliminates nearly all of this. At one hearing, without formality, without written or formal pleadings, without any need of lawyers, without delays, and at a total cost of \$1, the whole controversy is threshed out by the two interested parties and the judge, the latter acting as conciliator. In about 90% of all cases a fair and just settlement is reached. When for any reason a settlement is not reached, it is at least determined that the case is meritorious before it gets into the regular court. Very often cases are adjusted over the telephone, the conciliator sitting in his office with the claimant, with the other party at the other end of the wire.

Many of these disputes arise over a misunderstanding of the law. When its provisions are pointed out to the parties they have no difficulty in agreeing. The conciliator, if he is a lawyer (as he should be), is in much better position, after hearing

both sides of a case, to advise the parties about the law involved than any lawyer could be after hearing only one side of it. Many lawsuits are commenced simply because a lawyer's client has not told his lawyer all of the story. Acting upon what has been told him, the lawyer commences what seems to be a very meritorious suit, but when he hears the other side he knows at once that he has no case at all. It is then too late.

In a conciliation court the judge hears both sides of the case in the presence of both parties and gets the facts correctly; he is then in a position to point out the law correctly, so that the parties will understand it and agree. Then, too, the parties are usually more willing to listen to and follow the advice of a judge or other public official than of a lawyer. They know that he has no interest save to get them together in a fair and legal settlement.

In the Des Moines court the notice to the defendant informs him that if he has no defense to present, or if he wishes to make provision to pay on instalments, he can see the conciliator at any time before the date set for the hearing and make such arrangements. It is not uncommon to have a defendant come in long before the day set for the hearing and agree to a settlement, pay the costs of the plaintiff, and start paying out his claim, without the claimant even coming to court at all.

Provision is also made that any defendant who may owe a number of claims may come into court and list all of his debts and the names of his creditors. They are then notified to come together at one hearing, and an attempt is made to settle all of his debts at one time and with one fee. If they agree, he pays an agreed sum into court each pay day or at other stated times, and this is prorated among his creditors, or among those who agree to it. Thus if a poor man owes a grocery bill, a doctor's bill, rent, and coal, clothing and hospital bills, and his creditors are each demanding more than he can pay, he may



list them all and they will be notified of the hearing. None of them alone would accept \$1 each pay day, but when all are together with the conciliator, and it is shown that if the man pays \$6 each pay day that is all he can spare and keep his family, they will usually agree to accept their shares.

There is really no alternative. If any refuse, then those who do agree will get something on their accounts, while all that those who refuse to enter the agreement can do is to file suits at their own expense and take judgments. But since the man has no property and his wages are exempt, they can get nothing. So there is usually no trouble in getting the creditors to agree to let the court collect their bills, if the debtor is willing to make a reasonable effort to pay. The settlement always provides that if the debtor fails to live up to his agreement, judgment shall enter for the unpaid balance and for costs.

Whenever lawyers are retained settlements are more difficult and if there are two lawyers they are almost impossible. When a lawyer is retained he must be paid and that makes just that much more difference between the parties. The lawyer is expected to get enough more (or to save enough) for his client to pay his fee, so the client is not as easy to conciliate as he would be without a lawyer. Then, lawyers are notoriously sticklers for technicalities, and many of them will fight over a legal nicety rather than settle on a fair basis. When there are no lawyers the court nearly always finds a way to settle the case; when they come, there is trouble. In an automobile accident case, the actual damage to the car was about \$30 and the claimant would have been glad to have accepted that amount or even less, but he employed a lawyer and immediately the claim was for \$60. Then the defendant got a lawyer and filed a counterclaim for \$50. By the time they got to court they were \$110 apart, and it was impossible to reach a compromise that both would accept.

## IV

The conciliator always advises the parties of their legal rights so that they will understand precisely what they are doing in any settlement they may enter. But legal technicalities are not permitted to stand in the way of settlements. Since conciliation is based upon agreements solely, the court is not bound by the technicalities of the law, but is at liberty to enter into any agreement which seems equitable and just. When the law interferes with justice, as it sometimes does, the court stresses justice. Very often in small automobile accident cases both parties have been somewhat negligent, but one was more negligent than the other. In such cases, under the law, neither can recover; nevertheless, the question of contributory negligence is a question of fact for a jury, or the court acting as a jury, to decide, and if the case goes to trial no one can say whether the jury will hold either party free from contributory negligence or not. It costs both parties considerable sums to find out.

In such cases, after advising the litigants about the law, I often suggest to the one who seems to be clearly negligent that it will be more profitable to compromise the claim than to go to trial, and usually he does so. It is always better to compromise a small claim than to go to the expense and uncertainty of a trial. Both parties lose in small lawsuits.

In connection with automobile accident cases we have a number of charts drawn to scale showing the various kinds of street intersections and crossings; also, we have a number of toy automobiles, trucks, busses, street-cars, railroad engines, etc. all on about the same scale. The parties to the accident are asked to place two of these toy cars in the relative positions of the two automobiles before the accident happened, and then reenact the accident as they remember it. In this way the conciliator can learn more of the facts and causes of the accident in five minutes

than can be brought out in two hours of questioning.

Another feature of our court which has met the approval of everyone, particularly the lawyers, is that not a single right or remedy available to litigants is taken from them by the attempt at conciliation. If conciliation fails, the parties are in the same position they would have been in if an original notice, or summons, had been served upon them to appear on the day of the conciliation. Whenever it is determined that there is no possibility of getting the two parties together, the conciliator, on the request of either party, transfers the case to the regular municipal court docket and fixes a date for the trial of it, but that date cannot be within five days unless by agreement of both parties. The parties then have the full statutory time to secure attorneys, if they desire, and prepare for a legal battle in the usual manner.

Everything said or done at the conciliation hearing is confidential and there is no record made, and nothing said or done can be used afterward in the trial of the case. Every incentive is given to induce the parties to tell the whole truth and reach an amicable settlement, and so long as there seems any possibility of doing so the conciliator keeps on making suggestions. When it seems hopeless he has the case transferred and urges the parties to agree upon a date for the trial. Nothing has been lost; no additional expense has been incurred; even the \$1 filing fee is credited against the filing fee in the regular court. No time has been lost, for the conciliation hearing has been held on the date when appearance would have been required in the regular court, and the case is ready for trial fully as soon as if it had been commenced there in the first place.

The success or failure of a conciliation court depends very largely upon the man who acts as conciliator. He must be one who believes thoroughly in conciliation, he must have almost unlimited patience, and he must have the knack of bringing warring parties together. It is a peculiar

and somewhat difficult position to fill. The success of the Cleveland court is largely due to the clerk who started it and who acted as conciliator until his death about a year ago. Almost as much can be said of the Minneapolis court. Many other courts have failed of complete success because they have not found the right men for conciliators.

In Des Moines the lawyers have supported the new venture almost to a man. They have long felt the need of a tribunal to which they could send clients with small cases that were unprofitable for them to handle. Most lawyers do not like to refuse a client simply because his case is small or because he is poor, so every lawyer devotes a large amount of his time to cases which are unprofitable. Now they send all such cases to the conciliator, who takes care of them in much less time and even more satisfactorily than they can do, and with only nominal expense to the client and without loss of time to the lawyer. The only lawyers who do not feel exactly happy about the new method are those who hope to obtain unfair fees by starting unjust claims, and the young lawyers just out of school who are eager for any kind of case, no matter how small, for the experience and education they can get out of it.

Neither of these classes has made much outcry, because a large proportion of our cases are of kinds which neither class would have obtained any way; they would never have been commenced but for the conciliation court. They are brought by persons who shy at lawsuits and hesitate to take their small claims to attorneys. They are made up of wage claims, board and room bills, small loans, grocery accounts, small accident cases, etc. It is for these classes, particularly, that the court was established. In such cases the plaintiff needs no lawyer and would drop his claims if he had to hire one, but his claim is often just and should be settled, and the State does well to provide him with a cheap and non-technical way of adjusting it.

V

The method of procedure is so simple that most people are bewildered by its simplicity. Even the lawyers are astonished and sometimes raise questions of the conciliator's authority to do some of the things that are done, but when asked if there is any law prohibiting two people making any agreement they desire to adjust their differences, there is nothing more to be said. The claimant comes to the office of the conciliator or his clerk, and states in his own language what he claims. If his claim seems to be just the clerk reduces it to writing and has him sign it. Then the clerk proceeds to notify the other party, by telephone if he can be reached, or prepares a regular legal notice or summons, and instructs the claimant how to have it served, fixing a date for the hearing.

At the hearing the conciliator sits down at the head of a table with the parties on either side and asks the claimant to state his case first. Then comes the defendant, and then the conciliator asks such questions as will elicit the facts and make the dispute clear. Finally, he summarizes the law applicable to the case, and when he has reached what seems to him the opportune time he suggests a fair settlement. In a very large proportion of the cases the parties acquiesce at once.

Many times the only difference between them is an erroneous notion of the law. One woman who had contracted a store bill had been told that because she had married and changed her name the store could not collect the account. On being assured that changing her name twenty times would not cancel the bill she readily agreed to pay it in instalments. In another case a man said that his opponent could not prove damages in an automobile accident because he had seen it through the windshield, and he (the defendant) had been told that one could not testify in court to anything that had been seen through glass. Another woman would not pay a bill because she thought her opponent had no

way of collecting, though both she and her husband were working. When told that her wages were subject to garnishment, she readily agreed to settle.

Neither the parties, nor witnesses when there are any, are sworn in conciliation cases, and they are not much cross-examined. They are encouraged to tell their stories in their own way, and the rigid rules of evidence are forgotten. Of course a lot of extrinsic matter is brought in, but the judge, if he has any experience, is not deceived by it, and admitting it offers by far the quickest way to get at the truth.

Perhaps the best feature of the conciliation court is that the parties seldom grow bitter at each other as they do in lawsuits; even when they come in hostile they usually go away friends. When they find that they have not been brought to trial, and that no judgment is to be entered against them, but that it is merely a private hearing with the conciliator to talk it over and agree on a fair settlement, they fall at once into a conciliatory mood and are commonly willing to go half way or more to have the dispute adjusted. When they reach an agreement, they have a feeling that, having made it voluntarily, they must abide by it, and so prevent it ripening into a judgment. Under the Iowa law, when an agreement is reached, no further record is kept except in cases wherein payments are not fully made, and even then the record is only sufficient to receive and disburse the money. Judgments are never entered except on failure to live up to the agreement made.

The Des Moines court has been in operation less than a year—too short a time to reach any final judgment as to its success or failure. But each month has shown an increase in the number of cases and in the interest of the public. In the course of time the court will undoubtedly handle more cases than any other court of the city. Already, indeed, the number almost equals the number of civil cases in the municipal court.

# AMERICANA

## CALIFORNIA

THE artists at Hollywood quietly assume their places as cultural leaders of the Republic:

### HOLLYWOOD SHOPPING SERVICE

POST OFFICE BOX 1044  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

"We Buy You What the Stars Buy" (Reg.)

#### STROLLING ALONG THE BOULEVARD

A stroll along Hollywood boulevard from Vine street to the Hotel Roosevelt, with the most chic and exclusive Specialty Shops in America lining both sides of the street, reveals the smartest fashions, the most elegant creations, the finest fabrics, and styles which are a year ahead of all other styles in America.

Here is where the film stars obtain those sartorial effects which make them the best dressed people in the world. Here for a whole mile are brilliantly assembled and handsomely housed the patterns and modes that make up the styles of America. Just as the financial center of the world has shifted from London to New York, so the fashion center of America has shifted from Fifth avenue to Hollywood boulevard.

In these Specialty Shops, the Hollywood Shopping Service fills orders from all over the civilized world, the orders which its patrons send it. Our Hollywood Shopping Service keeps busy checking up what the film stars are buying to wear in the pictures, at their sports and recreations, to put in their beautiful homes, in and on their motor cars, aboard their yachts and motor boats, or to wear in their airplanes.

The Hollywood Shopping Service executes any shopping commission from one fine linen handkerchief to a Rolls-Royce (with as many doo-dads as Tom Mix has on his big white Rolls), complete even to a horn with chimes or a bugle call. Anything you see on the screen that a star is wearing, that we can buy and ship to you.

The Hollywood Shopping Service does all this for you quite free of extra charge, asking only that you state your size, correct measurements, color preferences, or other particulars, when you enclose your postal money order for the articles desired. Correspondence is solicited and satisfaction is guaranteed. Please check over the following list and let us know your wishes by an early mail.

Lois Wilson's swimming suit in two colors.....\$ 12.00

John Gilbert's monogrammed Russian cigarettes, per 100.....\$ 10.00  
Richard Arlen's blue shirts with 4-inch pointed collars.....\$ 5.00  
Reginald Denny's English kit-bag of walrus.....\$ 45.00  
Mat Murray's dancing frock of white point d'esprit, beaded tulle and apple blossoms.....\$ 300.00  
Leatrice Joy's early American quilt in rose and white.....\$ 50.00  
Montagu Love's briar pipe with long stem.....\$ 15.00  
Olive Borden's black Spanish lace underwear.....\$ 15.00  
Adolphe Menjou's dress shirts of French piqué.....\$ 15.00  
Jesse Lasky's cigars (big and black), apiece.....\$ 1.25  
Marie Prevost's beach parasol, 8 feet across.....\$ 42.50  
Marion Davies' folding bridge table with 6 chairs for lawn.....\$ 24.00  
Lya De Putti's engraved parchment visiting cards.....\$ 8.50  
Fred Thomson's cuffs of hand-engraved leather.....\$ 12.50  
Tom Mix's dress gloves, white buckskin with black stitching.....\$ 6.50  
Vilma Banky's love anklet (white gold).....\$ 25.00  
Rod La Rocque's bracelet.....\$ 65.00  
John Barrymore's fitted dressing bag (morocco, cloisonné, gold).....\$ 730.00  
Charles (Buddy) Rogers' chamois gloves \$ 7.50  
Harold Lloyd's English morning suit.....\$ 185.00  
Victor MacLaglen's boxing gloves.....\$ 21.50  
Norman Kerry's beach robe of Turkish towelling.....\$ 25.00  
Thomas Meighan's hammered silver cocktail set, shaker and one-half dozen silver cocktail glasses.....\$ 67.50  
Norma Shearer's engraved rock crystal dinner service (12).....\$ 700.00  
Ralph Graves' Wedgewood dinner service.....\$ 350.00  
Lita Grey Chaplin's complete dinner service of green glass.....\$ 250.00  
Joan Crawford's embroidered white crêpe de chine purse.....\$ 12.50  
William Farnum's blood red ale glasses, per dozen.....\$ 22.50  
Marian Nixon's green glass ice bucket with sterling silver handle.....\$ 6.50  
Jack Mulhall's combination cigarette case and 2-drink flask.....\$ 17.50  
James Murray's "Lighthouse" cocktail shaker.....\$ 30.00  
Wm. S. Hart's cartridge belt and (2)



pistol holsters.....	\$ 47.50
Ramon Navarro's Fedora hat.....	\$ 15.00
Madeline Hurlack's black glass bath-room accessories.....	\$ 26.25
Norma Shearer's afternoon ensemble of gray velvet and blue fox—dress and coat.....	\$ 925.00
Alma Rubens' diamond and platinum wrist watch.....	\$2500.00
Lew Cody's striped bath robe, gray-blue and orchid.....	\$ 18.50
Raymond Hatton's after-dinner cordial set and decanter.....	\$ 25.00
Charles Ray's black enamel and crystal evening studs.....	\$ 92.00
Monte Blue's ivory-topped ebony evening stick.....	\$ 25.00
Francis X. Bushman's favorite nut bread, by the loaf.....	\$ .38
Vilma Banky's-Rod La Rocque's wedding cake (3 tiers).....	\$ 50.00
Patty Dupont's sapphire, platinum and diamond wrist watch.....	\$1800.00
Clara Bow's steamer chair with canopy top.....	\$ 12.50
William Farnum's white serge knickerbockers.....	\$ 12.50
Ruth Taylor's silver kid slippers with rhinestone buckles.....	\$ 90.00
Mrs. Martin Johnson's sombrero.....	\$ 18.50
Douglas Fairbanks' broad leather belt with 3 straps.....	\$ 22.50
Jack Pickford's folding phonograph with monogram.....	\$ 55.00
Katherine MacDonald's Scotch plaid umbrella.....	\$ 18.00
Shirley Mason's face powder, per box.....	\$ 1.50
Victor Varconi's fresh caviar (per pound, shipped in glass).....	\$ 19.00
D. W. Griffith's director chair (with your name painted on).....	\$ 5.00
Jack Dempsey's boxing gloves (practice).....	\$ 54.00
Jeane Eagles' scalloped butterfly slippers.....	\$ 18.50
Bessie Love's silver filagree bouillon cups (6).....	\$ 50.00

#### SINISTER admission of a staff writer in the eminent Los Angeles Record:

I question that there are more than a very few people in Los Angeles as happy as the Negro stevedores on the levees along the Mississippi.

ANTHEM sung at the annual memorial services of Golden Gate Council, No. 80, United Commercial Travelers of America, held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Francisco:

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Brother U. C. T.  
We will always hold you in fondest memory;  
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to  
Thee,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

#### COLORADO

LAW ENFORCEMENT in this great State, as

#### reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

The six miners were killed and over a score more, including some women, were wounded by troopers under the command of Captain Louis N. Scherf when they attempted to march up to the post-office of the Columbine mine in defiance of Scherf's orders. A coroner's jury found that the miners came to their deaths at the "hands of persons unknown," but Thomas Annear, chairman of the Colorado Industrial Commission, who was present, later recommended gold medals for the police who did the killings. None of the police were injured and no weapons were found on the dead men or on those arrested.

#### DELAWARE

THE HON. JOSIAH MARVEL, of Wilmington, speaking before the Canton, O., Exchange Club:

The work of the service clubs of this country in the last twenty-five years has done more to create the Christian religion in every-day life than all the efforts made by mankind everywhere for more than 2,000 years.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE conscience of the people of the United States, as revealed to the world by the proceedings of Congress:

The House yesterday voted to pay José Man-cisco Rivas \$138.50 damages for the attack on his wife by a marine in Nicaragua.

THE celebrated Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals receives reinforcement:

#### LOYAL LEGION OF AMERICAN MOTHERS

1. Supports the sanctity of the Volstead act, the President, the Holy Bible and patriotism.
2. Supports the purification of the American girl and idealism.
3. Opposes the marriage of Americans and foreigners and insidious propaganda.
4. Opposes all entangling alliances between the races.

National Headquarters and Reference Bureau  
BETHANY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President—MRS. GUTHERIE WILLIS WATSON, A.B.

1000 CHAPTERS EVERYWHERE

Dear Sir or Madam:

Do you realize that there are 2,181,818 Radio Receiving Sets in our America?

Do you realize that during the past twelve months there were 239,075 items put forth into the air for these Radio Receiving Sets to receive?

As a law-abiding loyal American citizen you must ask yourself how many of the 239,075 items on the air were of a religious nature?

The answer is only 383!

Only .0016 per cent!

The air is almost wholly pagan!

It is the firm intention of this Society to right this dangerous situation and we want Your SUPPORT.

Your support means keeping our pure American young ones pure, so that they in turn may keep their pure American young ones pure.

It cannot be done without money.

Will you not help?

A check, even a small one, to this Society is a blow at the Pagan Air.

Help us cure these conditions! Protect your home and loved ones and radio from devils in the air!

*Yours for a clean air,*

MRS. GUTHERIE WILLIS WATSON, A.B.,  
President.

Checks to be drawn to the  
Loyal Legion of American Mothers.

### FLORIDA

CULTURAL activities of the ladies of the town of Milton, as reported by the illustrious *Gazette*:

Mrs. Jacob Cohen was hostess on Tuesday afternoon to the Shakespeare Club, of which she is a member. Mrs. D. C. Diden was leader of the study, the subject being, "Henry Ford, his Life and his Work." Ford jokes contributed to the pleasure of the programme. Mrs. J. Frank Smith was in charge of the music study, using the biography of Irving Berlin. Miss Margaret Read played "Together We Two," one of Berlin's latest successes. Mrs. J. D. Smith gave a biography of Madam Louise Holmes; Miss Gladys Ouzoonian gave a violin solo, "Turkey in the Straw," in recognition of the Ford Barn Dances. At the close of the programme, Mrs. Cohen served a salad course followed by a sweet course.

PUBLIC announcement in the eminent *Morning Sentinel* of Orlando:

#### I SHALL ENJOY

playing to the moving picture, "The Passion Play," Monday and Tuesday nights at the Municipal Auditorium, because religious music sounds the depths of my reverential and emotional feelings, and the greatness of the pictured scenes will evoke supreme response from one who truly considers Jesus Christ worthy the best we can render in homage and gratitude to Him.

C. ERNEST WADE,  
*The organist.*

### GEORGIA

THE state of scientific inquiry in Moronia Felix:

### PHRENOLOGY

PROF. J. S. GIBSON

*Macon, Georgia*

Is in the city and will give examinations in Phrenology according to the Fowler and Wells system of the New York American School of Phrenology.

#### PHRENOLOGY

is that science which treats of the mind and the passions, as shown by the different organs and construction of the brain supposed by Dr. Francis Joseph Gall to be developed in the brain as composed of a plurality of separate organs, every one of which represents an independent faculty of the mind.

This important mental and moral science has been studied by the greatest minds of Europe and America and is acknowledged by the leading journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is especially important to the young because by its teachings the occupation for which anyone by nature is best adapted can be determined; also human character is better understood, which gives aid to self-government. It is used in the education and training of children, and in the science of medicine and the regulation of business.

I have practiced Phrenology for 30 years, and by this extensive practice am well qualified to read character and give advice according to the latest improved methods known to science.

EXAMINATION: 25 CENTS

*Respectfully,*

J. S. GIBSON.

INCIDENTS in the life of a free American citizen of Dahlongega, as reported by the incomparable W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Nugget*:

We learn that one of the Mr. Millers, over on Route 2, had a strange accident some time ago. He had \$120.00 in his shirt pocket in which he carries his watch. Seeing that his clock on the mantel-piece had run down, he took his watch out to see how to set his clock. Noticing that in pulling out his watch his money came with it, and was burning up. In letting go the clock key to get water to extinguish the burning money the clock spring broke. And in pouring the water on the fire the steam burnt his child sitting close by and he lost his money besides. This is what you might call three in one.

### ILLINOIS

JUDICIAL gossip from Chicago, disseminated by the alert Associated Press:

A thirty-year-old father sent to the penitentiary for the slaying of his three-year-old daughter was described by the judge who sentenced him today as a "splendid man." William Goeschell pleaded guilty to manslaughter after two juries

had found him guilty and he had been granted new trials. He cut the throats of the child and his wife after a quarrel with the latter. The wife recovered. "The fact that his wife publicly announces that she favors free love is enough to make any man see red," said Judge Frank Comerford. "I believe he is a splendid man."

## INDIANA

LITERARY news from the rising town of Brightwood, as reported by the Indianapolis *News*:

Mrs. Charles Sellers was hostess Wednesday for a luncheon for the Brightwood Literary Club. . . .

Mrs. William S. Tyner read a paper on "My Philosophy of Life as Gained From the Sunday Papers."

FOOTNOTE upon the American genius in the celebrated South Bend *News-Times*:

Alex. H. Creutzburg, 748 Leland avenue, celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday Wednesday by climbing to the top of a sixty-foot high-tension line pole and standing on his head there for five minutes. The pole was located in front of the Staples-Winkler Company, at Niles and Colfax avenues, and Mr. Creutzburg's feat was witnessed by dozens of passersby. For years, Mr. Creutzburg has celebrated his birthday by selecting a high pole in some section of the city, climbing to the top and standing on his head.

FIRST stanza of an elegy by the Hon. John Alvin Garrett, of Rising Sun, sponsored by the Hon. Harry C. Canfield, Congressman from the Fifth Indiana District, and printed in the *Congressional Record* at the expense of the people of the United States:

## SUBMARINE S-4

Nigh fathom twenty sunk they lie,  
Awaiting rescue or to die,  
Entrapt inside a submarine  
With death approaching on the scene;  
The crew compose their minds with dice,  
More for the pleasure than the vice.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the great town of Hammond:

The story of how two brothers profited by the funeral of another brother by selling liquor to the mourners and charging them \$3 each to ride in the funeral cortege was told in court today in the suit of John Jasnowski, an undertaker, who sued to collect the funeral expenses. Frank Puskowski, one of the brothers, said Felix, the other brother, should pay the costs, since Felix made money by charging the mourners to ride in the cortege. But Felix said Frank made \$150 by selling them liquor, so he should pay.

## KANSAS

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the eminent *State Journal* of Topeka:

## LUNCHEON AND FASHION REVUE

THURSDAY, ONE O'CLOCK

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The newest fashions presented  
on living models . . .

Charlotte Conwell Pardee

Jane Griggs  
Janice Soule  
Patsey Strawn

Nancy Page  
Marion Miller  
Peggy Strawn

Genevieve Veale  
Master Dick Dunham

(All apparel shown on models, courtesy  
The Pelletier Stores Company.)

## MAINE

THE HON. CARL E. MILLIKEN, A.B., LL.B., former Governor of this great State, as reported by the *New York World*:

If Shakespeare were alive today he would be in Hollywood or Hollywood would be at Stratford-on-Avon.

## MICHIGAN

THE sublime processes of the law in Detroit, as described by one of the town newspapers:

To save his 65-year-old mother-in-law from conviction on a liquor charge, Mike Carluccio, 38 years old, yesterday pleaded guilty to the possession of wine, found in his home, 12695 McDougall avenue, and paid a fine of \$500.

Carluccio explained to Judge Edward J. Moinet in Federal Court that while he was absent from his home recently two Prohibition agents, posing as friends, persuaded Mrs. Lucio Denarco, the mother of his wife, to give them some wine. As they were leaving, the pair laid a few coins on the table in payment.

The wine was kept for family use, Carluccio said, and was not intended for sale.

## NEW JERSEY

FROM a communication to the press by Miss Louise S. May, of the Atlantic City Convention Bureau:

According to Senator Walter E. Edge, first president of the Bureau, conventions are the highest expression of civilization.

## NEW YORK

THE higher learning at Cornell, as reported by the *Alumni News*:

Lecture, "Greeterism," Allan G. Hurst, president of the Hotel Greeters' Association. Room 100, Caldwell Hall, 2 P. M.

THE present state of the Fourth Amendment in New York City, as set forth in a bulletin of the American Civil Liberties Union:

Mention by a citizen of his civil rights of protection against search and seizure without a warrant so irritated a policeman and later a magistrate that Louis Brody, New York salesman, was forced to pay a \$5 fine.

Brody, carrying a heavy black bag, had started to work when a policeman became curious and demanded that he open it. Brody, affirming his rights as a citizen, at first refused to do so unless the officer showed a warrant, but when the latter started marching him toward the station, he yielded. Examination showed the bag contained samples of cosmetics. When Brody continued protesting against the policeman's actions and a crowd gathered, the officer arrested him for "causing a crowd to collect and refusing to move when ordered."

Magistrate McQuade, in Washington Heights Court, fined him \$1, but when Brody protested again about his rights the magistrate recalled him and increased the fine to \$5.

### OHIO

How Prohibition is uplifting American manhood in Cincinnati, as revealed by the *Post*.

It cost Herman Mueller, 3378 McHenry road, a \$350 fine to give a half pint of liquor to a life-long friend. Mueller pleaded guilty to the sale and possession of liquor at 1200 Poplar street. It developed that John Weiler, a former village court liquor raider and now acting as a government informer, called on Mueller, whom he has known since they were ten. Weiler wanted to buy liquor. Mueller told Judge Smith Hickenlooper of the United States District Court that he gave Weiler a half pint, but that Weiler insisted on paying \$1 for it. When he took the money he was arrested.

### OKLAHOMA

A NEW variety of Higher Criticism shows itself in the letter column of the *Oklahoma City News*:

*Editor of The News:*

How can anybody place so much confidence in that old Book, the Bible? We have enough evidence from Spirit messages to warn us against putting so much reliance in the Bible. The writer has many messages in his possession from the spirit world, especially from preachers, and they all admit that they were deadly wrong when on earth. Some of the things that we hear in churches as being great truths are nothing but rubbish.

EDWARD SWANKE.

*El Reno, Okla.*

### PENNSYLVANIA

THE troubles of the Christian faithful of Shenandoah, as set forth in a handbill distributed in the town:

There is in this town on the corner of West Oak and South Chestnut streets, a Church which by its location and height is very noticeable over other churches. It is crowned with a round top painted in green and has a three-bar cross.

The Church is "known in the town as the "Greek Church." Also, if you ask in English any member of that Church "Who are you?" you will get the answer, "Greek."

In spite of such a name of this Church and its people, neither Church nor the people are Greek.

The real Greek people residing in this town never visit this Greek Church, because it is not Greek at all, and its members are not Greek and they cannot speak, write or read in Greek and they have not a single drop of Greek blood.

To prove it please ask any real Greek people in this town who conduct restaurants, lunch-rooms, ice-cream parlors and pool-rooms, for example, Theophilus Bros., Laganis Bros., Papas, Georges, Kleto, and others.

There is a sign on the corner stone of that Church in two languages. The sign in English says this: Greek Catholic St. Michael Church, and another sign with the Russian alphabet is this: Ruska Greeko-Katolitzka Tzerkov, which, when translated into English language, means Russian Greeko-Catholic Church.

Many Polish and Lithuanian residents of this town, who are familiar with the Russian alphabet, could prove the truth of this.

Therefore, the real name of this Church and its people is not Greek, although everybody in town is accustomed to call it Greek.

We, the informers, are vigorously protesting against this falsification to call Greek what really is not Greek. We invite all people of this town to find out why and who applied this name Greek to people who are not Greek at all.

The educational staff of this town should not be misled by this misrepresentation and should not classify in their school records the children of these false Greeks as Greeks. Also the people of this town should find out how people of that so-called Greek Church were led to believe and call itself Greek.

It is intolerable to permit some impostors to teach these people to believe and call themselves by name which does not absolutely belong to them. It is a matter of importance to cast off that lie and leave the Greek name aside.

Also, they call this Church "Catholic," but it is not Catholic at all, at least since last October, 1927, when the Pastor of that church was suspended by his Catholic Bishop Bogachewsky, of Philadelphia, and contrary to the laws of the Catholic Church he continues to hold services and by such action has excommunicated himself, and according to the laws of the Catholic Church he is not a Priest any more, due to his disobedience.



The Catholic Clergy of town is warned not to make any wrong step by believing that this Church is Catholic.

The members of this Church should cease to follow the leaders who uphold ignorance and misrepresentation, and who make them look ridiculous.

If they broke away from Catholicism by refusing to obey the Catholic Bishop, then they must join some other Church organization, and should not create any new independent sect for material advantage of their present leaders, and should remember they are not Greeks, and at the present time they are not Catholics.

(Signed) INFORMERS.

THE HON. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., professor emeritus of history and government at Harvard, and former president of the American Historical Association, and of the American Political Science Association, speaking before the Easton Rotary Club, as reported by the *Express* of the same great town:

If Rotary had existed in 1861, there would have been no Civil War and the men of the North and South would have participated in brotherhood.

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from the celebrated Wilkes-Barre *Record*:

Window curtains were drawn, doors locked, and lights extinguished in the various saloons and speakeasies throughout the town yesterday. It is the intention of Burgess William E. Smith to see that these places of business are closed every Sunday.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

THE service of God in the fine old town of Greenville:

"The President's Daughter," based allegedly on the private life of the late President Harding, is serving a unique purpose in Greenville. It is making money for a local church. A woman of the city came into possession of a copy recently and since her church was trying to make money for a worthy cause, she hit upon the idea of renting the book out. She has gathered much money for her church by renting the volume at ten cents a day.

#### TENNESSEE

SPECIAL providence reported by the Dyersburg correspondent of the Associated Press:

"Judgment Is Coming," read a message on a hen's egg displayed here today by a Negro. The egg was laid at the Will King farm Tuesday, the man stated, and white folks told him

to bring it to town. The tan lettering appeared to be of the same substance as the shell and could not be washed off. The words were distinct.

#### TEXAS

THE HON. J. O. PARTAIN in the *Lions' Weekly* of San Antonio:

Lionism is a magnificent fountain fed by the hearts of thousands of earnest men, all beating in perfect unison for the general good of humanity. From this fountain flows a pure, clean stream of intelligent patriotism into hundreds of progressive communities from one end of the country to the other, which makes for the upbuilding of the highest ethical relations of citizenship and the broadest humanitarianism.

#### UTAH

MORAL reflections of a 100% American of Salt Lake City in the eminent *Tribune* thereof:

Some weeks ago I noticed in the window of a store a man dressing a model of a young woman. I was shocked, for the man was carefully adjusting the model's stockings and the model was but scantily dressed. I realize, of course, that such instances do not occur frequently and that there is nothing morally wrong in the window dresser's relations with the model. But I do contend that they may have a bad effect upon young men. May I suggest, therefore, that window dressers—especially those at women's stores—do their model draping behind curtains? I might add that to do so will greatly increase the effect of the display, for it will keep its mechanics from the public gaze.

A MAN OVER THIRTY

#### WISCONSIN

MIRACLE reported by the Plainfield correspondent of the *Milwaukee Journal*:

The Lord will fill the teeth for His children who have enough faith to ask Him and to believe that He will do so, declared Lloyd H. Bovee, thirty-three, a farmer living five miles northwest of here. No such concoctions as silver amalgam or even gold are used by the Lord in His dental work, Bovee told fellow members of the congregation which holds church services in the Harris School-house here. The Lord fills cavities with real tooth, the farmer testified Sunday in describing his prayer and the answer to it. Bovee said he had been reading in the Bible about Jesus healing all who came to Him. . . . He said he stood on those promises and believed that the Lord would fill his tooth, and that where there was a cavity there now is solid tooth.

## THE BOHUNKS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

IN MY boyhood in Carniola, then yet a province of his late k.k. *Majestät*, Franz Josef, the even tone of our village life was occasionally interrupted by the homecoming of some peasant who four or five years before had quietly left for America clad in homespun, and with a bundle on his back and hair on his face, but who now returned sporting trousers extremely wide in the legs, buttoned shoes, a derby, a celluloid collar and a gaudy necktie illuminated by a huge horseshoe pin, not to mention a clean-shaven face, two heavy suit-cases of imitation leather, and a répertoire of foreign words that were impressively meaningless.

The return of an *Amerikanec* caused no less excitement in the village than the nuptials of a well-to-do farmer's daughter or the funeral of a leading usurer. After mass on the first Sunday following his arrival, most of the men and all the less pious of the womenfolk filled the village winehouse, eager to give him an opportunity to floor them with the opulence and sophistication he had acquired in the West Virginia mines or the Pennsylvania steel-mills. All the accordion-players in the parish came to play, and the innkeeper and his wife ran themselves ragged carrying wine to the thirsty admirers of the plutocrat who had news of their relatives in Scranton, or Wheeling, and was full of tall talk about America, its wealth and vastness, and his own genius as a coal-miner or steel-worker. For a long time afterward the villagers, in referring to some occurrence, were wont to remark, "Oh, yes! that was about the time So-and-So returned from America."

I remember that the local *intelligencia*, which included the parish-priest, the schoolteacher and the postmaster, and in the Summer perhaps a few gymnasium or university students and vacationists from the city, considered these returned Americans an unwholesome influence upon the community, to say the least. It appeared that America worked in them a deplorable change. For one thing, it deprived them of their native respect for people of the higher callings. None of them, for instance, would uncover to the priest; in America, they declared insolently, men did not doff their hats to other men: one man was as good as another. Thus America corrupted them, made them arrogant, perverse, vulgar, and worse. Rather worse, for in a nearby village a man came back, along with a few dollars and a lot of bad manners, bringing a strange and sinful disease which the pedagogue and the postmaster discussed in low tones and with dread in their eyes. Indeed, he not only brought that unmentionable malady with him, but passed it on to his wife, who had waited for him at home. It would have been better, they said, had he been buried in a coal-mine, which was the fate of so many other Slovene workmen in America, or crushed to death in some iron-foundry, which also was not an uncommon occurrence.

As a young student in the capital of the province I read in the newspapers, and heard from the platform and the pulpit, that, so far as its influence on our good peasantry and our great, although microscopic, nation in general was concerned, America was a cruel, evil place. True, a deal of money came from it, but (asked

the patriots) was it worth the price? America broke and mangled bodies, defiled souls, made men irreligious, corrupted their charming dialects and ways, and alienated them from the homeland. The Yugoslav nationalists harped upon this theme as propaganda against the unrighteous rule of the Austrian oligarchy. Our worthy and innocent peasants, they hinted (had they spoken outrightly, they would have found themselves in some *k. k.* hoosegow), were lured to America by her dollars and so-called opportunities because at home these stalwart and noble sons of Mother Slovenia were denied the soil which was their birthright, and on which they might have made decent livings.

A widely read book in the Balkans fifteen years ago, and I think for some time previously, was the story, as I remember it, of an unhappy journey of a party of honest, simple peasants to the incorrectly dubbed Land of Promise, and their brief and heart-rending sojourn within its borders, where, swindled by sharpers out of all they possessed, most of them perished of hunger, thirst and exposure. The author had never been to America, but his book, illustrated with many drawings, no doubt was instrumental, as it was meant to be, in keeping close to their native hearth all but the most desperate victims of Austrian land laws and the foolhardiest of adventurers.

Similar anti-American, and incidentally anti-Austrian, propaganda, I am told, was circulated in Slovakia and Bohemia; nevertheless, during the quarter of a century immediately preceding the World War, America received great hordes of Bohunks, and made use of them.

## II

A short while before I myself, still in my midteens, ventured across the ocean, I read a letter from an educated Yugoslav in Chicago to his brother in which he characterized the New World as a madhouse. When, late on the final day of 1913, I

emerged from Ellis Island, and, in company of a relative, spent a dinnful evening in the streets of New York, where every third person either tooted a horn or beat a pan to hail the advent of the New Year, I thought the description apt indeed. America, incontestably, was a crazy place; and, too full of impressions for sleep, I spent the rest of my first night in it feeling grateful that I lay in the same room with my relative.

All immigrants who plunge into this turmoil, from the most intelligent ones down to the densest dunce, even if they do not land on New Year's Eve, are naturally bewildered, and their first concern upon arrival is to find people of their own, in whose midst they may get themselves oriented. Conditions here are utterly different from those in rural Europe. One can seldom, if ever, get a job in one's old line. In America there is no stability, which is almost the keynote of life in the older countries. The job that one gets carries with it no security; one may lose it from week to week, and thus one can seldom base on its continuation any plans for the future. The more pronounced the difference in language, ways and conditions here and in the immigrant's own country, the more urgent it is for him to seek out his countrymen.

In the case of the Slavic immigrants from Southeastern Europe fifteen or twenty years ago, at which time they came over in a steady stream, the first, although to them not the most important, difficulty arose in making the people here—native-born Americans and aliens of other nationalities—understand who they were and whence they hailed. The difficulty lay basically in the fact that many of them were not clear on the point themselves. If, say, a Slovene was asked what his nationality was, very likely he replied that he was a Kranjec or Carniolan, from Kranjsko (German: Krain; English: Carniola). Only a few Czechs, Styrian Germans and Italians from Trieste and Gorizia knew what it meant. It was as if a citizen of

some such obscure State as Nevada, arriving in Belgrade or Warsaw, should announce that his nationality was Nevadan. If he really knew what he was, he declared himself a Slovene, but that, to the average American, Irishman or Scandinavian, meant no more than Carniolan.

The poor Bohunk then proceeded to explain, perhaps with the aid of a map, that the Slovenes were a small Slavic nation, one might say first cousins to the Czechs, Poles and Russians, inhabiting a little country within Austria which the Hapsburgs, with their Machiavellian *divide et impera* policy, had cut up into three tiny provinces, Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria. But before he was through explaining, presto! he was an "Austrian," which, in a sense, was correct. Where his people had larger colonies, as in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Chicago, they were known also as Krainers or Grainers (Carniolans).

By a similar process, the Croats, too, became "Austrians," though, since Croatia used to be a part, not of Austria but of Hungary, that was never true in any sense. Even the Serbs and Montenegrins, who appeared to speak the same language as the Croats, were also labelled "Austrians," and the Yugoslav languages became the "Austrian" tongue. The Czechs, always conscious of their nationality, never hesitated about saying who they were. In consequence, though they had been under Austrian rule longer than the Yugoslavs, they were never Austrians in America, but either Czechs or Bohemians.

The Poles, with their dramatic historical background, which included the participation of a number of their countrymen in the American Civil War, had no trouble making anyone understand who they were and where they came from. They were Poles or, at worst, Polacks. American-born Polish children, in some cases even of the second generation, usually show pride in their origin, and if their family names are at all pronounceable, retain them. In this they differ from all the other Bohunks save the Bohemians.

The Serbs, too, with a historical background as bloody, though perhaps not as gorgeous as that of the Poles and the Czechs, are a proud people; but most of them never intended to stay here permanently, and so they made no emphatic objection to being called Austrians. On the other hand, the German Austrians who were Austrians before anyone else insisted strenuously that they were Germans, no doubt because they hated being included with such lowly rabble as the Croats, Slovenes, Slovaks and Serbs in the American-made "Austrian" nationality.

From that viewpoint the Viennese Germans' objection to being known as Austrians was perhaps not unjustified, for Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Lika, Banat, Dalmatia, Montenegro and Southern Serbia sent here, for the most part, simple peasants who lacked any definite nationalistic consciousness, and who, next to tilling the earth and fishing, were interested only in fighting, love- and verse-making, drinking, dancing, singing, strumming the *gusle* or *tamburice*, and, last but not least, keeping on the good side of Yahweh or Allah, depending on whether they were Catholics or Mohammedans. They thought of themselves as fighters, lovers, poets, dancers, singers and children of the Almighty before it occurred to them that they were also members of definite national and political groups. They were, and still are, very proud of their endurance at hard physical labor, their reproductive powers (their women run to very frequent childbearing), their singing voices, and their ability to carry drink like men.

The Slovenes, the smallest of Slavic nations, are, next to the Czechs, the most cultured and civilized of Bohunks. Many of those who came to America, even among the peasants of the lowest economic order, were well aware of their nationality and cultural superiority, and, like the German-speaking subjects of his Apostolic Majesty, resented being classed with the "Austrians." It was not until after the war that they, along with the Croats and the

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other Yugoslav groups, regained their national name in America. In the last census, indeed, many of the South Slavs are still counted as Austrians.

Ten or fifteen years ago, if one came to an American city and inquired for the Croat or Slovene colony, one found that no such thing was known. When one explained that one really sought the "Austrians," the stranger consulted would, with a gesture of disdain, direct one to take such-and-such street-car, ride to the end of the line, and then walk a few blocks: there lived the "Austrians" or Bohunks, in low, unpainted shacks or bleak-looking apartment-houses along unpaved streets that swarmed with unclean children in torn garments. Nowadays the Bohunks still live, preferably, at the end of the line—in the Balkans, as they call the Yugoslav colony in the California town where I live; but now their houses are painted, their streets are paved, and their children are neater, for Prosperity has blessed them, too. But they are still Bohunks. On Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons they get together, and, apart from the prim and proper Nordics and the "better element" generally, they sing, play their stringed instruments and accordions, drink, fight, shout and roar to their hearts' content.

### III

Two decades ago most of the Bohunks came to America intending to stay two or three years, four at the most, work to the limit of their endurance at whatever they might find, save every cent possible, and then, returning to the old country, pay the debt on the old place, buy a few additional fields and head of cattle, and start anew. But actually only a small proportion of them went back.

In the old country the man probably had a wife or a *punca* to whom he had sworn everlasting fidelity and promised to think of daily. But he was always a strong, virile he-man, and if he remained true to

his vow (as a rule he did), his womanless existence soon became intolerable. He yearned for his fair Marichka or Yova with a great yearning, and soon or late he sent her a ticket to join him. She came, perhaps with two or three little Bohunks; if she was only his girl and married him here, she soon bore him a few. In either case, saving anything from his wages immediately became a difficult matter. Working conditions often changed overnight; there were strikes and lockouts; the family, which increased regularly every ten months, had to be moved from one State to another. To return to the old country thus became a hopeless dream. He was caught in America.

If he had no wife or girl to send a ticket to, he began to look about in the colony or he put a wife-wanted ad in a Bohunk paper, which presently led to the same difficulties. And if he took to sin, he spent most of his pay on scarlet women and the rest—unless he was luckier than he was wise—he had to hand over to quacks for treatment. In any case he usually kept on digging coal and ore, or working in the steel-mills or some other kind of mills, or in the stockyards or forests, or on construction jobs from Portland to Portland. Gradually he abandoned all hope of returning home, even for a visit, and strove solely to make a living, watching for a chance to get out of the dirty, unhealthy and hazardous work in the mines and mills and into something better. Perhaps he started a saloon, a grocery-store, a butcher-shop, or an undertaking parlor, or bought a farm. If unmarried, he maybe joined the Army, or became a hobo.

Unlike most of the other immigrants, especially the Scandinavians, the Irish and the Germans, most of whom entered the country intending to settle, the Bohunks usually had little interest in American institutions and politics, even after they gave up the idea of returning home. Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons, when they came together, the talk was largely about affairs back in their Balkan villages;

their newspapers devoted most of their space to clippings from the small-town sheets of Southeastern Europe.

Of late years this interest in the old country has declined, chiefly because during the war the Bohunks received little of the more intimate news from their native places; while since the war, both because of the new immigration laws on this side and the changed conditions on the other, few new immigrants have come from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Poland. But in their inmost thoughts, the majority of them who came here as adults, no matter how long ago, are still more in the old country than in America; and so they are commonly looked upon with great disfavor by Americanization evangelists, Ku Kluxers, and 100% Americans generally.

Of the Slavic groups, the Slovenes are the most assimilative, more so than the Bohemians, who, not unlike the hated Germans and Hungarians, are extremely chauvinistic, although as naturalized citizens they are usually active in civic and political affairs. This marked interest of the Bohemian-Americans in the public life of their adopted country is perhaps not due so much to their cultural superiority, of which they are very conscious and proud, as to their clannishness, which surpasses even that of the Swedes and the Norwegians, and causes them to live in large, compact colonies whose leading lights are Americanized go-getters.

Before the war, most of the Bohunks had little interest in learning the English language. It was not necessary for them to know it. In the mills and mines the bosses knew their dialects; in the stores they could, if need be, point at things they wanted; in the courts they employed interpreters. Today this is true no longer. In the majority of Czech, Polish and Yugoslav families English is spoken habitually, although only the children, as a rule, speak it well. The Bohunks are beginning to vanish in the Melting Pot. They are even Americanizing their names: Zima becomes Winter; Belko, White;

Petrovič, Peters; and Vrbovec, Willowby or Willowbrook.

It is not unusual for Bohunk-Americans to attain to public office, though of course they do not manage it as frequently as the German-, Scandinavian- and Irish-Americans. Most of those who do so are successful business men who are more at home at Chamber of Commerce meetings or Rotary gatherings than at a Czech or Croat picnic. They are really Americans and go among the Bohunks only to ask for their support on election day, in return for which they occasionally elevate a few of their fellow Dalmatians or Slovaks to the honorable posts of policemen, street-sweepers or dog-catchers. Bohunk mayors, city councilmen and members of State Legislature are not uncommon in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Minnesota. The Slovenes had a hangman in Chicago, and a Czech Jew is now in the House of Representatives at Washington. But as politicians they are usually not very adroit; the Slav is too sentimental, naïve and honest a soul for such things, even after he has gone through the mill here. A great deal of water will have to flow down the Potomac before the four or five million Bohunks give America a La Guardia, a Berger, or even a Magnus Johnson.

The best-known Slavs in the United States are a few scientists, notably the Czech biologist Aleš Hrdlička and the two Serb physicists, Nikola Tesla and Michael Idvorsky Pupin. Tesla and Hrdlička are recognized leaders in their respective fields; absorbed in their work, retiring, modest and unmercenary. Of Tesla, even a good many Yugoslavs are unaware. Pupin, on the other hand, is no mere scientist. He is also the author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," which won the Pulitzer Prize and was a best-seller a few years ago. He was a powerful factor in the winning of the War for Democracy and influenced the proceedings of the Versailles Conference. He corresponded with Woodrow Wilson and once received a letter from Warren Gamaliel Harding. Lately he has been

coming to the front as a Christian prophet and Moral Influence. In this respect, indeed, he outshines even the illustrious Millikan. Last year he published a book on "The New Reformation," in which he set out to show that science is a tremendous Christianizing agent. In an interview he testified that he had become a better Christian through his contact with it.

## IV

For years after the Bohunks began coming to America in great numbers, they were, with few exceptions, low-paid manual laborers, performing the most dangerous and dirty tasks. There were only a few missionaries, parish priests, office clerks, saloonkeepers and other such men of ease among them, and there were not many shoemakers, blacksmiths and tailors. But during the war some of the laborers who took the trouble of learning English became bosses, and others went into business.

Several Czechs and Slovenes and one or two Croats have become millionaires in banking, manufacturing and storekeeping. A number have achieved prosperity rum-running and bootlegging on a large scale. Before Prohibition thousands became relatively prosperous as saloonkeepers.

When the immigration was at its height, the saloon and the church, with the former usually having the better of it, were the centers of the Bohunk colonies. The saloon was no mere drinking-place, but a *bor-dingavz* (boarding-house) equipped to cater to most of the needs of the colony. There one could not only drown one's sorrows and meet one's fellows; one could also buy steamship tickets and money-orders for folks in the old country, play poker, eat, neck a girl, subscribe to newspapers, pay one's lodge and club dues, and—if the saloonkeeper was on friendly terms with the priest, which was not unusual—even one's church dues. The saloonkeeper was often a go-getter of no mean order. He was a jolly fellow who knew all the members of the colony by their first names,

had a glad hand for the humblest working-stiff, and if the latter got into trouble with the police, intervened on his behalf. The men received their mail addressed in his care. Usually he was a notary public. He had his own accordion-players and saw that his customers had female company.

Now, with the saloon gone, the most successful public enterprise in every Slovene, Slovak or Croat community in America, as in the old country, is the Catholic church. In many cases the parish priest and his sexton have taken over such side-lines of the saloonkeeper as selling money-orders and steamship tickets. Most colonies are split into two antagonistic camps: the church members and the unbelievers, mainly Socialists. Each has its own lodges, clubs, singing societies and social affairs. The unbelievers, of course, are in a minority and largely ineffective. On election day they vote for the Socialist or Communist candidates, and on their club-room table lie such subversive publications as *Proletarec*, *Prosveta*, the *New Masses*, the *Daily Worker*, the *Weekly People*, the *Nation*, and maybe the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*.

In the other camp, life revolves entirely around the church. The alien Catholic parishes, with their parochial schools, are strongholds of medievalism. Unlike in the old country, where the priesthood includes men of learning who command the respect of their antagonists, the Bohunk-American priests are usually of an inferior order.

There is a third group or, rather, mob—perhaps stronger numerically than the other two put together, but unorganized. It is made up of lost, loose souls, not exactly infidel, but keeping out of the church: yokels inflated with the conceit born of the American idea of equality, distrustful of everything but the most obvious fakes; an uneducated lot in whom ignorance and prejudice create a formidable combination.

All these groups are reflected in nearly a hundred Bohunk-American newspapers and magazines: with one or two exceptions, all very dull and afraid to print a line that



may disturb any reader's prejudices. The American hundred-percenters who periodically cry out against the sinister radicalism of the foreign-language press do not know what they are talking about. Most of the Bohunk papers are as conservative as (and even more stupid than) the *Los Angeles Times*. They discuss only the most obvious phases of American life. Even the most advanced and daring among them, for example, are unaware of what is going on in the field of American letters. A few know of Upton Sinclair and Jack London, but this is largely through translations printed in the old country; of Dreiser, O'Neill, Stephen Crane, Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Robinson and Sinclair Lewis they have no notion. In the same way, the Bohunk editors betray only the vaguest knowledge of American politics. They write nothing likely to put a strain upon the brains of their readers.

The reason for all this is not far to seek. These papers, like most other papers, are published primarily to make money for their owners. Not a few of them are advertising sheets owned by money-order brokers and steamship agencies. The competition among them is fierce, and the paper that prospers is the one which best pleases the ignorant majority. Most of the editors are intellectually only slightly above their readers, and so have no trouble producing the sort of papers that please.

I paint a bleak picture, I know. I look for a silver lining. Beside the two or three scientists I have mentioned, I can think only of a few fine Czech and Yugoslav artists scattered over America. In proportion to the number of Bohunks in the country there are very few people whose names would be recognized by even the best informed American reader. But, as I have hinted, America holds not a few obscure Bohunks, usually workmen of radical leanings, who are well-read and devoid of illusions about the buncombe handed out by the newspapers.

Unfortunately, the Bohunks, along with the other aliens, are gradually disappear-

ing in the Melting Pot. Most of the older ones were like O'Neill's Yank: they did not "belong." America lured them over by the million; she needed their hands even more than they needed her dollars, and made use of them. In her mines and mills she killed them by the hundreds, crushed their bodies, robbed them of their best human qualities, made them into machines, into slaves. Although of the lowest strata of society in the countries from which they came, they brought with them not only strong backs, but also much spiritual energy. But America wanted only their brawn. They dug much of her coal and ore, helped to down her forests, and poured her steel; every skyscraper in America holds frozen in its framework a deal of Bohunk energy. America got the best of them. Their sons are garage mechanics, soda-jerks, milkmen, office clerks, salesmen of vacuum-cleaners—Americans all, future Kiwanians, Elks and Ku Kluxers. Their daughters are laundry girls, shop girls, and stenographers, and each is doing her best to look like Norma Shearer.

One night about six years ago, staying in a hotel on St. Clair avenue in Cleveland, which has a large Yugoslav colony, I was awakened by a party of Carniolans passing below, singing a familiar Slovene song. I went to the window. They stopped on the corner and sang stanza after stanza. They had, apparently, had a few drinks, and felt sentimental. A street-car rattled by; a moment later two speeding automobiles almost collided. In the distance somewhere a locomotive clanged and whistled. They sang well, but I wished they would stop and go on. The song would have sounded beautiful back in some quiet village in Slovenia, but here in Cleveland, in America—no. Another street-car thundered by. The brakes of an automobile squealed. Then a policeman came from across the street and told the melodists that unless they shut up at once and moved on he would run them in. They were, it appeared, disturbing the peace. Where the hell did they think they were, anyhow? Back in the old country?



## THEOLOGICAL INTERLUDE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

### CHARACTERS:

MR. NATION  
MRS. NATION  
MR. BARLOW

*The scene is the porch of "The Anchorage," a boarding-house run by the NATIONS in a Christian Summer resort in the State of Delaware. It is about nine o'clock of an evening in late Spring. Few sounds relieve the loneliness, except the restless swash of waves on the nearby beach. In the gathering darkness Mr. BARLOW has been peering around in an interested way, asking questions now and then about the things that meet his eye. He is Mrs. NATION's brother, and apparently has not visited the locality in a long time. He gets only mechanical answers to his queries, both Mr. and Mrs. NATION seeming distracted. When it is quite dark, he knocks the ashes out of his pipe in a businesslike way, and puts it in his pocket.*

MR. BARLOW—Well, now, what's this all about? Cause you two sure did pick a bad time to bring me all the way up here from Delmar, and I want to get to it. What I mean, I don't want to spend no more time up here than I have to.

MR. NATION—I reckon Laura can tell you.

MRS. NATION—Tell him yourself. You sent for him.

MR. NATION—You're the one has got the squawk. Go on and tell him.

MR. BARLOW—Now, now, that ain't no way to talk. Come on, Laura, let's have it.

MRS. NATION—It's about Eva.

MR. BARLOW—Where's she at? I been waiting for her, and I ain't saw her.

MR. NATION—Never mind where she's at.

We'll get to that part in a minute. She ain't here, anyway.

MRS. NATION—Well, it all started with what happened last Summer. You remember that?

MR. BARLOW—I heared them talking about it at home, but I kinda forgot how it was. I reckon you better start at the beginning, so I can get it all straight.

MRS. NATION—She had the typhoid fever. She was took just this time a year ago.

MR. BARLOW—Yeah, I remember that.

MR. NATION—She was took a little earlier than this. First part of May, and she was getting better around the middle of June.

MRS. NATION—She was getting better when the first boarders begin to come.

Dr. Winship said all danger was past, and we was all set she should get well.

MR. NATION—Only we was kidding ourself.

MR. BARLOW—How old is Eva now? I ain't saw her in five or six year, I do believe.

MRS. NATION—Eva's sixteen now. But she was only fifteen then.

MR. BARLOW—Sixteen! Who could believe it! And last time I seen her she was a little bit of a thing.

MRS. NATION—So she was took sick again.

MR. NATION—Sudden.

MRS. NATION—Real sudden. Dr. Winship said maybe it was something she et, on account their stomach is always tender after typhoid fever.

MR. BARLOW—Yep. I tell you you got to watch them after typhoid fever.

MRS. NATION—But anyway, she looks at me one night and says "Ma! . . . Ma!"

just like that, and I knowed she had a sinking spell. And lands sakes, I was legging it down the boardwalk to Dr. Winship's office before I really knowed I was out the door!

MR. NATION—And me trying to raise him by telephone! I'll never forget that night.

MRS. NATION—So when Dr. Winship got here she was white as a sheet and he didn't hardly get his gripsack open before she up and died.

MR. BARLOW—(*Vastly surprised*)—Hanh?

MR. NATION—Almost before you could say Jack Robinson.

MR. BARLOW—Who? You mean Eva?

MRS. NATION—Yes, Eva.

MR. BARLOW—Eva dead and I ain't heared nothing about it?

MRS. NATION—Well of course she ain't dead *now*, if that's what you mean.

MR. BARLOW—(*Staggered*)—Well . . . this beats *me*!

MR. NATION—There's a plenty more to it yet. Go on, Laura.

MRS. NATION—So when Dr. Winship listened to her heart and it didn't beat no more—

MR. NATION—He pronounced her dead, don't forget that. Official.

MRS. NATION—That's right. When he pronounced her dead, then he left. And then Hal called up the undertaker, the one in Greenwood.

MR. NATION—I was blubbering same as a baby. I couldn't hardly talk.

MRS. NATION—So then a young fellow what was one of the boarders, he come in the room.

MR. NATION—Mr. Travis. He was a doctor. Anyway, he went to the medical school.

MRS. NATION—He took a look at her, and then he shook Hal by the arm and sent him down the beach where they keep the pulmotor, what they use when somebody gets drowned.

MR. NATION—And I run. I hope my die I did.

MRS. NATION—And then Mr. Travis, he

commence to work on her. He run up to his room and got a gripsack and when he come back I don't think I hardly ever seen anybody work like he did.

MR. NATION—We never took no money offen Travis after that. We give him his board free.

MRS. NATION—And when Hal come back with the pulmotor he went to work on her with that too. And then he stuck a needle in her. And pretty soon she come to.

MR. BARLOW—Gosh! I'm glad you come to that part at last!

MRS. NATION—So when the undertaker come she was setting up.

MR. NATION—That there finished me with undertakers. You know what that bum done? He got sore because she wasn't dead no more. Can you beat that?

MRS. NATION—So then, after a couple of weeks, she begun to tell me about—

MR. NATION—You forgot something. You forgot them pieces in the papers.

MRS. NATION—Oh yes. You see we was so excited we forgot all about Dr. Winship. To call him up, I mean, and tell him about it. And before he went to bed that night he wrote up the death certificate and dropped it in the mailbox and it come out in the papers she was dead.

MR. NATION—And maybe Eva weren't sore! Cause some of them papers in Dover and Salisbury, they even had it in about the funeral and how many flowers there was. And Eva, she said she hear tell all her life you couldn't believe nothing you seen in the papers, but this time they sure did have a crust.

MR. BARLOW—It beats all how many lies them fellows puts in the papers. Sometimes I wonder how they find time to make up all the stuff what they put in.

MRS. NATION—So then, after a couple of weeks, she commence talking about this dream she had. And me, I don't take no stock in dreams, but one day I ask her what it was. And she said that night, when she was took that way, she dreamed she been to Heaven. And still I

didn't pay no attention to it, until that night, when I happened to think about what she said, and I told Hal about it. And all of a sudden he seen the meaning of it. Or thought he did anyway.

MR. NATION—And you thought so, too. Ain't no reason for you to talk so big all of a sudden.

MRS. NATION—There's a plenty reason. If it hadn't been for you and your—

MR. BARLOW—Now wait a minute, wait a minute! Just what was this meaning, Hal, what you seen? Or thought you seen anyway?

MR. NATION—Well . . . well . . . I kind of figured out . . . that she . . . that maybe she . . . really *had* been to Heaven.

MR. BARLOW—Oh! How come you to figure that out?

MR. NATION—Well, we'll get to that part in a minute. That ain't all of it.

MRS. NATION—So we kind of told a few people about it, and they let on they wanted to hear about it too. So when company come—

MR. NATION—Yeah, when company come! Who was it was all the time a-egging Eva on to tell the company about it? Who was a-saying, "Get out your banjer now, Eva, and let the folks hear it"?—

MR. BARLOW—Her banjer? What the hell did she want with a banjer? Did she bring that back with her from Heaven?

MR. NATION—She can pick a banjer.

MRS. NATION—She picks a banjer to them pieces what she speaks in school. She puts the banjer on her knees and while she picks it she talks.

MR. BARLOW—But this wasn't no piece.

MRS. NATION—Well, I'm a-trying to tell it.

MR. NATION—It was something like a piece. You see, after a while she had kind of learned it by heart. And then she put the banjer in. And then after a while she put in a couple of songs what she knowed. The first one come right after the part where she come to the

pearly gates, and that was a piece called "The Portal Left Ajar." And the second one come right after the Angel of the Lord taken her by the hand and told her she had to come back to earth, cause all the people down here couldn't bear to see her go. And that was a piece called "He Calleth Me." Or something like that. And believe me, when she got through with it, it took pretty near a hour, and if there was anybody listening what wasn't busting out crying at the end, why he wasn't human, that was all. He just wasn't human.

MR. BARLOW—I see. She kind of put it up fancy. Damn, I never knowed that girl could pick a banjer.

MR. NATION—Oh, she's smart. Ain't nothing that girl can't do.

MR. BARLOW—Well, what next?

MRS. NATION—So then a preacher what was holding a revival over in Greenwood last month, he heard about her.

MR. NATION—Reverend Day.

MR. BARLOW—Day? Sure. I know him.

MRS. NATION—And he come around one afternoon and listened at her. And then nothing wouldn't do him but she had to go over and tell it at his meeting. And then nothing wouldn't do Hal but she had to go.

MR. NATION—Aw Laura, why you tell it like that? You know yourself you was tickled to death she had the chance.

MRS. NATION—I was tickled to death she had the chance for *one* night. But I didn't know she was going over there for the whole revival. You know I didn't. You and her, you kept that from me.

MR. BARLOW—Well, but what then?

MRS. NATION—So then she run off with this Day.

MR. BARLOW—How you mean, run off?

MRS. NATION—I mean run off, that's what I mean.

MR. NATION—And not a thing to show that it's so. Now listen. What happened? He moved to Easton, for to hold a revival there, and she went with him. And he went to Cambridge, and she went

with him there, and that's where she's at now. And for what? To tell about it some more, same as she done in Greenwood. That there is a big card, that is. That there brings in the money, and it saves a whole lot of souls. And she's getting paid for it. And how can you tell she run off with him?

MRS. NATION—I can tell by the cut of her jib.

MR. NATION—You ain't got a thing to show—

MR. BARLOW—And what next?

MR. NATION—Nothing next. That's all. Cepting my life ain't been worth living for the last month, what with Laura a-whooping and a-hollering and a-carrying on—

MRS. NATION—Why, Hal Nation!—

MR. NATION—And it got so bad I sent for you to come up here and see if you could straighten us out.

MRS. NATION—Why, Hal Nation, I never heard no man talk the way you do. Some time I wonder if you got good sense. Don't nothing mean nothing to you? Don't it mean nothing to you what all the people is a-saying? Ain't you got no respect for your own daughter's vircher?

MR. BARLOW—Have you had the law on him?

MR. NATION—Can't get no law on him. Can't prove nothing.

MRS. NATION—My land, Hal! My land! And all on account of you in the first place. You and your figuring out the meaning of it—

MR. NATION—Stop! Stop right there! That's the first thing what we got to have out. And it ain't no use going further till we do. [*He turns earnestly to Mr. Barlow, takes careful thought before he speaks, and then proceeds in a solemn voice.*] Now I ask you, and if you don't see it my way I'm a-perfectly willing to say I was wrong, but if she weren't in Heaven in the time when she was dead, then where the hell was she?

MR. BARLOW—I swear, Hal, now you're coming at me pretty strong. That there

is kind of out of my line. . . . What do you say to that, Laura?

MRS. NATION—I don't say nothing.

MR. NATION—You said a-plenty till Day come along. You couldn't see it no other way. Funny you ain't got nothing to say now.

MR. BARLOW—Have you asked any preachers about it?

MR. NATION—We asked five or six preachers about it, not counting Day. And they all said the same thing. Said there could be no doubt about it at all. Said it had to be so.

MR. BARLOW—Still, you can't go none by preachers. I never seen one of them yet what wouldn't jump up and holler amen for anything they heared, didn't make no difference what it was. Them bums, if they had sense enough to figure anything out, why they wouldn't be preachers. . . . Well now, le's see. Maybe we can figure it out for ourself. How was it now again?

MR. NATION—She died.

MR. BARLOW—You're sure of that, now? Cause look like to me that was pretty important.

MR. NATION—If her heart didn't beat no more, then she died, didn't she? You never seen nobody what was *half* dead, did you? Winship said it didn't beat no more, and so did Travis. And Winship sent the death certificate in to the county clerk's office, and a hell of a time I had getting it out so she could get on the school rolls again, and be alive legal, all like of that.

MR. BARLOW—Well then, looks like she *was* dead. Nobody couldn't hardly be no deader than that.

MR. NATION—That's right. That's all I'm trying to say. She was dead.

MR. BARLOW—All right then, she was dead. We know that much anyway. Now le's see. The next thing to figure out is where she could of been before she come back to life.

MR. NATION—That's right. Now keep right on going.



MR. BARLOW—Well, first off, she could of been in Heaven, where she said she was.

MR. NATION—That's right. Now where else?

MR. BARLOW—Then. . . Well, ain't no sense saying that.

MR. NATION—Go on say it. What I want is to figure this thing out right, oncet and for all. And if a thing has got to be said, then it just as well be said.

MR. BARLOW—What I started to say, she might of been in Hell. But ain't no sense talking like that.

MR. NATION—Might just as well say it. She might of been in Hell. We ain't going to get nowhere pussyfooting.

MR. BARLOW—Well then, she might of been in Hell. Now where else?

MR. NATION—All right. Where else?

MR. BARLOW—Dogged if I know. Where the hell else do they go when they die, anyway?

MR. NATION—Onliest place I can think of is she might of been still on this earth. Now can you think of any other places?

MR. BARLOW—Nope. Damned if I can.

MR. NATION—All right, she might of been in Heaven, she might of been in Hell, and she might of been down here on the earth. Ain't no other place she could of been. Now then, take Hell. What the hell would a girl fifteen year old what had always gone to church regular be doing in Hell? Tell me that once?

MR. BARLOW—Well, I told you already that ain't reasonable. Ain't no use talking about that. Why no. Cause look. You mean to tell me anybody could be in Hell and not know it?

MR. NATION—What I tell you, Laura? Ain't them the very same words I said not more'n two weeks ago?

MRS. NATION—If them is the same words you said two weeks ago, then I know there ain't no sense to it.

MR. BARLOW—Nope. From what I hear, when somebody goes to Hell, they're going to get scorched, and you can bank on that. Go on, Hal.

MR. NATION—All right, then, she ain't

been in Hell. Now that leaves Heaven and this earth. And if she was on this earth, that means she was a ghost. And me, I don't care what people say, I don't believe in no ghosts.

MR. BARLOW—By gosh! that's right. I never thought of that. She would of been a ghost, wouldn't she? That there wouldn't be so good, would it? What do you think about that, Laura? Do you believe in ghosts?

MRS. NATION—Never mind what I believe in. I ain't had my say yet.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, there ain't no use being bull-headed about it. We're a-trying to figure this thing out, and we ain't getting nowhere with you setting there rocking like you had a pain in your big toe and not doing nothing to help. The big thing now is, was she a ghost or not?

MRS. NATION—I ain't never said I believed in ghosts.

MR. BARLOW—Well me, I never believed in them neither. . . . But Hal, I tell you I hear tell of some funny things in my time.

MR. NATION—Me too. Me too.

MR. BARLOW—Did I ever tell you about the time I was driving along the road on the other side of the Maryland line?

MR. NATION—No. What was it?

MR. BARLOW—Well, that beat anything I ever hear tell of in my life. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and I had took a girl to a dance. I was a young fellow then. And I was driving back, after I dropped her where she lived, and believe me it was lonely. And I come to a piece of road what run through a woods. And the woods was mostly scrub pine, but right alongside the road was a big oak tree. It was a fine-looking tree, and had a big limb what hung out over the road. And I was letting my horse walk, cause it was a sandy piece of road, and I kept looking at the tree, and thinking how fine it looked, and kind of wild, cause the limbs was kind of swaying a lot, and the leaves was rustling, and

every now and then turning gray in the moonlight, when the under sides would show up in the wind. And then I drove right under a big limb, and went on a little ways, and then all of a sudden I turned right cold. Cause, Hal, *there wasn't no wind!* . . . Well, when I got in and turned my plug over to the fellow in the livery stable, I told him about it, and I swear he turned green. And then he told me that was the tree where they had lynched a nigger about ten year before, and it was a windy night, and he swung around like he was drunk before they cut him down to take the souvenirs off him, and sometimes now that tree still shakes in the same wind.

MR. NATION—I'd of dropped dead! I'd of dropped dead!

MR. BARLOW—Some funny things, I tell you.

MR. NATION—Gosh! And no wind a-blowing!

MR. BARLOW—Fellow told me one time you can always tell if there's a ghost in the house by the way the cat acts. Cat won't stay in no house with a ghost. Did you take notice of the cat when all this was going on?

MR. NATION—No, we didn't. No, we didn't. Yes, by gosh, we did! Yes, we did! Laura, remember what you said when you come back from the kitchen with that hot-water bottle? Remember? Remember? You said it sure was funny how that cat was still asleep alongside the stove after all that fuss what we had upstairs. Remember?

MRS. NATION—I don't recollect.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, Laura, try just this oncet to see if you can't be some help. You—

MRS. NATION—The cat was asleep, if that's all you want to know.

MR. NATION—Well then, that settles it. She couldn't of been no ghost. And that leaves Heaven.

MR. BARLOW—I swear, Hal, I don't see nothing wrong with that. It kind of went a little funny when you first mentioned it, but now we figured on it a

while, it don't seem like it could of been no other way. Anyhow, not no other way that I can think of.

MR. NATION—All right. All right. Then how about all this here about running off? Does that sound right? Would a girl what had been to Heaven take and run off with the first preacher what come along? Would she, now?

MR. BARLOW—Well. . . .

MRS. NATION—Well nothing! Now I'll have *my* say. All right, she's been to Heaven. Is she ever going back there after she run off with Day? Tell me that.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, maybe she will at that. You know, I was talking not long ago with a fellow what had just put up a kind of a short Bible for Sunday-school classes, or something like that. And he had made a kind of a study of it. And he says to me, he says, "It's a funny thing, but there ain't a word in the Bible agin a little cutting up. Yep," he says, "I know most people think there is, but it's a fact there ain't."

MRS. NATION—Then there ought to be.

MR. BARLOW—Laura, try to act like you was a little bit bright. If we got to write the whole Bible over again to suit you, that's right where I quit.

MR. NATION—Me too. . . . I swear, this here bellerer around all the time has got my goat.

MR. BARLOW—And suppose she *is* a-cutting up a little with Day? What of it? There's always got to be some cutting up before people gets married. And she could do a whole lot worse than marry Day.

MRS. NATION—Ain't he married?

MR. BARLOW—He is not. Anyway, not when I seen him last, about six months ago. I think he did have a wife oncet, but he ain't got her no more. And I'll say this for Day. He may be a preacher, but he's got enough git-up-and-git to buy hisself a tent and go out and hustle, and that's more'n you can say for most young bucks here in Delaware what want to cut up with a girl.

Mr. NATION—Ain't nothing wrong with the fellow. I always said so, right from the beginning.

Mr. BARLOW—Look like to me, the thing for you two to do is to invite him over here. Him and Eva together. That would kind of smooth things out a bit, and at the same time git it in his head that you got your eye on him.

Mrs. NATION—Well, we could run over and get them in the car, I reckon. And have them here to dinner. And put them back in time for the night meeting.

Mr. BARLOW—That's the stuff, Laura. Now you're talking something what has got some sense to it.

Mr. NATION—That there sounds pretty good to me. That there is the thing to do.

Mrs. NATION—I ain't wanted to believe it of her nohow. . . . Cause I loved it so, about her having been to . . . to Heaven . . . and all. . . . And she told it so sweet. . . . And when she put them

songs in and all. . . . It was so beautiful.

Mr. BARLOW—Why sure. I swear, I been setting here tonight, thinking to myself it's just about the beautifullest thing I ever hear tell of in my life. I wish one of my daughters could of done it, and could pick a banjer and all. . . .

Mr. NATION—Now Laura, ain't no use crying. What you crying about?

Mr. BARLOW—Hal, looks like to me the thing for you to do is to take Laura in and put her to bed. And I don't know but I'm ready to turn in myself if you two think you're all straightened out now. Cause I got to catch that early train down from Greenwood. . . .

*They rise, Mr. BARLOW stretching and winding his watch, Mrs. NATION sniffing, and Mr. NATION awkwardly guiding her into the house.*

Mr. NATION—Come on, now, Laura. . . .

Why, sure she was up in Heaven! . . . Couldn't of been nowhere else. . . . Why sure. . . . Stands to reason. . . .

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

### Philology

#### WORD-FORMATION IN THE AMERICAN INDIAN LANGUAGES

By ROBERT H. LOWIE

ENGLISH is notoriously a borrowing language. A peep into Jespersen's history of its growth shows how at every stage it has incorporated foreign words, from the Norse and the French, from the Latin and the Greek, not even eschewing the Polynesian *tabu* or the Chinese *tea*. German has behaved differently. True enough, the number of loan-words it took over from French during the period of intensive cultural contact was enormous, and even today such words as *tante* (aunt) and *kusine* (female cousin) remain firmly entrenched against the native *muhme* and *base*. But today it is much less hospitable, and many loan-words are being abandoned. Thus *mietkutsche* is being substituted for *fiaker* (cab) and *blättereigpastete* for *vol-au-vent* (patties). The genius of the language makes for the composition of significant stems, and where the uninformed alien gasps with horror at compounds like *tierschutzverein* for Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the initiate experiences an incommunicable thrill of delight at these self-explanatory fabrications. Even if he is bilingual, he will see superior beauty in the German *nadelholz* as against *conifer*, with its meaningless last syllable.

Sapir has pointed out that, in their relations to Sanskrit, Cambodian and Tibetan have reacted much as do English and German, respectively. Cambodian has not scrupled to adopt hundreds of Sanskrit words, for in it long, unanalyzable words constitute an established pattern. The Tibetans, on the other hand, insist on having a transparent vocabulary, and have thus cudgelled their brains to find suitable ver-

nacular renderings of foreign terms. They would have Englished *kindergarten* into *child-garden*.

On the whole, the American Indian languages fall into line with German and Tibetan rather than with English and Cambodian. Sometimes, of course—perhaps more generally in Latin-America—they have taken over European words for things and concepts derived from Europeans. Derivatives from the Spanish *plátano* or Portuguese *banana* are widely in vogue; the common fowl is often designated by some equivalent of the Spanish *gallina*; and the Carib *cabayo*, the Pareisi *kavallo*, and the Hopi *kavayo* at once betray their Iberian origin. In the region north of the Amazon, firearms figure as *arcabuz*, from the Spanish *arcabuz*, while in Brazil the Portuguese *boca de fogo* is shortened and converted into *mboca*, *mukáu*, or something similar.

But these are atypical cases, and even from South America the contrary tendency can be illustrated from Erland Nordenskiöld's instructive "Comparative Ethnographical Studies." Thus, scissors had been entirely unknown in the New World; even the early European shearing type with a curved spring connecting the two blades was lacking. How, then, did the natives designate the novel contraption? Instead of resorting to the lazy man's manner of following the path of least resistance by borrowing both the term and the tool, they manfully wrestled with the problem of verbal definition. It was possible either to emphasize form or function. The Páez of Colombia favored form, so they dubbed the instrument *petenzá*, after a bird with scissors-like tail-feathers. Others chose the alternative: accustomed to cut their hair with the teeth of the *piranha*,

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<sup>1</sup> The  
simplest  
in Spanis



they promptly impressed into service the name for that species of fish. In Montana the Crow achieved a higher synthesis of both points of view by inventing the compound *bi'tsia-rûpe* = knife-double.<sup>1</sup>

It is not at all necessary that each element in such a compound should be an independent word. Thus, the Siouan languages abound in instrumental prefixes. In Crow, the most generic of these is *î*. Thus, one discovers neologisms such as: *î-wâ'kuc-da* = by means of it-upwards-going = aeroplane; *î-wara-pashkyuo* = by means of it-wood-cutting = a saw; *î-wa-tari'kyua* = by means of it-something-to pour out-they cause = a threshing-machine; and *î-wa-r-u'a* = by means of it-climbing = a ladder.

Unlike some other South Americans, the Quichua and Aymara of Peru used native words for fire-arms, calling them *yllapa* and *kakbcha* = thunder and lightning. The implied analogy is also dominant among peoples to the east and south. Elsewhere in the same continent the weapon concept comes to the foreground, and the old word for the aboriginal blow-pipe is made to do service for the new implement as well. This was likewise the idea of the Hidatsa in North Dakota and their fellow-Siouans, the Crow, the latter merely prefixing the word for metal. In similar fashion these Indians dub a glass tumbler *bât-de'axe*, *bâ'te* being the ancient word for a bowl, while *déaxe* may be applied to anything colorless or transparent—to a faded leaf or a lamp chimney.

In the same tongue a convenient suffix, *kisbe*, expresses the notion of pretense or of mere resemblance without identity. It proved a veritable godsend for the purpose of novel coinage. Spectacles could be denoted as *ishbe-ki'sbe* = eye-simulators; a match, *birâ'kisbe* = fire-like. Best of all, the phonograph came to figure as *î-warâxa-ti-kisûa* = by means of it-to-sing-habitually-they pretend.

<sup>1</sup> The transcription used in this article is of the simplest phonetic type: vowels are to be sounded as in Spanish, and *x* represents the German *ch* in *Bach*.

The notion of a regularly recurring rest-day was unfamiliar to the Indians, but the Crow were equal to the occasion. Sunday became *bâpa-ri'nete* = day-one works-not. The festivities of a Fourth of July celebration called for intensification, so an *ise'* = big, was tacked on at the end of the word for Sunday. School was, of course, also something novel, and the Indians singled out arithmetical operations as the truly significant ones. Thus, a pupil became *ak-bâ-tsime'* = the one who-something-counts. In like manner the Western fair held one feature of outstanding importance for the equestrian-minded Plains Indian and became *tsitsâxu-washûa* = in a circle-they run.

Few European gifts proved more vital to the Indian than the domestic animals introduced, for over the greater part of the Western Hemisphere the dog was the only species raised, and even the Peruvians added only the llama and the alpaca, two dwarfish representatives of the camel family. Hence, the aborigines were hard put to it to invent suitable equivalents. However, they did nobly. The Araucanians of Chile, confounding the Spaniards with the more familiar bearers of higher culture from Peru, called horses *bueques ingas* = llamas of the Incas, for *Equus caballus* resembled the Peruvian beast of burden in not being a *wild* species. In quite the same vein was the twofold Dakota way of denoting the new animal: it became either *shunka-wakân* = dog-mysterious, or *shunka-tânka* = dog-large. Again, in Crow the cat was called *ishbî'wicgye* = mountain-lion dog. That is to say, the Indians grasped the essential character of the cat as a feline, and extending the old word for a species into a generic term that could be modified by the equally familiar word for dog. This, too, became generic in consequence, standing no longer for the one species that happened to be in domestication before the arrival of the whites, but for *any* domestic animal.

But this was not the only possible point of departure, and so there was occasionally a ransacking of the local fauna to find a

suitable appellation. Or, more probably, some hit-or-miss comparison was made at the start and stuck by right of priority. The pig figures in Crow as *naxpitsé-ū'uxe* = bear-deer; many South American tribes classed the horse as a tapir; and north as well as south of Panama it was identified with the deer.

These examples of how "savages" coin new words are doubly instructive. On the one hand, we discover an interesting correlation between a people's linguistic response to a new experience and the genius of their language. Secondly, should that foster coinage rather than the borrowing of a new word, the processes involved exemplify highly typical features in the his-

tory of speech. Every phenomenon in nature or culture has more than one side, and it depends on circumstances which of these shall be stressed. There is an incalculable factor involved: no psychologist could have foretold that a railway station was to be called in Crow *ū'wut-an-di'tua* = the metal-where-they-tap; these people simply *happened* to be impressed by the telegraph operator's job. When the word was once chosen, however, it assumed a loftier, that is, a more general function: it became symbolic of a larger whole. This is what occurred in the designation of new animals, and it is a phenomenon quite as noticeable in civilized as in "savage" speech.

## Philosophy

CHARLES PEIRCE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

ON APRIL 14, 1914, unnoticed by the general public and by the greater part of the learned world, there died a man who will some day be one of the glories of this country. He was Charles Santiago Sanders Peirce, unquestionably the most profound philosophical mind that has yet come out of America. William James and Josiah Royce knew his worth and generously acknowledged their indebtedness to him, but to the last of his days he remained unknown to all save his students and colleagues. And so he is today. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* apparently has never heard of him, and the American encyclopedias give him little more than cursory mention. But in the long run he will not be forgotten.

Peirce was not a professional philosopher, and except for a short time at the Johns Hopkins, never taught at any university. His main interest in life was always the natural sciences. It was his boast that he was brought up in a laboratory. He was the son of Benjamin Peirce, the famous mathematician, and was graduated from Harvard in 1859. Four years later he re-

ceived a degree from the Lawrence Scientific School. Shortly thereafter he entered the service of the United States Coast Survey, where he carried on a number of experiments with the pendulum to determine the density and shape of the earth. He also conducted numerous experiments on the wave length of light and on the threshold of sensation. In addition, he was a mathematician of note. The great Sylvester of the Johns Hopkins, in fact, said of him that he was "a far greater mathematician than his father."

While he was pursuing his studies in the sciences he read heavily in philosophy, especially Duns Scotus, whom he ranked next only to Spinoza and Kant. One of the first things that struck him was the mass of idle verbiage in most philosophies on the question of the validity of ideas. Descartes and Leibnitz tried to determine the meaning of an idea by intuition. It was in this way that they came upon the meaning of the idea of God: omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, eternity, and so on. In the case of the idea of immortality they believed that the mere feeling of the clarity of the concept somehow lent weight to its validity. In the same way, these two philosophers tried to

dredge meaning out of the ideas of justice, goodness, etc. This habit of mind has persisted down to the present. Eminent scientists still argue that we may know perfectly well the effects of energy, though we know nothing as to what energy is in itself.

Into this stable of intuitions Peirce sent a fresh stream of straight thinking, and a completely new way of looking at things. To the followers of Descartes and Leibnitz he said, "Nothing new can ever be learned by analyzing definitions." And to the scientists he said, "To say we know the effects of force, and not force itself, is nonsense. . . . There is some vague notion afloat that a question may mean something which the mind cannot conceive; and when some hair-splitting philosophers have been confronted with the absurdity of such a view they have invented an empty distinction between positive and negative conceptions, in the attempt to give their non-idea a form not obviously nonsensical."

His own point of view he called pragmatism, and formulated it elaborately for the first time in his essay, "How to Make our Ideas Clear," published in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1878. He later made slight modifications on what he had said there, his final attitude being expressed thus: "The meaning of a concept is to be found in all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of the concept could imply." Note that he was speaking only of the meaning of a concept, not of the reality of its object. The real, to Peirce, was "that whose characters are independent of what anybody may think them to be." And then he made this most important addition: "The opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate, is what we mean by the truth, and the object represented in this opinion is the real." Experiment was thus the cornerstone of Peirce's metaphysical thinking.

"How to Make our Ideas Clear" remained almost completely unnoticed for

twenty years, until William James came upon it and used it as the foundation of his own better-known pragmatic system. James, as Royce and Santayana have pointed out, was incapable of rigorous theoretical thinking, and therefore did not grasp the full meaning of Peirce's essay. In fact, he garbled Peirce's idea so much that the latter was forced to adopt a new word, *pragmaticism*, which, as he himself put it, "seems ugly enough to escape the kidnappers." For James the meaning of an idea became merely its practical consequences. And from this naïve notion he leaped to the puerile doctrine that "the final justification of all ideas, like their meaning, is to be found . . . in the service which they render to the will." Truth, in that case, became "one species of good. . . . The truth is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief."

From all this there sprang naturally James's belief in a number of gods, in immortality, in reward and punishment, and all the rest of it. It is easy to understand how this repelled Peirce: it was the very antithesis of his habit of mind. Scientist that he was, he was forever insisting on experimental verification of all ideas, including the most sacred ones of theology. James, on the other hand, was more of a humanist, and none too scrupulous as to the logical tenacity of the foundations of human belief.

From his early manhood Peirce was a keen student of logic. In his later years, indeed, he preferred to be called a logician rather than a scientist or philosopher. His contributions to logic were momentous, but this is hardly the place to go into them. They were highly technical and complex. Suffice it to say that after Boole and DeMorgan he did the most for the creation of the science of symbolic logic. The importance of this new branch of philosophy has not been sufficiently appreciated, mainly, perhaps, because of the apparently arbitrary character of its methodology. Until the time of Boole the only



known system of logic was the Aristotelian one of classes. This was good enough in the early days, but with the advances in astronomy and mathematics it became of little value, since the materials dealt with in those sciences were relations and not classes. The concepts of infinity and continuity, for example, were quite meaningless when stated in terms of the Aristotelian logic, but when expressed in the language of symbolic logic they became readily intelligible. One of the books which Peirce intended to write but never finished was a "Comprehensive Treatise On Logic." Were it completed it would undoubtedly have been a milestone in the history of philosophy. Regarding this projected book, Royce said that "no greater mind has ever appeared in America in respect of the powers needed for the writing of it."

But Peirce's most colossal contribution to the history of philosophy, the one for which he will be remembered long after Royce and James are relegated to the footnotes, was his idea of the evolution of the laws of nature. He expounded it at length in an essay entitled "The Architecture of Theories," in the *Monist* for January, 1891. Peirce started out with a critical examination of Mill's concept of the uniformity of nature, and raised havoc with it. "That we ever do discover the precise causes of things," he said, "that any induction whatever is absolutely without exception, is what we have no right to assume." But logic or no logic, the best scientific experimentation casts much doubt on the existence of uniformities or laws. No experiment is ever performed but that its results are not in exact accordance with what the theory demands. True enough, much of the blame lies upon the inaccuracy of the laboratory technique. But even with the best experimentation there is a discrepancy. May it not be that the experimenter is not alone to blame, that some of it lies with the laws themselves? May it not be, indeed, that the laws themselves are not static, that they oscillate, as it

were, between two close limits? At any rate, continued Peirce, there is sufficient inductive evidence to lead to this conclusion, and logically it is as tenable as Mill's doctrine.

What intrinsic validity, after all, asked Peirce, has the superstition that there are universal laws? "To suppose universal laws of nature capable of being apprehended by the mind, and yet having no reason for their special forms, but standing inexplicable and irrational, is hardly a justifiable position. Uniformities are precisely the sort of facts that need to be accounted for. . . . Law is *par excellence* the thing that wants a reason." How, then, account for the present regularities?—for we must admit that these do exist, and they are hardly to be explained as the result of pure accident. Here Peirce comes in with his stupendous idea: "The only possible way of accounting for the laws of nature and for uniformity in general is to suppose them results of evolution. This supposes them not to be absolute, not to be obeyed precisely." All things were at first in chaos, and then, by pure chance, they began to work together somehow, and ever since the relationships between them have evolved and evolved into greater regularity.

This idea, of course, led him into immediate conflict with Spencer, who tried to explain the variety of life on the basis of a postulated mass of natural law. Peirce tackled the problem heroically, and in one of the most incisive and compact bits of thinking in the history of modern philosophy—a paragraph in "The Architecture of Theories"—he disposed of it completely. How, he asked, can exact law ever produce heterogeneity out of homogeneity, and how can it explain the arbitrary heterogeneity which is the most manifest and characteristic feature of the universe? Spencer, concluded Peirce pointedly, was "only a half-evolutionist—only a semi-Spencerian."

As Professor Morris R. Cohen, perhaps the ablest mind in the American philosoph-



ical world today and the editor of the only book of collected essays by Peirce, says, this notion of the evolution of natural law may be mythological, but it is certainly not more so than the mythology of absolute, immovable laws. What is more, it at least takes into account the spontaneity and chance of nature, whereas the other hypothesis is hard put to it to explain them.

This, as I have said, was undoubtedly Peirce's greatest contribution to philosophical thought. As he becomes more appreciated it will influence the speculative world more and more. And also, I venture to say, the world at large. It is rather strange that no one, not even James, Royce or Cohen, has ever noted the tremendous effect which an idea such as Peirce's would have on the layman's outlook on life, once it became widely accepted or discussed. It might, indeed, have an effect of the same magnitude as that of the Copernican theory or the Darwinian hypothesis. Before their time the cosmic philosophy of the populace was anthropocentric. With their advent, especially that of the latter, it became what might be called naturacentric. Man was no longer the cynosure of all living things. Nature took his place. It was, of course, not as satisfying to the pride with which man, more or less instinctively, looks down upon the rest of creation, and thus not as gratifying an emotional support, but a support it was just the same. The mind found some sort of relief from the meaninglessness and confusion of life in the belief that there was, after all, something regular, something free from chance in the world, namely, natural laws.

But now comes Peirce and takes away this last solace. Regularity flees from nature, and all becomes chaos. God has been destroyed, man has been placed on the same level with the amoeba, and nature has been turned into little better than a madhouse. Precisely what such an

outlook would have on the culture of the time it is difficult to foretell. Maybe it will give birth to cults far more superstitious than any we have yet had. Pushed to the wall, man shows an amazing genius for the creation of gods.

Peirce never published a book of philosophy in his life. He always meant to, but things seemed to have been too interesting and life too short for him to find time to buckle down to it. He had more ideas than all the other American philosophers put together. Compared to James or Royce, he was a colossus. James, it is now a platitude to say, was no philosopher at all. He was incapable of genuine metaphysical speculation. Despite his tremendous contributions to psychology, his mind was not sufficiently rigorous for it. As for Royce, there was far more wind in him than ideas. His philosophy, in greater part, was a bastard Hegelianism, and even less intelligible than it.

But Peirce possessed that rare thing, a profound and absolutely honest mind. When all his articles and unpublished manuscripts are published, we shall realize the stupendous grasp and penetration of his intellect. His devotion to the truth has been unparalleled. He, in fact, often became brutal in its pursuit. Of the perennial science-religion conflict he said: "The spirit of science is hostile to any religion. . . . Let the consequences of such a belief be as dire as they may, one thing is certain: that the state of the facts, whatever it may be, will surely get found out, and no human prudence can long arrest the triumphal car of truth—no, not if the discovery were such as to drive every individual of our race to suicide!"

He was the modern philosopher *par excellence*: a combination of scientist and logician. The world at large has not yet heard of him, but when it does, it will unquestionably put him down as the first real American philosopher and one of the most profound thinkers of our time.

# GAS AND SMOKE

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

**G**AS warfare is an omnibus term, sweepingly interpreted by the public to mean any and all kinds of chemical horror which can be perpetrated in modern war. Chemistry, in fact, enters conflict in a large variety of rôles. In the preparation of explosives themselves there are wide ranges of chemical materials necessary. The great efforts made to import nitrates from Chile during the World War, and the projects to secure nitrogen by fixation of the element from the atmosphere conducted by the Germans and at Muscle Shoals bear witness to the importance of chemical industry in modern battle. Von Moltke it was who said that war consists in adapting the means at hand to the end in view, and in this scientific and industrialized age it is not surprising that all the forces of production should be turned to war purposes. But chemical warfare in its strictest application as an effective combat element really includes but few items and its course is by no means difficult to trace.

The ramifications of the subject, and its rather limited scope, can be made plain by quoting from the act of Congress which, in 1920, established a Chemical Warfare Service in the United States Army:

The Chemical Warfare Service shall consist of one Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service with the rank of brigadier-general, one hundred officers in grades from colonel to second lieutenant, inclusive, and one thousand two hundred enlisted men. The Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, under the authority of the Secretary of War, shall be charged with the investigation, development, manufacture, or procurement and supply to the Army of all smoke and gas-defense appliances; the research, design, and experimentation connected with chemical warfare and its material, and chemical projectile-filling plants and proving grounds;

the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive, including the necessary schools of instruction; the organization, equipment, training, and operation of special gas troops, and such other duties as the President may from time to time prescribe.

It is popularly believed that gas warfare commenced during the World War, and that, indeed, is perhaps a proper belief. Such examples of the use of obnoxious or poisonous fumes as have been reaped from the older records are at best isolated. Desperate or ingenious measures were devised by commanders in sore straits. Yet never, until the World War, had gas warfare been waged on any systematic, or broad scale. It came upon the belligerents with a rush. It brought forth protective devices with a rapidity and in a quantity that was startling.

It was on April 22, 1915, that the Germans first used gas, letting loose chlorine from cylinders against unprotected troops. By May 3, 100,000 crude pads had been manufactured by patriotic women and issued to British front line troops on the Western Front. This pad was supplanted by a more efficient "veil" respirator by the end of the month. Neither of these respirators protected the eyes. Both were simply breathing machines. In May and June, 1915, the Germans sent over large quantities of tear gas, fired in artillery shells, using it in serious proportions. In concentrations only one six-thousandth of the strength of chlorine, it watered the eyes so as to make unprotected men practically helpless. By July 6, all British troops in the field had been furnished the hypo or smoke helmet with eye-pieces.

Through their intelligence service, the

## II

British then learned that the Germans were planning to use phosgene, and by November, 1915, they had issued the "P" helmet to all their troops. On December 11, 1915, the Germans let their phosgene loose and some protection was ready against it; but that protection was not sufficient and a better means, devised by a Russian chemist, was incorporated in the "P. H." helmet, which was manufactured in very large numbers and issued to all troops by July, 1916.

As the gas was used in greater and greater concentrations, it became necessary to better the masks. It was also desired to make them more comfortable. So a respirator with a large box was devised and issued.

Next the German lit upon chlorpicrin and hurled it over in so-called green cross shells. No provisions had been made to absorb it, but charcoal was promptly introduced into the forthcoming small box respirator, issued to all troops by February, 1917. In July, 1917, the Germans turned to mustard gas, which persisted for days in the localities where it was used. A man whose mask became uncomfortable from long wear or whose clothing was readily permeated by this gas became a casualty. Adequate protection never was devised, and only the fact that the German supply was not very large prevented heavy casualties.

During the same month, the Germans introduced the so-called blue cross shell, containing what was known as toxic smoke, which would penetrate a mask, causing irritation of the nose and throat, forcing the removal of the mask, and making the soldier open to poisoning by other gases. The British had partially foreseen this toxic smoke, and had made additions to their box respirator to meet it. Moreover, the German shells were not so effective as had been hoped. Thus was the race between offense and defense kept on during the World War. The same race has continued since 1918, though in laboratories instead of on battle-fields.

Gas warfare is not so sweeping and devastating as is commonly believed. It is dangerous principally to the unprepared and the untrained. The man without a mask, the man who does not know how to use a mask, and the man who carelessly or through bravado fails to use his mask—these are the ones who suffer. Others are relatively well protected. Training and discipline save lives,—informed training and rigid gas discipline. It was this which led General Pershing to remark in 1919 that "whether or not gas will be employed in future wars is a matter of conjecture, but the effect is so deadly to the unprepared that we can never afford to neglect the question." And Marshal Foch said: "Chemical warfare should be included in our provisions and preparations for the future if we do not wish to encounter some serious surprise."

It was just such a surprise that struck the allies in 1915. In April, in front of Ypres, the Germans released on a favorable breeze large clouds of their chlorine, thick and obscuring like yellow smoke, heavy and clinging near the earth, poisonous and choking. Unready, unequipped with protection, the British troops were overcome in hosts and probably no one will know—the Germans certainly did not know then—how close the war came to being won at that moment. If they had followed their advantage strongly and rapidly enough, or if they had hoarded their new instrument until they could use it on a more extended front, they might have achieved a really decisive result. But the opportunity was lost. The allies rushed to counter-measures, as we have seen. They also rushed to the pen of the propagandist. They accused Germany of violating international law. They broadcast details of this new "atrocious" method of fighting. They aroused national feeling in their own countries and flooded neutral nations with appeals against this latest "outrage." In so doing they made gas warfare appear to

be more horrible than it really was or is.

The report of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for 1920 says that the casualties in the American forces during the World War show that of 74,779 due to gas only 1,400 or 1.87% resulted in death. Of the remaining 199,438 American casualties, which were due to bullets, shell fire, etc., 44,659 or 23.4% resulted in death. Since the participation in active hostilities by United States troops coincided with a practically full use of gas by all the warring nations, these figures are very significant. From them it appears that gas disables, but does not kill so generally as do the older weapons. It may not be true, then, as the abortive Washington treaty of 1922 stated, that the use of gas had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world." Men recover from it, and it does not make them susceptible to tuberculosis, as public opinion once had it. Indeed, the reverse seems to be true. The proportion of World War wounded from other causes who have developed tuberculosis has been one and a half to one and three quarter times as great as the proportion of those disabled by gas who have developed the same disease. The exciting propaganda of the war seems to have been as fallacious as it was effective. The alleged "inhumane" character of gas appears not to exist.

Here one is led to recall the remarks of Admiral Mahan when he returned from the Hague in 1899. He reported that the American delegation had refused to subscribe to a convention which might bar the use of gas. The old seaman spoke like a trained and experienced fighter, and also like a clear thinker. He said:

Until we know the effects of asphyxiating shells, there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than the missiles now permitted, and . . . it is illogical and not demonstrably humane to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas when all are prepared to admit that it is allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea, to be choked by water.

War itself is surely not humane. It is the

application of force and ingenuity to bend the will of one nation to the will of another. Certain particularly atrocious methods of waging it have been banned by international agreement, but other devastating and destructive methods have been introduced from time to time. Gas is one of these.

Twenty-three hundred years ago in 429 B. C., when the city of Platea was beset by Spartans in what was a classic siege, the commander of the attacking troops had enormous pots of pitch, sulphur, and burning charcoal placed against the walls. Clouds of irritating gases arising from these were blown through the defences and over the ramparts to annoy, weaken, and distress the defenders.

Writing with obviously first hand knowledge of warfare as it was waged in the Peloponnesian region at this period, Aeneas the Tactician somewhat less than a century later spoke of using pitch and sulphur, lighted by smaller fagots, against wooden engines brought by a foe to batter down or overtop the protecting walls. He added that an inextinguishable fire may be created by the combined use of pitch, sulphur, tow, granulated frankincense, and pine sawdust in sacks.

In his treatise on war, the Emperor Leo VI spoke of the value of Greek fire and of jars full of quicklime, to be scattered upon the foeman's ships to suffocate him. The medieval chroniclers, Matthew of Paris and Roger of Wendover, in describing the famous fight off Dover in 1217, in the reign of Henry III, between the French and the British, say that the British fleet got to windward, sailed toward the enemy, and hurled such quantities of powdered quicklime on board as to render the Frenchmen helpless.

In the annals of Genoa, concerning a war fought between that city and Pisa in 1284, it is said: "A bitter and hard fight began from both sides. In it so many missiles containing lime and other alkalis were used that it seemed as though none were present,"—that is, that the eyes were so



irritated that none could see. A forerunner of tear gas!

Again, history tells us that when Hunyadi and St. John Capistran relieved Belgrade, beleaguered by the Turks shortly after the fall of Constantinople, and defended it against the energetic attacks of the Moslems, both sides used somewhat similar materials.

Late in the afternoon, July 21, 1456, the Turks hurled themselves against their prey. They filled the moat with straw, rubbish and brushwood, gained a passage and stormed the broken walls. . . . The Moslems set up an attack so terrific that they broke their way into the city as far as the second wall and moat. There the Christians held them fast. The Turks brought up more rubbish and brushwood and filled the second moat. Then they sought to scale the walls. Although the Christians' defence was vigorous, the odds in men and position were in favor of the enemy. But suddenly, at a prearranged signal, the Christians began hurling down upon the massed forces of the enemy bundles of burning sulphur-steeped brushwood. The effect was swift and decisive. The rubbish-filled moat became a pool of raging fire. Caught between the wall and the moat, the Turks perished by thousands in the flames and fumes. The survivors became panic-stricken and fled.

In 1591, discussing gunnery of all sorts, J. Brechtel described methods of poisoning the air by the use of cylinders or bombs containing black powder, sublimate of mercury, arsenic, henbane, aconite, belladonna, or hemlock. But he added that "many well-informed master-gunners regard [them] as of little value." We come thus to the question of practicability. In 1683, a writer named Buchner, discussing the theory and practice of artillery, mentioned such poison bombs and said: "It is not possible to see how great damage could result from their use in the free and open air. Only in a closed space can the poisonous vapors be harmful."

The test is the test of utility. All poison gases are not war gases. Only those can be used that have a certain persistency. A gas that is lightly blown on a four-mile breeze is 352 feet from its target in even so short a space of time as a single minute. They must cling to the ground, not evaporate, or drift upward into the air. An up-

ward floating gas is no longer dangerous after it passes the height of a man's head. They must be readily capable of being handled. They must be easy to manufacture in large quantities.

Chlorine seemed to meet these tests. It was heavier than air. It was a peace-time industrial product, used in hosts of water-purifying and fabric-bleaching establishments. But its disadvantage was that it was too readily detected.

### III

In 1899, when the first attempt was made to bar it, gas warfare was scarcely in its infancy. If it had been conceived at all, it was conceived only in isolated minds. It was merely being discussed as a probable result of the great strides taken by chemical industry during the last half of the Nineteenth Century. But as the century drew to a close, and men saw prospects of the actual use of poison gases in war, the problem became more pressing, and so it was brought before the First Hague Conference, and the nations of the world were asked to decide if a prohibition should be agreed upon.

To this conference went an American delegation, bearing instructions from John Hay, Secretary of State. These instructions, which were re-affirmed in 1907, when another delegation went to the Second Hague Conference, spoke concretely and from a distinctly American point of view:

The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and, considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement to this end would prove effective. The delegates are therefore enjoined not to give the weight of their influence to the promotion of projects the realization of which is so uncertain.

At the first conference, the question of gas warfare was thus brought into the full light of day. There almost all of the nations of any consequence in the world, except the United States, subscribed to Declaration IV, 2, which said:

The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases. The present declaration is only binding on the contracting powers in the case of a war between two or more of them. It shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting powers, one of the belligerents shall be joined by a non-contracting power.

This remained in the archives for eight years, and was superseded by another convention in 1907. Unluckily, the new convention did not win the wide acceptance of the first one. Fourteen states which signed failed to ratify it. Today practically all the great nations, save only the United States, are committed to gas warfare. France, Italy, and Great Britain are intensely interested in it. It has come to stay. At the Washington Conference, true enough, a resolution was adopted prohibiting the use of "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and analogous liquids," but France has failed to ratify, and so the treaty is not binding.

At that time, a sub-committee of military and technical men agreed that it would be practically impossible to frame an effective prohibition against the use of gas in warfare. The committee has been proved right. War gases are too easy to manufacture. Research in this field cannot be checked. The risk of misinterpretation and misunderstanding is too great. Even the words of the unratified treaty are inaccurate. They speak of asphyxiating gases, although such gases have long since been considered obsolete. The burning gases, like mustard, are the more usual type today.

But though France, by refusing to ratify it, destroyed the Washington Convention, the United States not only ratified it on March 29, 1922, but even took immediate steps to put it into effect as far as the United States Army was concerned. The act of Congress which had created a Chemical Warfare Service in 1920 had, as we have seen, charged that service with "the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive." The organization was estab-

lished. The instruction was well under way. The First Gas Regiment was in existence, and the Chemical Warfare School had its teaching well advanced. But General Pershing, Chief of Staff of the Army, was convinced that the preamble of the Washington Convention spoke the truth when it said that the use of gas in war had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world," and so we find him, in his official capacity, issuing this order on June 17, 1922:

Investigation, development, procurement, manufacture, or supply of poisonous gases for the present will be limited strictly to the amount necessary for the research and development of gas defense appliances.

Filling of projectiles and containers with poisonous gas will be discontinued, except for the limited number needed in perfecting gas-defense appliances.

The sweeping character of his intent at the time is revealed by an examination side by side of two orders of the War Department which specified in successive years what should be the approved training doctrine:

G. O. 42, W. D., 1921

G. O. 24, W. D., 1922  
Section III, General Orders, No. 42, War Department, 1921, is rescinded and the following substituted therefor:

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the Army in chemical warfare will consist of the following:

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive. . . .

2. Provision for officers of the chemical warfare service as instructors in *both offensive and defensive* chemical warfare at general

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the army in chemical warfare will be confined to the use of smoke, incendiary materials, nontoxic gas for training, and gas defense appliances, and will consist of the following:

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in *defensive* chemical warfare. . . .

2. Provision for chemical warfare personnel as instructors in *defensive* chemical warfare at general service schools and at certain

service schools and at certain special service schools as directed by the War Department. \* \* \*

4. Provision for the availability of such portions of the first gas regiment as are necessary for demonstration and for instructional purposes at special service schools.

5. Provision for suitable units of special gas troops for departments and corps areas during periods of field training and the operation of such troops during these periods.

special service schools as directed by the War Department.

4. Provision for the availability of such chemical warfare personnel as are necessary for demonstration and instructional purposes in *defensive* chemical warfare measures at special service schools.

5. Provision for suitable chemical warfare personnel for departments and corps areas during periods of field training for training and instructional purposes in *defensive* chemical warfare measures.

The dates of these orders are important. The United States Army committed itself actually, by decisive orders, to the elimination of poison gas, and did this early in June, 1922. At that time, Italy alone among the other nations had ratified the Washington treaty. The War Department did not wait for the other signatory parties, but played the game fairly and squarely and eliminated poison gas from the American Army. Of course it is still continuing research and experimentation, in order to be prepared with suitable protective appliances. New types of gas masks, lately developed and produced, bear witness to its activity in this regard. But this is a merely *defensive* policy.

#### IV

Of the value of poison gas in war, there can be little doubt. A gas shell diffuses its contents more widely and makes more casualties than a high explosive shell. The fumes linger and continue to disable men. Twenty-seven per cent of the American World War casualties resulted from gas. Mustard gas, which clings to the ground and persists amazingly under favorable conditions, has been called the greatest defense weapon in the world. There is no other weapon devised by man that can be

left to continue its action for two weeks without any control by manpower. Properly laid down, it denies the enemy almost absolutely any access to hollows, defiles, woods, and other covered avenues of approach.

There is another great advantage in the fact that it kills only one out every forty men it reaches. A wounded or gassed man, calculations show, engages five men in the rear to carry him to the hospital, care for him, cure him. In modern war it is thus better to disable than to kill, for by wounding you load your foe down with tremendous rear installations and hosts of line-of-communications personnel.

Great Britain, Italy, France, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden all have chemical warfare services in one form or another. The British Field Service regulations provide for gas tactics, when responsible authorities have determined the need for them. France has a section of its war ministry studying offensive gas warfare. Russia is active in preparing for it, and has had gas casualties as a result of accidents on maneuvers. A pamphlet emanating from the Fort Leavenworth command and general staff school, in May, 1922, freely discussed the effectiveness of chemical warfare, and said: "It is distinctly preferable in general to employ deadly gas attacks so far as the available means permit." But then came the general orders of June, 1922, and the corresponding Leavenworth document in use today is much more guarded. It discusses chemicals in war in the abstract, prefaces the discussion with a note on the treaty of 1922, and seemingly apologizes for discussing the matter at all by saying:

However, the fact that not all nations are signatories and the possibility of the use of chemical materials by an unscrupulous enemy, make it essential that the manner of meeting gas attacks and of dealing effectively with them should be studied.

Whether or not poison gas will be used in future wars, it is not possible to say. Laocoön was the most famous military

prophet in history, and he was strangled by snakes. Soldiers do not clamor to emulate him. They only know that poison gas may be used and that therefore it should be studied. They know, too, that chemical smoke screens are not banned by any treaty or barred by sentimental opinion, and they feel that such screens are almost certain to be used. Therefore, although the United States Army is living up to the spirit of the yet unratified treaty so far as poisons are concerned, it has not altogether abandoned all idea of chemical warfare. Smoke screens were devised and used before poison gas was considered practicable. Torpedo-boat destroyers have for long been belching tumbling clouds of black smoke to screen the battle-fleet. Planes have learned to drop gleaming white curtains to hide movements from the foe.

Indeed, the use of smoke is historic. When Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the father of modern war, marched on Bavaria in 1631, before he defeated Tilly at Breitenfeld, he found his movements into position hindered by smoke from the burning village of Podelwitz. The following Spring, he again faced Tilly at Rain, on the Lech river near Augsburg. The foe had broken down the bridge and there was none other nearer than twenty miles. Says Hart:

At a spot where the swiftly flowing river made a bend to the west, forming a salient toward the Swedes, Gustavus established seventy-two guns to command the passage. Meanwhile, by a personal reconnaissance, he discovered another possible passage a mile up-stream, where there was a small island in mid-river. At both points he began bridges, the first under cover of a heavy fire, and the second unknown to the enemy. At the first point, by setting fire to wet straw, he created a smoke screen to cloak the crossing—a method of concealment foreshadowing World War developments, when, improved by science, it became a vital factor. Did not Ludendorff declare that tanks and smoke were the two most dangerous enemies the Germans had to face in the final phases of the war?

Gustavus Adolphus's successor on the throne of Sweden, the brilliant Charles XII, the Madman of the North, profited by the example. In that great northern war which he waged from 1699 until he

fell in action in 1718, he found himself on the Dvina river with Saxon troops arrayed opposite him, confronted with a situation similar to that which had confronted Gustavus Adolphus. Charles XII saw his foes across the river, which was very deep. He had boats built with high hinged sides, up for protection while crossing, down for gangways to be used in speedy disembarkation. Let Voltaire tell the story:

Having noticed that the wind blew from the north where he was, to the south where his enemies were encamped, he had great masses of damp straw set afire, from which the thick smoke spreading over the stream, deprived the Saxons of sight of his troops and knowledge of his intentions. Taking advantage of this cloud, he had pushed forward more boats filled with the same burning straw, so that the smoke increased and, driven by the wind into the eyes of his enemies, prevented them from knowing if the King was crossing or not. In a quarter of an hour he was on the other side. He had his guns immediately disembarked and formed line of battle before his enemies, their vision obscured by the smoke, could oppose him.

Small wonder, then, that modern commanders cling to the use of smoke. The Leavenworth pamphlet of 1922 says that it is useful to secure concealment, surprise, or deception. It adds: "Smoke is particularly valuable for screening river crossings." In 1918, in France, it was extensively employed to conceal movements and to neutralize air attacks. It was used as a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack was to be made. It was employed, according to Sir Douglas Haig, by the Ninth Division on July 19, 1918, as a fake gas attack. For some time previous, gas had been used on a certain front, in conjunction with smoke and high explosives. When the real attack was started, gas was omitted from the barrage and the British infantry went forward to find the foe confusedly masked and expecting gas.

It used to be the idea that a screen of smoke would conceal your own troops and reduce the accuracy of enemy fire, and therefore reduce casualties. I could point out problems and demonstrations given at the Fort Benning Infantry School in

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which smoke was employed almost exclusively to hide advancing infantry from machine-gun enfilade. But in 1922, the Chemical Warfare Service began saying that the use of smoke for this purpose was not entirely suitable in a pitched battle, for it would necessarily draw the enemy fire. Then, too, all defensive machine-guns now have what are known as "final protective lines." When a foe advances, the guns are swung back on to these battle lines and kept constantly in action, so as to maintain a steadily streaming band of fire across the front of the position. Into such a band of fire, advancing infantry has to march, obscured by smoke or not. General Dickman tells how it worked at the Marne on July 18, 1918, when the fierce final thrust of the Germans was repulsed by the Third American Division:

After the infantry, crossing in boats at 2:10 A.M., had gained a footing on the south bank, a heavy smoke screen was to be spread over the entire valley to favor the operation of pontoon ferries, the construction of pontoon bridges, and the crossing of masses of infantry in broad daylight so as to occupy the "storm" position.

The General then goes on to say that one battalion of the German 398th Infantry was reduced to the size of a company by our artillery fire. In front of companies G, H, and E of the 38th American Infantry, "the enemy delivered a destructive fire on our front lines and under cover of a smoke screen attempted to cross. All his efforts in front of companies H and E were disastrously defeated."

The newest doctrine of smoke is quite different from that which the Germans followed. The new idea is: Don't try to hide the object. Try to blind the eyes. In Leavenworth's present pamphlet, it is stated that smoke should be used:

(1) To blind hostile observation posts and machine-gun nests; to mask the front and flanks of attacking infantry and tanks, concentrations of guns and tanks, roads, forming places, and the construction of bridges, trenches and other works; to blind the flashes of artillery in action; to hamper hostile aerial observation, and to screen landings on hostile shores.

(2) As a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack is to be made.

(3) To simulate a gas attack, forcing the enemy to mask.

(4) To fill valleys with smoke, concealing the infantry advance.

The British Manual on the Use of Smoke, issued in 1923, had a different idea. It stated that smoke made advancing units lose direction. The object was to deny the enemy opportunity for aimed fire. It declared that the ideal method was to have the smoke screen close to the enemy and with a wind blowing it slowly parallel to his lines. The British wished to blind the enemy and keep their own vision. They knew that smoke would draw heavy fire, and so they insisted that the screen should be far in advance of friendly, and as close as possible to hostile, troops. That leads to the latest American doctrine upon the subject. I quote Major-General Robert H. Allen, Chief of Infantry:

A little over a year ago the question came up as to whether we wanted a smoke-producing apparatus with the tank. It was referred to the Tank School and they said that the apparatus had no place on the tank. Then the Infantry School endorsed what the Tank School had said. I thought everybody was out of step but myself. . . . Before the World War, the fundamental principles of war were fire and movement, but since then there are three—fire, movement, and smoke. The use of smoke is primarily to blind the enemy, and the tank is a means of carrying the smoke to the enemy; and I believe, as far as infantry front line units are concerned, that it will be far more effective than smoke by artillery or any other means. . . . When the tank reaches the area from which the machine-gun fire that has held up the infantry is coming, it can turn loose smoke-screens and blind the enemy.

Recent tests have been made of the effect of smoke-screens. First, a unit fired with rifles and machine-guns without any smoke-screen and its fire effect had a certain efficiency, which we will say is 100. Then a smoke-screen was placed in front of the targets and, with the same unit firing, the fire effect was 25 as compared with 100 without the smoke. Then the smoke was put down on the unit that was firing and the fire effect was eight as compared with 100. If you blind the enemy by smoke—not screening our own troops, but blinding the enemy—you have killed the effectiveness of his fire.

Therefore, when you give a tank the equipment to produce an excellent smoke-screen, you give it an excellent weapon. . . . This new tank that we are developing will have an apparatus that will throw an efficient smoke screen for about 30 minutes.

## V

It was back in February, 1925, that Major C. R. Alley and Major Leigh F. J. Zerbe, both of the Chemical Warfare Service, first argued out the problem. Since then the Chemical Warfare School has fired many tests, and has induced the Infantry to make others of the same sort. The results have been a complete reversal of doctrine on the only general weapon the American gas soldiers have left. They have proved that in war you must not be an ostrich. The group in the smoke is subject to casualties from bullets fired into the cloud, and it has so completely lost sense of direction that its own fire is almost totally ineffective. The old plan was to put the smoke screens down on yourself! By 1922, the chemical folk in the Army had concluded that it was "invariably desirable" to bring the heaviest concentrations of smoke directly upon the enemy force and blind his observation.

But that was in 1922 and no one listened to them then as they are listened to now. If you are attacking, the enemy wants to shoot you down. Blind him, and he cannot tell where to shoot—that is the new doctrine. If he is attacking, he will probably try at some time or other to establish what is known as fire superiority, without which attacking troops cannot advance. When he tries to do that, lay down your smoke on him and make his shooting wild. Smoke is not merely an annoyance. It is no longer only a device for ambushing or surprising a foe. It has become a weapon.

Surprises and concealments were relatively easy in former days. But of recent years the airplanes with their swiftness of wing and their photographic eyes have peered out the hidden spaces. No longer can an army move widely and unbeknown around the flank, as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville and at Second Manassas. The aviators would spy him out; the commander would be warned. But now comes smoke, to conceal movements, to make for new feints and stratagems.

In more remote days there used to be bandied about a phrase: "the fog of war." It expressed the ignorance of fact and the confusion of mind among any and all commanders in battle. On maneuvers, you were told that the enemy was thus and so; he was here and he was there. But in war, you knew nothing of him except what your cavalry and your patrols could wring from his outpost line and his actions on the immediate front. Your sources of information might be many and various, but were often of doubtful credibility. That was "the fog of war." Then came the airplane, not completely supplanting all other sources of information and observation, but at least supplementing them very fully and very completely.

Today soldiers cannot be hidden away completely. The "eyes of the army" spot them now and again. So the old fog of war has begun to disappear. But with the development of chemical smoke, with screens and clouds artificially created, a new fog of war has appeared. This new war cloud, this screen of smoke, is in actuality, in appearance, in conduct much like a veritable fog. Chemically created, carried in compressed form, it can be artfully released in such a manner as to spread, in vast billowing folds down an entire countryside, an artificial fog magically brought by man and placed at the spot where he wants it.

Poison gas has its values. It also has its disadvantages. It can return upon its sender as no bullet ever did. It can lurk in hollows and patches of shrubs in the enemy's area and then burn and scorch its creators when the enemy retires. It is—rightly or not—abhorred of men. But smoke, the latest product of modern scientific chemical warfare, has no such horrors, no such aversions. It is more subtle and more artful. It is attractive and intriguing. It makes more for ingenuity and cleverness and thought. It will stimulate tactics, freshen the military art. It is the latest contribution to military science, and upon it the last word has not yet been spoken.

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# MURPHY

BY ISABEL PATERSON

ON APRIL 28, 1924, during the morning hours, Fifth avenue was given over to a funeral procession. At the head of the honorary pall-bearers walked the Governor of New York and the Mayor of New York City, followed by an ex-Ambassador, a United States Senator, the leaders of the bench and bar, city officials and State legislators, millionaires and other eminent citizens, and a labor union delegation. The President of the United States sent a telegram of condolence.

The coffin was brought to rest before the high altar of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, where requiem mass was celebrated by the auxiliary Bishop, the Archbishop being abroad. Six thousand mourners filled the Cathedral to its utmost capacity. Fifty thousand persons, at least, lined the avenue to pay their last respects to the dead. The flag on the Public Library was lowered to half-mast. At the cemetery the wreaths formed a hedge six feet high, encircling the grave. It was probably the most impressive funeral New York had seen since the obsequies of General Grant.

The dead man was an ex-street car conductor and saloon-keeper, of humble extraction, who had never held any public office except a minor appointment (as Commissioner of Docks) of the sort which goes by favor as part of the political spoils system. During his lifetime, if his name appeared in the newspapers—which was no oftener than he could help—it was invariably as a target for reproach. On many occasions he was caricatured warningly in prison stripes. He was not even a very rich man, as wealth is reckoned in

America. What, then, earned him this majestic farewell? It must be explained as a demonstration of the weight of the imponderables.

Charles Francis Murphy was a purely American phenomenon. The Boss of Tammany Hall! . . . Still, there have been other bosses, who passed without honor. A boss is almost a synonym for all that is most deplorable and corrupt under democracy. Here is an obvious paradox.

Murphy's obituary occupied two or three columns in the newspapers; but no life of him has been or is likely to be written, for lack of the dramatic and intimate material which makes biographies. He will not get even a footnote in history. And yet it is well within the range of probabilities that he made a President. If Smith is elected, though he will be elected on his own record, he will remain a Tammany man, and before Murphy the label would have defeated any presidential candidate. It would have barred him from even the nomination. Somehow or other, Murphy changed all that. But how?

It is not easy to say. He was the political equivalent of the Forgotten Man of William Graham Sumner, who is never taken into account because he cannot be definitely classified, although the social structure pivots on him. Even Murphy's position as Boss can only be understood, not defined. It was not official. At his death, the newspapers said he was treasurer of the Tammany Benevolent Association. He was not. Anyhow, the Tammany Benevolent Association is not technically a political organization. By usage, the

name of Tammany has been extended to the New York County Democratic Committee. There are twenty-three assembly districts in the county; each county committee elects a chairman, and these district leaders in turn name the Leader. During his reign, Boss Croker was treasurer of the finance committee, but the custom of the Boss holding that office ceased with Croker. Murphy was simply the Boss.

He was a New Yorker born and bred, the son of John and Mary Murphy, Irish emigrants. The father was a laborer; there were half a dozen children besides Charles Francis, who was born on June 20, 1858, in an East Side tenement. He was reared in the Gas House district, which embraced streets of poor but decent workingmen's homes and verged on an aristocratic neighborhood, in spite of its evil reputation as the headquarters of a gang.

Whatever education Murphy received he got from the public schools. At fourteen he went to work as a handy boy in a saloon. At eighteen he graduated into the job of driver and conductor of a one-man horse-car on Fourteenth street. Wages were low and hours long; there were no cash registers, and knocking down fares was a common practice; but Murphy quit in four years with a clean record. He had saved enough, however, to open a saloon; about \$500 was all he required. He may have made a little money in a legitimate side-line, for he had organized a semi-professional baseball club, and toured about New York with it. And he must have had friends, and they may have advanced him something.

His first saloon, at Nineteenth street and Avenue A, was of the regulation type catering to workingmen: sawdust floor, brass rail, communal bar-towel, and free lunch of crackers and cheese and bologna. It had only one unusual feature: women were not allowed in the back room. The backrooms of cheap saloons then were mainly ports of call for street-walkers. At Murphy's the women of the neighborhood

might rush the growler to the family entrance, perhaps; but no woman could step inside.

On the testimony of regretful and still surviving patrons, he sold good liquor, though at that time he drank nothing himself except a moderate allowance of beer at closing time, when his friends dropped in for political conferences and a good-night glass. Later in life he indulged a taste for champagne, but always within the bounds of sobriety.

He was his own bartender. Within a couple of years he was able to open another saloon. By this expansion he became a business man rather than a mere saloon-keeper. It was a considerable step upward.

## II

All the while, as conductor, baseball captain, and saloon-keeper, he had been active and popular in ward politics. In 1891, at the age of thirty-three, he was elected leader of his own assembly district, the Eighteenth. In 1897, his value was recognized by the Democratic organization in a substantial way. Mayor Van Wyck appointed him Dock Commissioner, one of the good jobs to which district leaders are prescriptively entitled by political usage. Even a Republican district leader in New York gets one out of the Federal patronage.

In 1901, the forced abdication of Richard Croker left Tammany leaderless. Croker had retired nominally three times, but without relinquishing his real power. The Lexow investigation, revealing a hideous tale of commercialized vice—it was brilliantly prosecuted by William Travers Jerome—was probably the determining factor which broke Croker's hold. And possibly it was indirectly weakened by his own domestic difficulties. Tammany contained a strong element of rigidly respectable Irish, who demanded regularity in the private lives of their leaders, while regarding graft as necessary in politics. This cleavage between public and

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private morals was a note of the times, and not peculiar to Tammany. And though Tammany bore the obloquy of the red-light districts, that too was a part of the current social system. Trinity Church profited complacently from the rent of squalid slums and brothels—and several of the great New York fortunes of today derive in part from the staggering plunder which Boss Tweed collected and distributed. Time has whitewashed them.

On Croker's final retirement, he thought to hand over the organization to Lewis Nixon. But Tammany, in both its faults and its virtues, is democratic, a self-governing body. The spoils are divided all the way down, to some degree; and the leader must come up from the ranks. Nixon lasted less than six months. After him a triumvirate was named: Louis F. Haffen, Daniel E. McMahon, and Murphy. The Tammany chief of police, the dubiously celebrated William S. Devery, called the turn on them. "McMahon is a two-spot, Haffen is a joke, but Murphy is a sport."

This arrangement was made in April, 1902. In the following September, the Executive Committee declared by resolution that the leadership was vested in Charles F. Murphy. He was the first Leader to be so named unequivocally; and the fourth big Boss of Tammany, not counting short trial terms.

Tweed had exploited the worst possibilities of the organization to the utmost, leaving it a byword for corruption. Honest John Kelly and Richard Croker took things as they found them, especially if they found anything that wasn't nailed down. Croker was more cautious than Tweed, more regardful of expressed public opinion; he had amiable qualities and a shrewd working knowledge of human nature. He basked in the dubious glory of his position. At Tammany Hall he held the center of the stage, accepting homage in an almost feudal manner. He was quite as able and no more illiterate or uncultured than the typical medieval baron; and he ruled by

much the same gift of commanding loyalty. New York was his fief. He might have echoed Sir Pitt Crawley's defense of the rotten borough system: "Rotten be hanged—it brings me a good four hundred pounds a year." Why should he try to improve his city? It was good enough.

But Murphy as district leader had always exerted his influence to clean up his district—that is, to keep out or close houses of ill-fame. To a measurable extent, it is said, he succeeded, though the city in general was wide open. The spectacle of vice must have been familiar to him from childhood, as a part of the life of the streets. But his home environment, though poverty-stricken, was decent and pious. The preservation of the domestic virtues in the families of the respectable poor when the social structure throws all the pressure the other way, necessitates a strictness of discipline and example which amounts to austerity. To judge by his career, Murphy's strongest personal instinct was for propriety in the antique sense; his political talent was for letting things work themselves out, and taking opportunity when it was ripe. At the beginning of his leadership, he had to choose which of the two traits should take the right of way. His first act as leader was so drastic and dramatic that it must have fulfilled a long-cherished wish. At least, it cannot be attributed to hypocrisy; and it was not cautious.

At his inaugural meeting of the district leaders, he declared himself shortly and to the point. There was to be no more graft from the red-light houses, nor police toleration of commercialized vice. He promised to break any district leader whom he could discover to be protecting or profiting from the dives. And there was one man present, he said, of whom he meant to make an example. There was no need to name the man. Everyone knew he was Martin Engel, leader of the Eighth Ward. Within twenty-four hours Murphy sent Big Florry Sullivan down to take over the Eighth Ward clubhouse.

All the Sullivans were fighters; and Florry was the champion of the clan, over six feet tall, and a mighty man with his hands. He obeyed instructions literally. Martin Engel and his crowd were thrown out by main force, and not without damage to the furniture. Eyewitnesses still recall the subsequent moral purification of Eldridge and Allen streets, where the brothels stood in rows. After the entry of Sullivan and his strong-arm squad, and riotous sounds from within, a man, pander or proprietor, would land at the foot of the front steps on his ear, with his shirt ripped down the back, hatless, and otherwise in disrepair. He would pick himself up and disappear around the corner at a run, cheered by an escort of small boys beating on old tin-pans. These proceedings, of course, were extra-legal. But the police looked on without prejudice, keeping order along the sidewalks. The newspapers reported the uproars briefly and guardedly, taking the attitude that it was all a low business, of which the less said the better.

For the time being Murphy let the gambling graft alone, for some of the Sullivans held that as their special prerogative, and the Sullivans were very strong in Tammany. Besides, Murphy considered gambling a far lesser evil than prostitution, on which the Sullivans were with him.

### III

His political tactics were more diplomatic and less picturesque. For his first municipal campaign, in 1903, he adopted the stratagem which Disraeli credited to Peel: "He caught the Whigs in bathing and walked off with their clothes." Murphy nominated on the Tammany ticket two of the most important Republican Reform candidates: Edward M. Grout for controller and Charles V. Fornes for president of the Board of Aldermen. The indictment against Tammany, only too well based on the records of Tweed, Croker and Kelly, was that it had become nothing but a graft ring—that

it was no longer a legitimate political organization at all. Any verbal denial or promise of amendment would have provoked derision. So Murphy was offering hostages, the two key offices in the financial management of the city, to be held by men whose integrity the progressives had already certified. Years later, when Governor Nathan L. Miller summarily deposed the Republican Secretary of State and the chairman of the State Republican Committee, to put in men he preferred, Murphy remarked ironically: "They call me a boss, but Governor Miller is a political leader!"

Murphy's first choice of an important candidate was George B. McClellan for Mayor. Though McClellan was a Democrat in politics, he was a silk-stocking, the son of the Civil War general, wealthy and cultured and socially prominent. He lived in Murphy's district, and they had been friends for some years. At the meeting at which Murphy put him over on Tammany, John Scannell objected bitterly. Scannell was one of the toughest of the old crowd, a gang leader, which Murphy never was. He had served a prison term for homicide, having shot a man whom he believed responsible for the death of his (Scannell's) brother, in a gang feud. He stood up to Murphy and said: "If you nominate McClellan, I'll kill you!" Murphy went ahead calmly, without even answering. No more was heard from Scannell. McClellan won by a handsome majority.

When McClellan came up for reelection two years later the contest was much closer. As a result, he either believed or pretended to believe that Murphy had knifed him secretly, or at least failed to give him full support. Perhaps he felt that, having got his political start, he could go ahead faster by cutting loose from the recognized Boss and with him Tammany's bad name, which Murphy, taking the leadership in the direct line, had to accept until the organization lived it down. Self-interest has its own sincerity, and finds strange and subtle justifications. At all

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events, McClellan repudiated Murphy, and tried to oust him in favor of John H. O'Brien. He had the patronage of the Mayor's office as a weapon against Murphy's titular authority.

But McClellan lost the battle, lost the next nomination, and later left New York. His political career was closed. Ten years later, in 1918, Murphy said to one of his friends: "Who do you think came to see me today?" An unlikely guess. "George McClellan."

What did he want? Nothing less than Murphy's help toward getting a congressional nomination. Something in Murphy's tone or expression betrayed his inclination.

"You're not going to hand it to him?"

"Well," said Murphy wistfully, watching for a sign of approval, "I'd like to do something for George. You know, I always was fond of him."

The friend was dumbfounded. He did not argue, he slid out and sent the word around. The organization jumped to it. The next day every district leader in the county was on the Boss's neck. Murphy could not overrule the united opinion of Tammany.

An outline of his political campaigns, which extended over twenty-two years, would involve writing a history of New York for the same period. In general, of course, the paramount duty of the Boss is to keep his organization in power. The position requires a continual reconciliation and compromise of conflicting private interests and pressures. It is like using the forces of wind and tide, when they are running contrary to each other, to bring a sailing vessel to still another point of the compass. Steadiness, strength, character, are indispensable to the business; and something more, for the opposed forces shift and fluctuate; the need of adjustment without weakness is constant. The desirability of the point to be gained is another question.

Among Murphy's most debatable expedients was his acceptance of Sulzer for Governor and of Hylan for Mayor. Neither

was of his choosing. He knew Sulzer was incompetent, but outside influences were brought to bear which seemed to him sufficiently urgent. He had to take the blame for Sulzer's fiasco nevertheless; that is the reasonable price of being Boss. So with Hylan. Murphy had worked earnestly for years to bring Brooklyn into a close alliance with Tammany. He had helped McCooley into McCarren's old place, thus ending the feud which had theretofore subsisted between the New York and Brooklyn politicians. Giving Brooklyn another Mayor would help to consolidate the peace. But even more important at that time was Hearst's support of Hylan.

A group of good Tammany men were outspoken and persistent in their efforts to induce Murphy to veto both Sulzer and Hylan. They still believe that these were Murphy's cardinal errors of policy. They felt then that Sulzer and Hylan weren't good enough for Murphy and for Tammany; though such a way of stating it at the time might have sounded wild. But their feeling shows, at least by implication, that Tammany under Murphy's guidance had already traveled a long way from Croker.

#### IV

Oddly enough, what Murphy refused to do was precisely what he was accused of doing. His friends wished him to take arbitrary action, as Boss, to bar a candidate; and he would not. Yet it is generally charged that Hylan was foisted on the public, which had no voice in the matter. The public has a vote, anyway; and Hylan polled an immense majority. Was this sheer machine work? By no means. It was a half-amused, half-infuriated endorsement of Hylan's invectives against the subway. Most of the voters had to ride in the subway. They didn't expect Hylan actually to do anything for their relief; but they liked to hear him rave. His were their sentiments too. The minute Hylan indicated a willingness to dicker with the

subway officials, he was a gone coon. Murphy simply let nature take her course; he was a born meliorist, not a dictator. But he generally got blamed for rain on the Fourth of July, and such things. Hylan did no special harm while he was in office, except that he let the city become slovenly and dirty, and it has remained so. Other than that, he was absurd, and diverting; and he did serve the purpose of staving off the ten-cent fare.

And through Hylan, Murphy's Fabian campaign wore out Hearst politically. The Hearst newspapers, during the early part of Murphy's leadership, could and did swing an appreciable number of votes. Hearst was an enrolled Democrat, entitled to consideration. But he was likely to bolt any ticket, regardless of previous agreements, and that fact made him, to the regulars, a dangerous man. He might have kept the public convinced that he was disinterested if he had not desired office for himself. Gradually it became plain that he was playing solely for his own hand. A politician is not asked to be an altruist, but he ought to be consistent; otherwise, the public gets tired of being stampeded at the eleventh hour to nobody knows where. After denouncing Murphy in the most violent terms, Hearst would offer to smoke the pipe of peace. Murphy did not like the abuse, naturally; but to refuse Hearst's overtures would have meant confusing personal and political issues. If, however, the party, not just the Boss, should repudiate Hearst, that would be different. So Murphy waited. At last, in the State convention of 1922, Hearst demanded to be put on the ticket as running mate with Al Smith.

Smith refused, in a flaming public statement, to be seen by the electors in Hearst's contaminating company. He would sooner, he declared, withdraw; and he defied Murphy to coerce him. It was one of the neatest bits of vaudeville ever seen in politics—Ajax defying the stage lightning. Smith, of course, was perfectly sincere. He had always refused to have

anything to do with Hearst. But it was while Murphy temporized and held Tammany together that Smith grew up to the political stature which enabled him to disregard and defy Hearst. None of the insiders had the slightest apprehension of a break between Smith and Murphy, since they had already quietly helped Murphy to grease the skids for Hearst before the convention opened. Smith emerged from the incident with all the personal prestige; Murphy took a technical set-back in exchange for a real advance in the direction he had wished to go; Hearst was through, like Hylan; and Tammany as a whole had gained a moral attitude.

Thenceforward Smith stood above his party; he began to grow to the stature of a presidential possibility. He was not one of Murphy's political discoveries. He was Big Tom Foley's protégé. Foley and other leaders urged his name on Murphy as a candidate for important offices; and for a time Murphy hesitated. He believed in Smith's ability, but thought that other considerations might weigh too heavily against him. Edward Staats Luther, then a political reporter and since a Tammany committee man, close to both Smith and Murphy, was especially active and insistent in putting Smith forward. In the midst of a discussion, Murphy called to Tom Smith: "Come here, and listen to a man named Luther trying to convince a man named Murphy that a Catholic can be elected Governor of New York State!" Tom Smith was the permanent secretary of Tammany, an immensely popular and shrewd politician, greatly respected for his honesty. He added his voice to Luther's. Murphy was convinced.

From then on, Murphy backed Smith consistently, but it cannot be said, strictly, that he made Smith; or that he picked Smith on his own initiative. The men to whom Tammany points with pride as Murphy's legacy to public life, whom he chose and in some sense trained, are Senator Robert F. Wagner, Surrogate James Foley, Mayor Jimmy Walker, and



the present Tammany leader, Judge Olvany.

But what he did do, aside from the actual backing in his campaigns, was to build a solid and reputable footing for Smith. Murphy made Tammany respectable. That, his friends say, was what he meant to do, and worked toward steadily from the beginning. They affirm that within the organization he set about first to relegate to innocuous desuetude the Croker crowd, and that he used even defeat at the polls to that end. For example, after the shake-up in the city personnel occasioned by the Mitchel mayoralty, the old-timers who were combed out were not reinstated after Mitchel's term ended. It took a long time to retire the Deverys and others of the out-and-out spoilsmen; but in the end they went.

Murphy's champions say that he consistently threw the influence of Tammany in favor of all the reform legislation of his period: factory inspection laws, clean milk bills, child health safeguards, woman suffrage. In this, they say, he acted on his principles more than because he thought such measures good politics—indeed, he made them good politics. The voting record of the Tammany members at Albany generally confirms this theory. Furthermore, it was Murphy's avowed ambition—avowed to his friends, for he must have been aware that such a statement made publicly would have sounded fantastic—to keep the police, the judiciary, and the schools out of politics. Especially he refused to have anything to do with educational appointments or appropriations.

And whatever his opponents may say, his friends believed and still believe in both his good faith and his works. There is no other key to his motives. He never made speeches, nor gave interviews; he thought Croker had talked far too much. Consequently, he never evolved a public personality, but remained in the background, a force rather than an individual. He left no papers nor other memorabilia. His friends are proud of having been his

friends, and yet they are reluctant to speak of him today. What's the use? is their implied question. Nobody else will give him the credit he earned. There is, of course, the partiality of affection to be discounted, but the man they recall was plainly an oddly unexpected person.

## V

How much did he profit, financially, by his position? And by inference, how much did he work for some other end? He made his first considerable money as a silent partner in the firm of Gaffney & Murphy, the New York Contracting and Trucking Company, of which his brother, James E. Murphy, was the active member. They got large contracts from the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads, on terminals and rights of way into the city, where political influence certainly counted. But after Murphy had accumulated half a million dollars or so, he is said to have shown no further interest in making money. At his death, his estate ran to less than a million and a half, which, with judicious investment, would be about the normal increment on his original stake. Croker is said to have taken \$20,000,000 with him on his retirement; that is undoubtedly an exaggeration; but he must have had five or six millions. Murphy had the same opportunities, or rather, much greater opportunities.

He lived quietly and comfortably, well within his means; and had no taste for public functions. Even in small things he was a man of regular habits. For twenty-odd years he always engaged the same dilapidated hack and hackman to drive him to Tammany Hall at a fixed hour in the morning, and except when he was out of the city, he gave audience every morning to all comers, in the order of their arrival, without engagement or introduction. Only the district leaders took precedence; and he was more likely to confer with them in his private room at Delmonico's in the

evening. Unlike Croker, he did not parade his leadership, even at Tammany Hall. That he enjoyed power, in his own way, goes without saying. No one holds it unwillingly.

He was tenacious of friendship, even sentimental, as in the case of McClellan. A similar but less significant attachment exposed him to the charge of social aspirations. It was said, in ridicule, that he took lessons in deportment from J. Sergeant Cram. The idea is rather silly; even a moderately observant man can pick up conventional manners in a negligible time without instruction. But Murphy did cultivate a natural inclination for decorum and the amenities of social life. Toward women he was especially punctilious in courtesy.

His personal dignity was unassertively impressive. Even the men who had known him from boyhood did not call him Charlie. Usually he was addressed as Commissioner, or C. F. As a young man, he was of the good-looking Irish type, with regular features and a robust physique: you can see the like among the Fifth avenue policemen, the pick of the force. Murphy grew stouter, ruddier, and as generally happens with racial characteristics, more Irish-looking as he grew older; he would have been called a solid man in the vernacular.

His demeanor was always singularly impassive. He sat attentive and immobile, and never debated nor gave his reasons for a decision. Though open to advice, and far from incapable of changing his mind,

he could listen without answering for as long as the other man chose, to the most impassioned arguments, and then repeat his first answer. It was "Yes," or "No," or "I'll look into it." Beyond that, he made no promises, and never outlined his ideas. In private, he was on occasion a ready talker, with a pleasant humor. It does not appear that he had any intellectual interests outside of politics and his home, with one important exception.

His private morals were austere. Men who were associated with him over a long term of years say that no rumors involving women were ever connected with his name. He neither told nor liked smoking-room stories. Until he was past forty he remained a bachelor. It is said that his marriage was the delayed culmination of an early courtship; an unverifiable but not implausible romantic legend. His family attachments were strong.

His one pastime was golf. He cared little for the theatre; and his reading was confined to the newspapers. Except—this is the important exception—he read much in works of religious edification. Not theology, but orthodox church history, the lives of the saints, and purely devotional books. He was not only a practising Catholic, but deeply pious.

The unavoidable conclusion is beautifully ironic. Because Murphy was an Irishman, a saloon-keeper, and a Tammany boss, New York never guessed that for twenty years it was run by a Puritan (there are Catholic Puritans), a devotee, and a reformer!

## FINALE OF THE WEDDING MARCH

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

MAJOR STEDE BONNET went pirating because he couldn't stand his wife. That is good history, but bad fiction. I put it into a movie scenario once, and the manuscript came back from the movie shop with this constructive criticism:

"Insufficient motivation."

That movie-maker didn't know Mrs. Bonnet! In movies one goes down to the sea in pirate ships only because one's King has abused one, made a slave of one, and deserted one in trouble.

Stede Bonnet's King had used him well. He had given him a life job in the Royal Colonial Army in Barbadoes, and, when Bonnet had reached middle age and the rank of major, His Majesty had been pleased to retire him with honor and half pay.

No, Major Bonnet hadn't anything against his King. But if the King had known the Major's wife, he might have had royal clemency when he needed it sorely.

Major Bonnet, after retiring from the army, became a professional prominent citizen of the city of Bridgetown, Barbadoes. He was rated a wealthy man. Probably he had taken a flyer now and again in colonial shipping enterprises while serving his time in the army. He was a dignified personage; a man of property and education. I can imagine him as vestryman of the quality church of the city, a position which, in that place and at that time, was equivalent in glory to the post of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks in our own epoch.

But Stede Bonnet couldn't stand his

wife. She is set down in the annals of Bridgetown as a harridan most horrible. Poor Bonnet had managed to maintain appearances and uphold his social standing as an army officer and a man of substance as long as he was busy bossing troops. If he heard foul language at home in the morning, he could take it out on the men during the day. He could order extra maneuvers in the hot Barbadoes sunshine, and his temper could thus be kept under.

But when he retired from the army and the affairs of war, he wanted peace and quiet—and he had to go pirating to get them.

We have no detailed record of the domestic battles that so racked his morale, but it is recorded by the historians of those troubled days that his neighbors and associates pitied him, and did not blame him, concluding that his reason must have been unsettled by his wife's appalling nagging.

In the Spring of 1717 he began looking about for a vessel. Having plenty of money and being of unquestioned standing, he found no difficulty in buying a fine sloop and arming her with ten guns. No one questioned his purpose. Nobody in Bridgetown knew Mrs. Bonnet quite so well as her husband knew her, so nobody suspected that he was preparing to sail forth to slay hundreds of surprised Christians, inwardly gloating because each victim of his cutlass was a vicarious sacrifice, standing for the revolting Mrs. Bonnet.

On a dark night that Spring Major Bonnet sailed out of the harbor of Bridgetown as owner and captain of the pirate sloop *Revenge*. Commentators have been puzzled that a clever and well-educated man of

quality should show no more originality in naming his ship. There were more than a dozen *Revenues* sailing the seas under black flags at that time. Every second pirate felt it necessary to pretend that he had a score to settle with the nations of the world. If you were going pirating and had no imagination or originality, you called your ship the *Revenge* to indicate that you had been put upon and were going to get even.

But Stede Bonnet had imagination. He was going out for revenge. He could imagine how his querulous wife would feel when all the neighbors crowded about to sympathize with her because her husband hadn't been able to stand her any longer and had gone off to sea under the skull and cross-bones! Oh, the Major had his revenge!

Unluckily, he did not know port from starboard. He had never been to sea, except as a dignified passenger, uncurious about the gear that made the ship proceed from point of departure to destination. Now he found himself captain of a fine sloop, and the only order he knew how to shout to his seventy salty ruffians was "Forward! March!"

When the crew discovered that their captain was ignorant of the uses of a belaying pin and thought that aft was the name of a cabin, mutiny was narrowly averted. The spectacle of the commander, very seasick and altogether at sea, consulting with the first mate as to the best method of getting from south to north when the wind was south-southeast, was one to wring the heart of any respectable mariner. That any man with ambition to become a real pirate should serve docilely under such direction was beyond the scope of the imagination of every cutthroat aboard the *Revenge*.

Major Bonnet won his first and most praiseworthy victory at sea when he demonstrated to his men that he was really captain of the ship and knew how to enforce obedience, even if he didn't know a pennant from a pinnace. He had his men

soundly flogged, flogged again, served with a double ration of rum, and again flogged.

That was language a good sailor could understand. The Major had failed for lack of a firm hand in managing one establishment. But he wasn't married to the crew of the *Revenge*, and he didn't have to be a gentleman any more unless he wanted to be one.

One of the first captures made by him was the ship *Turbot*, from Barbadoes. He put the crew into boats and, after taking out most of the merchandise, set fire to the ship. One may well fancy that this rough conduct was indulged in to give the wife a good scare. When the sailors from the *Turbot* got back to Barbadoes, how they must have regaled Madame Bonnet with tales of the fierce pirate she had nourished unawares! No doubt the good woman's blood ran cold when she remembered how often and how dangerously she had tempted this raging monster, supposing him to be hopelessly domestic and thoroughly harmless.

Stede Bonnet is the patron saint of all henpecked husbands. Suppressed home-lovers should call upon his name before they go forth to roister.

## II

Standing off the Virginia capes for a short cruise, he took half a dozen vessels, mostly from Scotch ports. In most cases he detained the prize only long enough to transfer the loot. Then he let her proceed, after taking a few precautions to make her progress slow and uncertain. But occasionally, no doubt to celebrate his freedom from matrimonial bondage, he would stage a party. He gets credit for inventing the game known as walking the plank. In fact, it is the opinion of many learned historians that he was the only pirate who ever actually indulged in it.

According to tales told by survivors, Bonnet did, upon occasion, rig a wide plank sticking straight out to sea at the port gangway. But this was done only



when the captured vessel carried a large passenger list.

When an ordinary crew was to be dispatched to its reward, Bonnet's trusty men, who had learned to obey cheerfully that they might be long-lived upon the earth, waded in with heavy cutlasses, and the job was accomplished as expeditiously as is the laying low of a half-acre of sun-flowers by a Kansas farmer armed with a sharp and heavy corn-knife. But passengers required more delicate attentions. Passengers were apt to be finicky. The ladies, sadly overdressed and under-nourished, used to faint below decks at the sound of hacking cutlasses making contact with sturdy frames. Stede Bonnet's men looked decidedly foolish, lugging unconscious ladies up the ladders to toss them ungracefully overside.

So the plank was rigged, and it proved a blessing. Timid passengers were blindfolded and marched in single file to the plank, and then permitted to continue marching just as far as the limited accommodations would allow. That surprised step into space, followed quickly by a splash into salt water below, furnished unrivalled entertainment for the bully boys of the good ship *Revenge*. Major Bonnet, they swore, was a jolly tar, despite his limited knowledge of the art of navigation.

Favorite survivors of the first cruise off the Virginia capes were taken to New York, whither Bonnet shaped his course so as to dispose of his handsome load of mixed merchandise. All these survivors were men. No women had been spared. Major Bonnet's experience in life had not made him partial to the dainty sex. The happy prisoners were landed quietly at Gardiner's Island, and the word was sent around that a bloody pirate was in port, awaiting customers. New York was then an excellent market for pirated goods, and well-behaved pirates who were not unreasonable in their relations with public officials and public-spirited merchants were made to feel that it was a friendly port of call.

Bonnet sold his cargo and bought provisions, gave his men a bit of shore-leave, and sailed away. He next appeared off the bar at Charleston, where he instituted a sort of benevolent blockade. He took an inbound brigantine from New England, under command of Thomas Porter, and another Barbadoes vessel, a sloop laden with rum and commanded by Joseph Palmer. The sloop was burned after the crew had been set adrift, as in the case of the previous Barbadoes capture. Bonnet was bound to have the good news travel back to the home folk that there had been a real he-man once in charge at the home of Mrs. Bonnet.

### III

After cleaning his sloop and taking on water at an inlet on the North Carolina coast, he sailed southward, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Honduras, which was then a favorite meeting place for pirates.

Here the redoubtable Major fell in with Ed Thatch, or Teach, commonly known to a terrified maritime world as Blackbeard. This fearsome scarecrow of the seas had a long black whisker and a yen for shedding Christian blood. He was a bogie-man to all honest mariners, and modest women who had to make sea voyages in those days were wont to burn votive candles at the shrines of Our Lady Star of the Sea, for the special intention of avoiding a meeting, in public or private, with Edward Teach, alias Thatch.

Major Bonnet had acquired a great respect for his own executive ability during the months since he had escaped from his fair commander-in-chief in Bridgetown. He called upon Blackbeard on board the latter's ship, and suggested that the two of them, being the best pirates afloat, should join company and effect a merger. He pointed out that the *Revenge* was an uncommonly graceful sloop, for which he had paid a fancy sum of money.

When Blackbeard heard that Bonnet had paid for his ship, he was desolated by gales

of merriment. Continuing the conversation but a little way, the gay old dog discovered his guest's regrettable ignorance of nautical affairs. Although he had spilled a goodly measure of blood and sailed north and south with his own planks under his feet, Major Bonnet was still a major, and not a captain in very truth. Also, he still called a ship's ladder a stairway.

Blackbeard called his trusted mate, Richards. He ordered him to take command of the *Revenge*, and informed Major Bonnet that he was to act in a clerical capacity aboard Blackbeard's own ship. The two vessels would sail in company, but both must be in command of pirates who knew their salt water. If Bonnet should behave well and make no disturbance, he might live—and learn.

The proud army man made the best of a humiliating situation. He became chief bookkeeper for the piratical enterprise of Ed Thatch. He ranked as a sort of apprentice pirate. And he learned the trade under a master.

Blackbeard had made a name for himself by virtue of a natural talent for showmanship. He went into battle with slow-matches burning in his whiskers, a pistol in either hand, six more in his sash, and enough knives and cutlasses about his person to delight the soul of a collector of arms and armament. And he was a gay fellow with the ladies. On shipboard, while wearing his pirate personality, he used to strangle the women passengers to impress his ruffians with the need of adhering strictly to the rule of no women at sea. But on shore he was known as a gentleman who could enjoy his vacations with the best and spend money in a manner that would soften the proudest feminine heart.

Stede Bonnet learned much from Blackbeard. The two vessels sailed north along the coast, and were joined by others, attracted by the marvelous name of the bewhiskered terror. Soon there was a fleet of three sloops and a full-rigged ship, the

latter carrying forty guns. The fleet was manned by four hundred husky bloodletters. Major Bonnet was studying piracy in no mean academy.

He made several cruises under Blackbeard, and was permitted to take part in the fun whenever he showed any progress in his work. After a few months of this training, he was competent, in the opinion of Professor Blackbeard, to take out a ship under his own command.

Blackbeard disbanded his fleet at Topsail Inlet, in North Carolina, and took a sabbatical year ashore. After all, time was passing, the jolly old throat-slitter was as rich as a king, and there were no ladies to speak of at sea. So the master gave his apprentice permission to take his own sloop, the *Revenge*, and go out on his own account.

Now, George the First, by the grace of God, King, had recently issued a grandiose pardon to all pirates who would surrender to authorized pardoners and obtain a certificate of good character. George was getting into another war, and wanted pirates in his royal navy, or at least in the privateering business. Most pirates were only privateersmen devoid of a good and official war, and they were always eager to sign any sort of document that would add the King's license to their own determination to live by blood-letting.

Bonnet left the *Revenge* at Topsail Inlet and journeyed to Bath. He surrendered to Governor Eden, expressed his unwavering loyalty to the King who had given him his lifetime job in the army, and begged to be permitted to serve His Majesty as a legalized privateer against the Spaniards. This permission was readily given, and Stede Bonnet became once more, for a short time, officially a patriot. He obtained clearance papers for St. Thomas.

He had no crew, but he knew how to get a good one. Blackbeard, just before disbanding his fleet and going in for respectability, had marooned a shipload of men on a barren island, not far from the Inlet, so as to avoid having to pay them

for their services. Bonnet picked up these poor devils and gave them jobs, on condition that they would serve him forever, particularly in punishing their ungrateful master, Blackbeard.

He had determined to go out after Blackbeard, if he could find him afloat, and prove how well he had learned piracy from the master. He had many a score to settle with the baleful old ogre, and he had all of the rescued seamen as stout partisans in his desire. The most able and intelligent of these men was David Herriot, who had had a vessel of his own in honest trade, and had been captured by Blackbeard in the Bay of Honduras. He had become a pirate, and a good one, when there seemed no way out of it. He had served under Blackbeard, but he had become attached to Bonnet, and had secretly commiserated with the latter during his enforced clerkship.

The Major made Herriot sailing master of the *Revenge*, which he now named the *Royal James*, in honor of the current pretender to the English throne. These jolly pirates were pretty good politicians in their way, and several of their captives testified that Bonnet and his men were wont to drink damnation to the King and a health to James, the Pretender, whenever they started out to loot a cargo of rum.

The first cruise of the revived *Royal James* was up the coast to Ocracoke Inlet, where, gossip said, Blackbeard and his favorite henchmen might be found aboard a small vessel, holding council concerning the division of their spoil.

Bonnet declared he could not go to sea as an honorable pirate until he had settled scores with Blackbeard and punished the bewhiskered old fakir for his sins. This got a great hand from the crew, and for weeks the *Royal James* scoured the sea and the inlets in search of the old boss. Had the two forces joined battle, a lot of trouble later on would have been avoided, for undoubtedly they would have wiped each other out. Stede Bonnet, by that time, was a match for any pirate who sailed the seas; even for his devoted instructor.

But weeks were wasted, and Blackbeard, like Evangeline, was always about a day's sail ahead of his pursuer, without knowing that he was being pursued. Bonnet finally gave over the wild goose chase, and went into ordinary commercial pirating.

On this cruise he called himself Captain Thomas, and compelled his men to address him so. He put an antic disposition on in other respects also. Whenever he robbed a ship of her cargo, he insisted upon giving something for the goods taken. He carried a good many barrels of rice, of no great value, and usually he made the captain of the captured boat a present of several of them after transferring his cargo to the *Royal James*. On one occasion Bonnet gave his prize an old rusty cable, and when he took twenty barrels of pork out of a Virginia sloop, he traded two barrels of rice and a hogshead of molasses for the goods, without asking consent. He took another Virginia vessel that had nothing aboard but a few combs and needles and such-like accessories of the toilet. Bonnet gravely transferred some pins and needles to the *Royal James*, and ordered two barrels of bread and a barrel of pork hoisted over the side and transferred to the captured ship, which was then told to go on her way.

Back and forth, between Cape Fear river and St. Thomas, he cruised, taking plenty of vessels and demonstrating to the world that a hen-pecked army officer, given a fair chance, could rehabilitate and assert himself. He became, in the absence of Blackbeard from the sea, the most talked-about pirate afloat.

In August, 1718, he arrived in Cape Fear river aboard the *Royal James*, and accompanied by two sloops recently taken in action. The *James* was leaking badly, and she was careened. The men were set to work at the repairing and cleaning job, and when timbers were needed they stole a shallop and tore it up to supply the necessary materials.

It was very hot weather, and the job lagged. Meantime the report had spread to Charleston that Bonnet was in the river,



preparing for a descent upon the city. Charleston had suffered much at the hands of pirates, and the authorities there were quite generally unfriendly to the rovers, although in New York pirates were able to live in the style to which they had become accustomed and were seldom molested.

Fortunately for Charleston, there were public-spirited rich men in the town. Most noteworthy of these citizens was Colonel William Rhett, receiver-general of the province. Colonel Rhett's descendants are still prominent in Charleston, and they have accumulated a family tradition that is worthy of their pride. They have not forgotten the example set by their ancestor in 1718, when their fine old city was threatened by Bonnet and his pirates.

Colonel Rhett went to Governor Johnson and asked permission to fit out an expedition against Bonnet at his own expense. The Governor was happy to comply, since the province itself was helpless, and there were no warships along the coast. Rhett had learned that Bonnet was ready, or would soon be ready, with his three vessels, well armed. He was given a commission, and presently fitted out and manned with fighting Carolinians two sloops, the *Henry*, of eight guns and seventy men, and the *Sea Nymph*, of eight guns and sixty men. Rhett went aboard the *Henry*, and on September 10 sailed across the harbor to Sullivan's Island, to complete his preparations. Sullivan's Island (mis-called Swillivant's Island by an early pirate historian and his later paraphrasers) plays a further part in Charleston's history, for it was on it that Fort Moultrie was built years later.

Rhett took supplies aboard, and on September 15 crossed the bar of Charleston and set out to capture his pirates. He wasted several days in the pursuit of rumors, but finally arrived at Cape Fear on the evening of September 26.

As soon as he entered the river, he went aground on the sandbar with both his sloops. The Carolinians could see the top-

masts of the pirate fleet, beyond a bend in the river bank. Simultaneously, Bonnet's watchers brought him word of the hostile-looking vessels at the mouth of the river, and the pirates prepared for action.

At dawn Bonnet hoisted his anchors and sailed down the river to meet his enemy, all sails set. Rhett had got off the sandbars, and weighing anchor, went to meet the pirates. Their two sloops took positions upon either quarter of the *Royal James*, and forced her aground. The Carolina sloops themselves grounded only a few minutes later. The *Sea Nymph* was out of range, but the *Henry* was within pistol shot.

At the outset of this extraordinary struggle it appeared that the god of battles was with the pirates. Both the pirate ship and the *Henry* careened on their sandy beds, both leaning in the same direction, and in such manner that the deck of the Carolinian was wholly exposed to the point-blank fire of the pirate, while the latter's deck was sheltered from the fire of Rhett's guns by the tipped-up hull.

Nevertheless, Rhett began pounding away with all the guns he could bring to bear on the pirate.

For five hours the combatants awaited the tide that would float them, meantime using both large and small arms as well as they could. Rhett's deck was swept by merciless musket fire, and his men had to be satisfied with inflicting what damage they could on the pirate's hull.

Whoever got first afloat would win the battle. That was understood by everybody on both sides. So Bonnet and Rhett watched the tide flow in for five hours, and never has a tide meant more to men than did that tide in the Cape Fear river to all those gallant lads, pirates and pirate-chasers, on that September day in 1718.

There was a good deal of droll mockery back and forth between the two ships. The pirates waved a red flag at the Carolinians, and kept asking Rhett to come aboard. This the stout Colonel from Charleston was fully resolved to do, if he could get afloat before being destroyed.



The *Henry* began to float first! The pirates were sorely alarmed, and some of them demanded that their chief surrender at once. But Bonnet wasn't that kind of a pirate. He had surrendered too often in the great house at Bridgetown. He told his men that he would fire the magazine himself if any man attempted to surrender.

But the debate continued among the pirates, although Bonnet took his stand on the deck, two pistols in his hands, and tried to shoot all the defeatists.

The *Henry*, now altogether afloat, made for the *Royal James*, and Rhett gave the order to board.

Bonnet was beaten. His men prevailed. They ran up a white flag in spite of their chief, and the defeated freebooter received Colonel Rhett on board the *James* and gave up his sword like a genuine Major of His Majesty's forces in distress.

Rhett lost twelve men killed and eighteen badly wounded. The pirates suffered rather fewer casualties.

#### IV

Colonel Rhett sailed into Charleston harbor amid public excitement comparable to that of Armistice Day. He brought with him not only his own two sloops, but also the *Royal James*, and the two Bonnet sloops that had remained out of the fight. He also brought Stede Bonnet, the most redoubtable pirate afloat, and thirty of his men.

Bonnet and his pirates were delivered to Provost-Marshal Nathaniel Partridge, who was obliged to turn the rank and file of the men over to the military for safekeeping in an army guardhouse, since there was no adequate prison. Major Bonnet at once made an impression upon his captors. It was evident that he was a fellow of quality, and the South Carolinians could never be guilty of confining such a personage along with the rag-tag of the piratical world. So Major Bonnet was invited to be the guest of the marshal at his home, but with the formality of two guards at his door.

David Herriot, loyal sailing master for Bonnet, also managed to get himself transferred to the marshal's home, and Ignatius Pell, one of the pirates who had agreed to turn King's evidence, was lodged there to keep him from being killed by the other pirates. Thus the marshal had a full house.

Major Bonnet had behaved himself in such magnificent fashion that he quite captured the imagination of many good residents of Charleston. He was a good-looking man, dignified and gracious, and it was known that he was not understood at home. What wonder that the town was soon divided into pro-Bonnets and anti-Bonnets! There were some major disturbances in the city while preparations for the trial were under way, and there was a considerable demand that this gentleman pirate be permitted to go his way in such peace as he could muster.

The pro-Bonnet movement finally settled down to a plot for the pirate's delivery, and this was effected, apparently, by bribing the guards. Herriot the faithful went along, and a party of Bonnetites was waiting with a boat. This was on October 25, three days before the trial of the pirates was scheduled to begin.

Governor Johnson immediately offered a reward of £700 for the recapture of Bonnet and Herriot. He sent out the hue and cry, replaced the provost-marshal with a person who was thought to be less susceptible to the blandishments of gentle manners, and called Colonel Rhett into conference.

Rhett was never found wanting in time of need. He set out at once with a small party, and trailed the fugitives to Sullivan's Island, where they had been forced by rough weather and shortage of supplies to land.

Bonnet and his little band of faithful followers were hiding in the brush among the sandhills. They were surrounded and fired upon, but made an effort to defend themselves. When Herriot fell beside his master, Bonnet seemed to lose all his fighting ardor. He surrendered and was

taken back to Charleston. This time he was put in close confinement.

Meantime, the trial of the other pirates was under way before a special admiralty court, presided over by the notable Nicholas Trott, one of the most picturesque tyrants who ever graced the bench.

The pirates had a grand trial, with an imposing bench crowded with twelve prominent citizens who acted as judges under the presidency of Trott. The defendants were not allowed counsel. Trott frequently interrupted the proceedings to denounce them, and he spoke to the prisoners as one might to so many very naughty dogs. All but four of them were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Bonnet was captured before the trial of his men was completed, but he was not brought to trial until two days after his old companions in arms had been hanged at White Point, near Charleston. The bodies of the pirates were buried between high and low water, in a marsh.

The hanging of his men transformed poor Bonnet. Once the most swaggering and daring of the sea rogues, he now became a shaking, shuddering coward, abjectly pleading for his life. Facing death in a bloody fight at sea, he had been invincible. Bullying his crew of brawling brutes, he had shone as a master whom the worst of men feared to cross. But now, as his merry men swung lightly in the soft November breezes, and he himself faced judgment, he became even more craven than the Major Bonnet who had suffered quietly so long under the lash of a shrewish wife.

The same court that had tried his men tried Bonnet, and Tyrant Trott again presided. He was not so rough with the chief as he had been with the common seamen; not for a moment, indeed, did anybody forget that Bonnet was a rich man and a gentleman.

But the pirate chief was not allowed counsel. Occasionally he ventured to speak in his own defence, and when he did so he spoke humbly and as a broken reed.

"May it please Your Honours," he said, "and the rest of the gentlemen, though I must confess myself a sinner, and the greatest of sinners, yet I am not guilty of what I am charged with."

Trott interrupted to ask him what he had to say in answer to the witnesses who had testified to having been captured by him.

Bonnet, with the straightest face in the world, replied that he had never taken any part in the seizure of a vessel, except when he was acting as Blackbeard's clerk. He explained that when piracies were committed by the men under his charge, when he was sailing in his own ship, it happened because he was asleep in his cabin, and had no knowledge of what the men were doing.

Trott's charge to the jury was a much better speech for the prosecution than either of the prosecuting attorneys had made. He wound it up with this cynical play:

"So I think the evidence have proved the fact upon him: but I shall leave this to your consideration."

The verdict was guilty, and the sentence was that Bonnet be hanged.

Trott, in passing sentence, read a long document in which he quoted Holy Scripture for more than an hour to prove that the prisoner would go direct from the scaffold to Hell, to take his "part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

## V

December 10 was named for the execution of the sentence. Bonnet spent the time until then pleading for his life and planning for a reprieve. He sent a message to Colonel Rhett, who had twice captured him, begging the gallant Colonel to do something for him.

Rhett admired and pitied the fallen pirate. He admired him as a gallant fighter and a pleasant gentleman, and he pitied him in his present plight, because he had heard the story of the scolding wife in

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Barbadoes who had driven this estimable fellow to destruction.

Rhett comes very near being the hero of the story. He actually came forward and tried to persuade Governor Johnson to permit him to take Bonnet to England for another trial. He offered to be surety for the prisoner (and this after Bonnet had once escaped!) and likewise offered to furnish the ship to take him to the other side.

Rhett worked for nothing and always turned up when needed, but he is one hero whose city hasn't forgotten. In one of the old churchyards in Charleston, within a few feet of one of the principal streets of the town, I found his grave, covered by a great granite block on which is carved:

In hopes of a joyful resurrection  
Here rests the body of  
COL. WILLIAM RHETT,  
late of this parish,

Principall officer of His Majesties Customs in this Province.

He was a person that on all occasions prompted the Publick good of this Colony and severall times generously and successfully ventured his life in defence of the same

He was a kind Husband, a tender Father, a faithful Friend, a Charitable Neighbour, a religious and constant worshipper of God

He was borne in London 4th Sept. 1666  
Arrived and settled in this country  
19th Novemr. 1694  
And dyed suddenly but not unprepared  
12th Janry. 1722  
in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Good old Rhett! He would have taken Bonnet for a ride to the motherland in the hope of saving a fine pirate and a noble swasher of bucklers, of whom he knew the world had all too few! But Governor Johnson would have none of it. Someone produced an insulting letter to the Governor, which, it was claimed, Bonnet had written the night before the battle on the sandbars at Cape Fear. In this bit of bravado, Bonnet boasted that if he should win the fight he would take up his station off Charleston and burn every vessel coming in or going out. Bonnet must hang, declared Johnson.

Now Bonnet reached the depths. He wrote to Governor Johnson an abject letter, in which he humiliated himself far below the level to which a brave man commonly is supposed to descend, even in the gravest emergencies. He said, among other things:

I intreat you not to let me fall a Sacrifice to the Envy and ungodly Rage of some few Men, who, not being yet satisfied with Blood, feign to believe that if I had the Happiness of a longer life in this world, I should still employ it in a wicked Manner, which to remove that, and all other Doubts with your Honour, I heartily beseech you'll permit me to live, and I'll voluntarily put it ever out of my Power by separating all my Limbs from my Body, only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on, and pray to the Lord my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes to work out confident Hopes of my Salvation, at that great and dreadful Day when all righteous Souls shall receive their just rewards.

This crawling in ashes went even further. The fearsome pirate begged that he might be permitted, after severing his arms and legs from his body, to go far inland, out of sight of the sea, and there serve the Governor in some menial capacity for the rest of his life. His parting benediction to the Governor was:

Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, thro the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his Will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his Sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be Glory forever and ever, is the hearty prayer of

Your Honour's  
Most Miserable, and  
Afflicted Servant,  
STEDE BONNET.

But the Governor was not impressed. Perhaps he suspected that the jolly freebooter did but jest, and that respite would but increase his chances for escape and further depredations.

So on the appointed day Stede Bonnet was hanged at White Point, and buried in the sand, between the rising and falling of the tide. When he was brought to the gallows he was but semi-conscious. Fear had practically killed him before the noose was about his neck.

## SAINT ANDY

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MARK TWAIN, with his customary obtuseness in such matters, called Andrew Carnegie Saint Andrew, and few have seen fit since to dissent publicly from that judgment. No other American captain of industry has been so gently handled by posterity. All of the rest have been written down for the hardy old pirates that they were, and their anti-social conduct has been subjected to open and severe comment for years. But Carnegie has managed to escape the assault. He has been treated, indeed, in quite the opposite fashion. Fundamentally, however, he was no better than the rest of his contemporaries, and his escape from the shower of mud they received is to be accounted for by three facts: first, he was lucky; second, he liked to put his thoughts on paper, and, since he had the gift for persuasive utterance, they seemed to place his conduct above reproach; and third, he openly and ostentatiously gave away during his lifetime most of the money he had cadged. Plainly enough, none of these facts was sufficient to raise him to sainthood, not even the third. But if he was no better than the other brigands of his generation, he was certainly no worse, as will appear from an examination of his career. He was simply one of the gang. That gang included the Rockefellers, Flagler, Frick, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould, Oliver, Thaw, Thompson, Harriman—the whole noisome crowd to which, as the egregious Divine-Right Baer put it, "God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to give control of the property interests of the country."

All of these men were far less individuals than personal embodiments of the forces

collectively known as the Industrial Revolution. Carnegie's father was ruined in Scotland by the application of power to weaving: it destroyed the putting-out system. Once in America, Andy, as he delighted in being called, was fortunate or canny enough to be caught up and carried to success by the very forces that had ruined his father. He progressed from the steam cotton-mill to the telegraph business, and then to railroading. He made his first substantial bit of money in an adjunct of railroading, the Woodruff sleeping-car business, later abandoned to Pullman. He dabbled successfully in oil, but abandoned it to Rockefeller. Returning to his first success, railroading, he saw money in iron bridges, then being substituted for wooden ones. From that it was an easy step to owning foundries and mines, and the necessary transport facilities to tie up the two. In 1868 he was instrumental in introducing into the United States the Bessemer process of steel manufacturing. From that point on his career was simply a progress from one triumph of organization to another, culminating in the Carnegie Steel Company of 1899, which was absorbed into the United States Steel Corporation in 1901. Between 1850, when he got his first real start, and 1901, he had accumulated properties valued at \$500,000,000.

According to the Encyclopedia Americana this colossal accumulation was the product of "steady labor, sagacity and self-culture, the natural working of the highest powers on opportunities open to all and less to him than to most." All this is highly dubious. His original accumu-



tions, as we have seen, had a direct relationship to railroading, an occupation in those days closely akin to buccaneering. A Senate investigation committee in 1885 found that the "effect of the prevailing policy of railroad management is, by an elaborate system of secret special rates, rebates, drawbacks and concessions, to foster monopoly, to enrich favorite shippers, to prevent free competition in many lines of trade in which the item of transportation is an important factor." That sufficiently indicates the atmosphere of the time, and it must be emphasized that Carnegie never claimed to be morally superior to his associates and rivals. He passed no adverse comments on the railroad morals then prevailing, and he undoubtedly had no qualms about profiting by another practice of the railroad men—the practice of playing favorites among the purveyors of supplies. As he candidly confessed in his autobiography, he accepted a substantial reward from Woodruff for engineering the sale of the inventor's first sleeping-cars. And it is not casting the slightest aspersion on him to presume that his success in getting bridge contracts was not entirely divorced from this practice.

Once started, all was well. Money breeds money. The drift of American life fairly forced it into his hands. Alderson, his biographer, says: "He appeared with his magnificent manufacturing facilities just at the period when the prosperity of America was in its infancy. . . . He had reduced the cost of production to a minimum. By means of his railway and steamboat services he had brought his mineral resources within easy access of his foundries, and had acquired every tool and process necessary to manipulate with his own materials, and, by his own workmen, the rough ore into the finished product." Carnegie was a man of his time, and in those days captains of industry were surely not saints.

John D. Rockefeller, who has put his money to very good use on occasion, has never been called a saint. Yet Mark

Sullivan, surely no Bolshevik, suggests gently in "Our Times" that Rockefeller's business methods in dealing with competitors were more humane than Carnegie's. Rockefeller's programme was to endeavor to absorb his rivals, and, only if that was not possible, to smash them. Carnegie rarely tried peaceful absorption (he made only two additions to his steel business in that way), but preferred to smash from the word go. He was for ruthless competition. "Carnegie," says Sullivan, "generally paid no attention to his rivals except to gloat when his methods made them squirm or succumb."

Though his theory, nine times out of ten, was milder than his practice, in this instance they pretty well harmonized. He stuck closely to the doctrine that whatever is, is right. He believed that individualism, private property (in its extremest interpretation), the law of the accumulation of wealth (in the manner peculiar to the period 1850-1900), and the law of competition (vicious and unregulated) were not temporary adjustments peculiar to a phase of human history, but the laws of civilization itself. "We accept," he wrote, "and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment; the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few; and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential to the future progress of the race."

## II

Since he drew his philosophy from his own experience, no one can say that it was not a workable philosophy of success. One can only observe that it had no universal significance. It was the product of an unusual experience. Individualism is a doctrine of peculiar appeal to all independent mentalities, but it easily runs into destructive excess. As allied to the extreme notions about private property and competition that Carnegie entertained, it be-

came downright vicious. When he undertook to market his steel company in 1901, his greatest weapon was to threaten the Morgan interests with his competition in pipe-making and railroading. This competition was too much for even Morgan to face.

Since Carnegie did not feel morally superior to his age, he felt no obligations to his workmen beyond those assumed by his class generally. From his earliest days he felt an admiration for his successful superiors, as one can deduce from his autobiography, that quite overshadowed his professed sympathy with the working class. As early as 1856 he was instrumental in breaking a strike in the following manner. A blacksmith for whom he had done a favor revealed to him that a group of workmen had signed a round-robin agreeing to strike if certain demands were not accepted. Carnegie notified his superior, who posted a notice discharging all the signers of the round-robin, a copy of which he had obtained. Afterward he observed of this business complacently: "Slight attentions or a kind word to the humble often bring back reward as great as it is unlooked for."

Much nearer the heart of his real attitude toward labor than his theoretical acceptance of trade unionism and his delight in being called Andy by his employes, is this passage: "Those who insure steady employment to thousands *at wages not lower than others pay, need not be ashamed of their record.*" Competition then determined conditions in the Carnegie mills, and those conditions were horrible. With peculiar obtuseness Carnegie wrote in his autobiography: "I remember after Vandy and I had gone around the world, and were walking the streets of Pittsburgh, we decided that the Americans were the saddest-looking race we had ever seen." That is not astonishing if the conditions then prevailing at the Homestead works are brought to mind.

It is not necessary to discuss at length the great Homestead strike of 1892, but

three observations are very pertinent in dealing with it. First, whatever one may think of the case presented by the workmen, it is unanimously agreed that Carnegie's associate, Henry C. Frick, was the primary cause of all the trouble, and particularly of the armed conflict between the strikers and the Pinkertons. Historians of the labor movement, economic historians, and the congressional committee of investigation all agree on that point. Second, the idea that if Carnegie had been in charge, there would have been no trouble seems to be a mistaken one. Samuel Gompers, in "Seventy Years of Life and Labor," says that it was proved after the event, but I do not know how. It is undoubtedly proved, however, that Carnegie refused to interfere with Frick, notoriously a labor baiter, on the technical ground that his lieutenants had unrestrained jurisdiction in their departments. And in his autobiography he unequivocally said that the demands of the men were "outrageously wrong" and that "had I been at home, nothing would have induced me to yield to this unfair attempt to extort." Third, whatever Carnegie may have written on labor's rights, his attitude in this crucial affair clearly proves that he put his own advantage above any consideration for the men and their unions, for, as Common's "History of Labor" says, "The defeat meant not only the loss by the union of the Homestead plant but the elimination of unionism in most of the mills in the Pittsburgh region. Where the great Carnegie Company led, the others had to follow." Thus his pose as a friend of labor seems absurd.

It becomes even more absurd when the conditions under which the men at Homestead lived are brought to mind. Alderson observed (1901) that "nowhere has the drive and strain been more intense, and the discipline more rigorous and unbending than in the works of the Carnegie Company." That drive and strain, under a twelve-hour day—twelve hours to work, ten hours to sleep and eat, two hours to

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go to and from work and obtain recreation—at wages dictated by competition, made Homestead. Theodore Dreiser was in Pittsburgh in 1893 and visited the town. In "A Book About Myself" he says:

Along the river sprawled for a quarter of a mile or more the huge length of the furnaces, great black bottle-like affairs with rows of stacks and long low sheds or buildings paralleling them, sheds from which came a continuous hammering and sputtering and the glow of red fire. The whole was shrouded by a pall of gray smoke, even in the bright sunshine. Above the plant, on a slope which rose steeply behind it, were a few moderately attractive dwellings grouped about two small parks, the trees of which were languishing for want of air. Behind and to the sides of these were the spires of several churches, those soporifics against failure and despair. Turning up side streets one found, invariably, uniform frame houses, closely built and dulled by smoke and grime, and below, on the flats behind the mill, were cluttered alleys so unsightly and unsanitary as to shock me into the belief that I was once more witnessing the lowest phases of Chicago slum-life, the worst I had ever seen. The streets were mere mudtracks. Where there were trees (and there were few) they were dwarfed and their foliage withered by a metallic fume which was over all. Though the sun was bright at the top of the hill, down here it was gray, almost cloudy, at best a filtered dull gold haze.

If a more genial opinion is preferred, there is that of Hamlin Garland:

The streets were horrible; the buildings poor; the sidewalks were sunken and full of holes; and the crossings were formed of sharp-edged stones like rocks in a river bed. Everywhere the yellow mud of the streets lay kneaded into sticky masses, through which groups of pale, lean men slouched in faded garments, grimy with the soot and dirt of the mills. The town was as squalid as could well be imagined, and the people were mainly of the discouraged type to be found everywhere where labor passes into the brutalizing stage of severity.

It was out of such places that Andy made his money. The creation of them was not exactly saintly conduct.

### III

Carnegie's mental compensations for the brutality of his business methods, necessitated by the conditions of his time, were three. First, he had an aggressive belief in democracy which took the form of uncritical pæans of praise for American con-

ditions and unrestrained ridicule for the aristocratic pretensions of Europe. Second, he took an extreme anti-war and, by extension, anti-imperialist stand. And lastly, there were his notions about the distribution of his wealth.

His belief in democracy was a reflex of his own success in America and found its best expression in his book, "Triumphant Democracy," of which Mathew Arnold caustically observed: "You should read Carnegie's book. He and most Americans are simply unaware that nothing in it touches the capital defect of life over there: namely, that compared to life in England it is so uninteresting, so without savor and without depth." Carnegie's belief in democracy did not prevent him from holding a philosophy that aggressively favored the growth of a plutocracy.

His second enthusiasm resulted in the foundation of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and in the violence of his writings at the time of the Spanish War. The latter phase of his activity is adequately disposed of in a letter that John Hay wrote to Whitelaw Reid on November 29, 1898: "Carnegie really seems to be off his head. He writes me frantic letters, signing them 'Your Bitterest Opponent.' He threatens the President not only with the vengeance of the voters, but with practical punishment at the hands of the mob. He says that henceforth the entire labor vote of America will be cast against us and that he will see that it is done. He says that the administration will fall into irretrievable ruin the moment it shoots down one insurgent Filipino. He does not seem to reflect that the government is in a somewhat robust condition after shooting down several American citizens in his interest at Homestead."

Carnegie's notions about the disposal of his wealth assumed the proportions of a justification of his whole career. "No one," says the admiring *Encyclopedia Americana*, "ever so royally returned to the public what he had (to its own benefit) drawn from the public." This is quite in



harmony with Carnegie's own views. He, too, believed that he had extracted his money from the public for its own good. He believed that the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few was of benefit to all. "So far from it being a fact," he once said, "that 'millionaires at one end of the scale means paupers at the other,' the reverse is obviously true. In a country where millionaires exist there is very little excuse for pauperism. . . . I know . . . that my progress has inevitably carried with it not the 'growing poverty' but the growing riches of my fellow countrymen. . . . The condition of the masses is satisfactory just in proportion as a country is blessed with millionaires."

Such were Carnegie's deductions from his observations at a period when "the process of polarization into the little groups of fabulously rich and the large group of embarrassingly poor" was most active. Contradicting his own vociferous adherence to individualism and democracy, he said, speaking of the Cooper fortune, that "much of this sum, if distributed in small quantities among the people, would have been wasted in the indulgence of appetite, some of it in excess, and it may be doubted whether even the part put to the best use would have yielded results for the race, as a race, at all comparable to those which are flowing and are to flow from the Cooper Institute from generation to generation."

This is in curious contradiction to his own root idea of individualism, and a direct aspersion on his beloved Democratic Man. Carnegie believed that it was desirable to pile up fortunes, to be given away later, by making slaves of men, as he did at Homestead, and depriving them of wages that would allow them any latitude of conduct. Their hardships were for the good of the race. But since when have the working people been counted out of the human race? Why not allow them a little fun and freedom while they are still on earth? Carnegie's notions, indeed, were perilously near the I. W. W. caricature:

Work and pray,  
Live on hay,  
You'll get pie  
In the sky  
When you die  
Bye and bye.

Not believing, then, that his methods of accumulating wealth were in any way subject to criticism, he felt at ease to devote his attention to giving his money away. It seems to me a confession of the total futility and aimlessness of money-accumulation that he could find no better justification for his hoard than to return it to the people. The creation of vast industrial works is certainly not an ignoble life-work. In building up the Carnegie Steel Company, Carnegie raised a monument to himself. Criticize his methods as we may, the technical achievement remains. But that achievement must have seemed futile to him, for he spent years trying to get rid of its rewards. Out of the effort came his many trusts and foundations. One may note that none of them seems to have made any visible improvement in the condition of the race. Carnegie's whole career, indeed, was rendered vain by his failure to see that the race (for which he has so much concern) would have been better served had he devoted himself to improving the living conditions of his own employes, and to more equitably distributing the profits that accrued to him. Making the capitalist system measurably more humane would have been a far more laudable activity, obviously, than merely redistributing money extorted in a piratical fashion.

With the lack of sympathy typical of a man who himself rose from the ranks Carnegie cared little for the downtrodden and disinherited. He preferred to help what he called the "swimming tenth." It was impossible for him to imagine that men could be defeated by forces beyond their control. His libraries were designed to help those already on the upgrade. Most of his funds and foundations were planned so that they assisted those already freed from the effects of grinding poverty. His most spec-



taacular endowments—those connected with the peace movement—have chiefly been of use only to established and respectable scholars. The peace propaganda paid for by his money has never been directed against the causes of wars. For this reason it has done little to save the common man from being butchered and having to butcher. On the other hand, it has provided international lawyers and professional historians with good, well-paid positions. At the moment, his money is being used to publish an elaborate series of volumes that tell in detail the political and economic shifts to which the warring governments were put during the late conflict. But none of it has gone directly to help the revisionist historians!

Yet the very prodigality which marked the redistribution of his money has made the world forget the conditions under which the money was accumulated. It has forgotten that Carnegie was one of the gang from 1850 to 1900. It was in the last nineteen years of his life that he acquired his saintliness.

The society of which he was so typical a product marked the triumph of the industrial bourgeoisie. It had him as its most sophisticated man of action, William Dean Howells as its poet, John Fisk as its historian, and Mark Hanna as its politician. Everybody was supposed to be happy and all was supposed to be well. But only supposed to be, for during the period from 1850 to 1900, history records nothing more frequently than fraud and corruption. Don Seitz has tried to popularize the designation, "dreadful," for one of its decades. Yet in that decade Carnegie was serenely sure that the standard of commercial morality was very high. Apparently he never saw very much beyond the end of his nose. He never at any time pretended to be, or expressed a desire to be, superior to his fellow buccaneers.

After he had given away his money, the public fell on his neck and called him a saint. But to do so it was necessary to make considerable use of that excellent mental mechanism known as selective forgetting.

# CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*The Manners of Our Presidents.*—John Adams, disgruntled over his failure to be reelected, refused to attend the inauguration of his successor and further flung an insult at the latter by noisily leaving the scene of the inauguration a few hours before the ceremony. Andrew Johnson, similarly bitter over his failure to be renominated, snubbed his successor by publicly declining to ride with him to his inaugural celebration. James Madison, miffed by his charming wife's admirers, periodically took to making *sotto voce* cracks about them behind their backs in his drawing-room and would on occasion get so sore over an unduly prolonged hand-kiss that he would bustle querulously out of the room. James Monroe used tooth-picks in the presence of his guests, and Andrew Jackson relished smelly cheeses so greatly—he served them regularly at his White House dinners—that the ladies sitting near him at table had to use extra-large fans. John Quincy Adams perspired copiously and, after wiping the beads from his face, would dangle his wet handkerchief to and fro, spreading moisture over everybody about him. Martin Van Buren invariably drank coffee out of the saucer and was restrained from doing so when important visitors were enjoying his hospitality only by the preliminary entreaties of his son's wife, who was mistress of the White House during most of his term. William Henry Harrison, who died of pneumonia, was subject to heavy colds and was a prodigious and fortissimo nose-blower. John Tyler was a victim of liver trouble and had a habit of discussing his more intimate symptoms with the ladies. James K. Polk, in turn, suffered from a certain complaint peculiar to most babies,

which led him, unfortunately, into predicaments embarrassing to his White House guests. It was to this fact that observers of the period attributed his considerate wife's abolition of dancing at White House receptions.

Zachary Taylor was a victim of chronic indigestion, from which he eventually died, and was a Gargantuan belcher. Millard Fillmore, his successor to the throne, would frequently doze off and snore gently in the presence of his guests and had to be covertly poked in the ribs by his daughter, Mary Abigail, who acted as mistress of the White House. Franklin Pierce, a veritable movie actor in looks and carriage, had a habit of scratching his head in a peculiar manner. Like Taylor, he also suffered from indigestion and middle trouble, which led him to indulge in periodic loud throat splutters. James Buchanan, during whose reign the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was a White House guest, greatly embarrassed his royal visitor by inadvertently making a *mot* on avoirdupois, and Abraham Lincoln, God rest his noble soul, on several occasions appeared in public, to the dismay of the general, with his pantaloons unbuttoned. Andrew Johnson, already alluded to, who as a youngster had worked as a journeyman tailor, was wont to comment on the cut and fit of his guests's clothes, much after the manner of present-day movie ex-cloak and suit magnificoes. Grant, like the good Methodist he was, used often to hit the bottle in private and to show up nicely enameled. A smoker of strong cigars, he liked to blow rings at persons with whom he was talking and almost suffocated them with his Pittsburghian exhalations. Rutherford B. Hayes, also a Methodist and

married to a Methodist wife, refused to serve wine to his White House guests and on one occasion permitted his wife peremptorily so to inform the French ambassador when the latter, doubtless aching for a drink, politely and silently indicated his discomfort.

Garfield carried an ivory ear-pick and his successor, Chester A. Arthur, had a habit of clearing his throat like an auctioneer. Grover Cleveland, peace be to his august ashes, for all his heft liked to cock his feet up on the table, and Benjamin Harrison, according to persons who had watched him in action, never learned that one used the soup spoon in a thitherward rather than an approaching direction. McKinley, though a Methodist, was a gentlemanly host and allowed his White House guests the appropriate tipples but could never rid himself of the habit of eyeing them with critical disapproval when they reached the third glass. Roosevelt had no tact in mixing his guests and would thus often bring great embarrassment to his dinner table. In addition, he was given to an abrupt turning of his back upon anyone who momentarily displeased him and to a periodic curtness of speech toward his helpless inferiors. Taft, whose estimable sister-in-law acted as mistress of the White House during his wife's illness and who inaugurated the custom of five o'clock teas in the executive mansion, always was ill at ease with a tea cup and had a terrible time keeping the contents from spilling onto his lap, and the eminent Woodrow was given to taking off his glasses while chatting with a lady and, during her share of the colloquy, distractingly polishing them with his handkerchief. Harding, a snappy dresser, was extremely self-conscious of his clothes and, try as he would, could never hide the fact. Nor could he take his eyes off the clothes of men conversing with him, as if silently appraising their relative inferiority to his own.

The Hon. Calvin Coolidge not long ago received into the house of the First Lady

in the Land the quondam Mrs. Charlie Chaplin.

No. 3.—Pursuing my series of suggestions to the Creator by way of aiding Him to make a more satisfactory job of things, I take the liberty of bringing to His attention today the matter of the human eye. In the initial fabrication of this eye, it seems to me that He overlooked an important point and, in the overlooking, contributed further to the unhappiness of His creatures. It is the current misfortune of mortals that their eyes remain relatively young while their bodies grow old. That is, in a psychological, not a biological, sense. The eye of a man of fifty remains youthful in its appraisal of feminine charms, plays the constant Iago to his corporeal self, and so tortures him. The eye of a woman of forty remains similarly girlish in its view of the boys, plays in turn constantly the derisory critic to her own waning charms, and so tortures her. Something should be done about it to bring peace and contentment to the hapless children of earth. I shall exert my influence with a negligent Almighty the day I arrive in Heaven.

*Criticism as a Profession.*—The day when critics were looked upon as those who had failed at other professions and, a starved lot, were simply taking out their grudge against men who had succeeded where they couldn't, is pretty well gone. Criticism is at present one of the most lucrative of the artistic pursuits, and not only its more conspicuous practitioners but many of its lesser ones as well number themselves among the well-heeled of the world, ride around in Spanish-Swiss automobiles, have two pairs of pants to each suit and eat six or seven regular meals a day, with wine. In America, the financial rewards of critics are in many instances not only equal to those of novelists and playwrights but are often considerably greater. And few musicians of the higher order, not more than two or three librettists and certainly no

painters or sculptors can match income tax returns with at least a dozen of the fault-finding brotherhood.

When I started out in newspaper work in the early nineteen hundreds, the salaries paid to music, literary and dramatic critics were about on a level with what a good Chinese laundryman earns today. At the present time, the big newspapers not only pay these critics well, but often pay them more than any other men on their rolls, save only those in the high chair jobs and perhaps a star sports or feature writer here and there. Some newspapers, indeed, pay certain of their critics salaries hitherto unheard of in journalism: two have paid as many of their critics \$25,000 each a year, another pays one of its professors a like amount, and the income of several Solomons on still other papers, what with a share of syndicated and magazine revenue, runs almost as high. One New York journal has offered a certain critic \$50,000 a year, to which offer the critic in question, due to more enriching concerns, has turned a cold ear. Among the critics of the arts who write for the periodicals and who enjoy book royalties, there are records of much more opulent figures. One critic of politics averages an income of more than \$125,000 a year. Others, exercising their talents in other fields of criticism, have incomes from their writings, syndicated and otherwise, and from investments from their writings, ranging from \$40,000 yearly to \$100,000.

Criticism is enjoying a bull market. It is at last giving people the show that they longed for and that took it years to master, and the people are rushing to its tent to watch the animals dancing to the whip.

*Postscript to the Above.*—Departing from a consideration of such vulgar concerns and scrutinizing the body of critical practice in America, one wen in particular takes on a painful conspicuity. The outstanding flaw in this critical body is not, as is often maintained by critics of criticism, a cheap level of artistic judgment but rather a

cheap level of personal chemistry. Among our critics we have men whose opinions are honest, sound and convincing, but we also have many more whose opinions, while perhaps equally honest and sound so far as they go, lack complete conviction because of an infiltration, which they cannot conceal, of the essentially snide men they themselves are. A snide man may write intelligent criticism, but he can't write criticism that persuades others save intelligent men who are similarly snide. Out of some of the most interesting criticism being written in America today there steam traces of this snideness, and the impression that one consequently gets of it is of a deodorant applied not so much to the art and persons it criticizes as to the authentic, half-sensed and sweatingly concealed shabbiness of the critic himself.

*Postscript II.*—The word *vulgar*, appearing promiscuously in American criticism, is the emptiest word in the critical vocabulary. Indiscriminately and with a supercilious snoot visited upon the writings of some of our best artists, its users betray simply their own shanty fastidiousness, to say nothing of their ignorance of the platitudinous fact that some of the grantedly greatest art that the world has known has been as vulgar as pigs' feet. What, may one ask, would these critics say today of an artist whose characters expectorated all over the place, talked of whores and intimate biological functions and discoursed on human sex indulgence in terms of animals; who treated of incest, named certain of his women characters after the social diseases and their consequences and descended to the lowest form of gutter speech; whose characters were christened after the more esoteric portions of the human anatomy and after the act of copulation, drank themselves into a state of stomach sickness, indulged in a prodigious belching, never failed to speak of disgusting odors, and swore like bohunks? That is, conceiving a second coming, of an artist like Shakespeare?



# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *Distrust of Criticism*

MUCH of the layman's distrust of criticism is to be accounted for by the distrust of criticism by critics themselves, so often frankly and substantiatingly voiced. Even the more intelligent and meritorious critics at times produce criticism so hollow and absurd that the least intelligent and least meritorious have no difficulty in detecting its nonsense and, one fears somewhat cockily, announcing it for all to hear. Under the circumstances it is not strange that the layman should grow skeptical of all criticism, just as he grows skeptical of all oysters if he happens to catch a single bad one.

## II

### *More*

The extent to which laymen expect criticism to be infallible, thus raising the ante on the Lord Almighty Himself, is clearly perceived by critics when they happen occasionally to fall into blunder. Let a critic be exact in his facts for three hundred and sixty-four days and on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, due perhaps to a dose of defective wassail, slip ever so mildly and at once he is beset by bushels of letters, countless sidewalk encounters and a terrific telephone din deriding and denouncing him for his break. In hardly another line of human activity is dead certainty expected of a man as it is in the field of critical enterprise. A tailor may periodically confect a pair of pants with a waistline that massages one's ears, a musician may now and then hit a note so sour that it gives the ear cholera morbus, a judge may at times hand down a decision that would disgrace a bush-league baseball

umpire, and all that happens is a stray groan or a cuss word. But let a critic inadvertently so much as assign an artist to the 1730's when he belongs in the 1740's and a gigantic heehawing and objurgation descend upon him. In this, of course, one detects a species of revenge on the part of the layman. Regarding even the most shy, modest and unassuming critic as a pompous know-it-all, the layman lies patiently in wait month upon month and year upon year for a chance to get a crack at him. And when that chance comes, as come it must soon or late in the direction of any mortal whose profession is controversy, he lets fly at the momentarily aberrant critic with an unmistakable and toothsome rejoicing.

## III

### *Still More*

It is an uncommon critic of literature or drama who does not, whatever the quality of an author's work, find himself ever so slightly drawn to and predisposed toward the author if the latter chances to select a theme and a viewpoint personally sympathetic to the critic. It thus comes about that many an inferior work is hospitably treated by an otherwise sound critic who has not been able altogether to pull himself away from the author's coinciding point of view and to regard the work singly from an artistic level.

## IV

### *The Lid*

At a theatrical censorship hearing in London some years ago, various eminentos in the world of British drama, literature and criticism were called upon to air their

views. One and all they delivered themselves of the ritualistic indignations on the subject: freedom of thought, untrammelled art, independence of expression, etc., etc. One and all, that is to say, with the exception of the late lamented Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley. Summoned into the box while the very atmosphere was jelling with his colleagues' dudgeon, Walkley was bidden to tell what he thought. A sudden stillness fell upon the chamber, for here was a wise and sane little fellow and what he would say would have weight. "What, Mr. Walkley," rang out the question, "is *your* opinion of censorship?"

Walkley cleared his throat.

Then he politely hid a suspicion of a yawn.

Then he said, placidly,

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that it doesn't matter a damn one way or another."

Although a punctilious gentleman whose use of the unparliamentary malison may be in some doubt, that is otherwise exactly what he did say, as the published records of the hearing, available to all and sundry, duly attest. And it strikes me, all things considered, that my old friend was right. Censorship, since the beginning of time, has amounted to little more in the final summing up of things than an irritating mosquito bite on the amplitudinous body of art. It has been annoying while it lasted, true enough, but it has never lasted very long in any one place or in any one important direction and no one has suffered from it save for a relatively short and negligible period. At the moment, indeed, I can think of no modern work of art, high or low, that official censorship has contrived to keep from the eye and ear of any one generation: sooner or later during the life of that generation the censorship has collapsed sufficiently to release the work in point. If it has been a play that has been suppressed, the printed version of the play has become available. If it has been a book, translators have come to the rescue with editions in other languages. But even these subterfuges and evasions have seldom been necessary.

The opponents of censorship, that is, those who make the loudest noise against it, are generally found to be professional firecrackers who have never calmly studied the question and who consequently imagine that because some official jackass claps the lid on a single book or play the entire art of literature and of drama are threatened forevermore. In the last fifty years, censorship in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, England and America has not retarded literature or drama one iota. Not a single reputable book or play has been successfully and completely lodged under the ban for more than a short time and, even if it had been, common-sense persuades us that it wouldn't have mattered so awfully much at that.

The chief howlers against censorship are usually of the same fraternity that gets itself magnificently worked up over theoretical atrocities in the other channels of life. You will find them, when there is no artistic censorship to inflame them, yelling against the anti-birth-controllers, as if birth control were not already a sufficiently practicable operation, against the Ku Klux, as if half-wits were transmuted into Machiavellis by the simple process of concealing their flat-heads in diapers, against the philosophy of Tennessee yokels, as if what Tennessee hill-billies believed this way or that mattered a hoot (which a couple of short years have proved very humorously that it doesn't), against a hundred and one such hypothetical catastrophes and dangers. The phrase, "the principle of the thing," is one of the emptiest in the language. The principle of a thing may occasionally be wrong, but the thing itself, after the hullabaloo is over, is usually discovered to take care of itself pretty well. Look back over the indignations of the last century and you will find that time has shown them to be more or less foolish. For a while they may have seemed justifiable and sound, but a few ticks of the big clock and all has become automatically tranquil again. I am against censorship of any kind in any direction

at any time, but if it comes now and then I do not permit myself to get steamed up over the fact any more than I do over any other human blunder. It will all come out in the wash, experience proves, in no time.

Reverting to Walkley's reflection, consider the matter of theatrical censorship in England and America in the last twenty years. In England a few good plays, among them one of Wedekind's and Shaw's "Androcles," have been denied a public hearing. What of it? "Androcles" may be purchased at any book shop in England and the Wedekind play, if I am not mistaken, together with several other proscribed lesser plays, has been shown by the professional play-society Sunday night groups. Certainly neither Wedekind nor Shaw has suffered in the least from such censorship. Nor has the English public at large, which, if I know anything about it, would doubtless have kept resolutely away from the Wedekind play, as the American public did when it was freely presented here, and which would in all likelihood have exhausted its patronage of the Shaw exhibit in very short order. As for the rest of British censorship, just what has it censored? Some sexy drivel by Noël Coward, a few lines reflecting upon the Queen's hats and the Prince's horsemanship in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and in an American song and dance show, a situation or so in several trivial farces, a few pieces of pseudo-religious claptrap, a bit of dialogue here and there in plays of more or less dubious quality and a play or two that have gone in for propaganda at the expense of sound drama. A few good plays, as I have noted, have been placed on the index, but just where has the art of drama or the British public been brought profoundly to suffer because of the fact? The art of drama hasn't suffered in the least; there isn't a reputable English author who isn't still writing exactly what he wants to write; and as for the abused British public, it is still spending its money on the same cheap music shows, detective plays

and tea-cart mush that it spent it on twenty years ago.

Take the Republic. In order to get a quick view of the situation, let us confine ourselves to the last few years. What has official theatrical censorship accomplished here? In New York, it has suppressed "Sex," "The Virgin Man," "The Drag," "The Captive," "Maya" and some naked chorus girls, and has brought about the deletion of a few lines in "Women Go On Forever" and "The Command To Love." "Sex" was pornographic garbage; "The Virgin Man" was pornographic rubbish; "The Drag" was even worse, according to report; "The Captive" was a dignified piece of work that dealt with the physical alarms of a Lesbian; "Maya," considerably beneath the quality of "The Captive," was a sentimental tale of prostitution; the naked chorus girls looked something terrible without silk and chiffon to hide their blemishes; "Women Go On Forever" was a box-office attempt at sex sensationalism; and "The Command To Love" was a farce that, as I have previously indicated, was actually naughtier after the censors edited it than it was before. In other words, freedom of speech and artistic independence were interfered with by censorship exactly to this extent: three pieces of out-and-out junk, saying nothing worth hearing, were shut down, some chorus girls were made to put on brassières, a fair play about harlots was closed, a few lines were altered in a couple of showshop pieces that didn't in the least matter artistically or in any other way, and one well-written play about a perverted woman's anatomical agonies was taken off the boards. Dismissing all save the last named as being unworthy of anyone's indignation, may one ask just how this last named play's suppression, after it had been displayed for several months, interfered greatly with freedom of expression and, if it did interfere, just what was the important nature of the expression? The printed version of "The Captive" remained available after the play's closing; the play was shown

subsequently without interference in several other cities, Cleveland and Baltimore among them; the newspapers and periodicals discussed its theme in detail and without hindrance.

As for censorship outside of New York, it has amounted to very little in the period under discussion. Several song and dance shows have been forced to cover up the nudity of their girls; the woman in O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" has had to put on a dress instead of a nightgown; "The Captive" has been shooed off the stage in Los Angeles, that very moral town; some lines have been deleted here and there from divers boob-bumpers. Where the reason for excitement? Where the reason for alarm? If the police will not let us see "Reigen," we can readily read "Reigen" in book form and find it to be simply a highly amusing and dirty little play. If we can't see "The Rubicon" unexpurgated, what does it matter? And just how will the suppression of any play like "The Captive" retard the art of drama, freedom of expression on the part of artists, or the culture of the public?

## V

*The Movies*

Every once in a while, though at sufficiently handsome intervals, I escort myself to a movie salon to observe the tremendous strides that the movies have made in the meantime, according to the pieces in the papers. Lately, in pursuit of the necessary education, I attended the showing of a film called "The Trail of '98," announced to be one of the screen's latest and most extraordinary gems. One of the big scenes showed a character caught in a Klondike storm and slowly freezing to death. Up to the very last moment of his complete congelment, with his feet, legs, arms, hands, torso, neck and ears already so much ice-cream, the actor retained a perfect and elaborate pantomimic control of his face. Now I can take another long holiday.

## VI

*Enjoying Themselves*

Whenever a colored musical show is produced, one hears the old one about the show's being so refreshing because the players seem to be enjoying themselves. That our colored brothers and sisters actually do seem to be enjoying themselves is surely not to be argued. Where the Caucasian song and dance artists usually go through their monkeyshines as bored as an oil-well, the Afroharlemians invariably go through theirs with a ginny abandon, beaming Montezuma grins, gobbling every line as if it were a delicious pork chop and shaking themselves with a tropical passion. The cause isn't so hard to make out. Our colored brethren have a good time for the simple reason that appearing in a white theatre before white audiences seems a big event in their lives and, in their elation, they want to make the most of it. Compare a colored show in a colored theatre before a colored audience with the same show moved downtown into the paler theatrical district and you will quickly note the difference. In the colored house, the players are often as lackadaisical as white performers, but once they enter a white house all is changed. There they feel that they are challenged and, knowing full well their superiority as music show performers, that challenge gives them a heap of fun. It is so easy that they can smile confidently and the confidence makes them happy and gay.

It is the same, in another direction, with white players when they come into the theatre, as do the colored ones, for the first time, or at least in the early stages of their careers. Although they then have relatively little assurance, the challenge and the novelty are there to spur them on and they go at their jobs with excited eagerness, set upon making a hit and giving every ounce of themselves toward that end. One can feel their intensity, their fever. It is an occasion for them, and the audience senses their appreciation of the fact. The



older actors, on the other hand, to whom the whole thing is an old business, impress the audience as being just as stale as do the drowsy play-reviewers watching their lifeless performances.

## VII

*Manners*

The phrase, polite comedy, due to one's protracted experience with it, invariably summons up a single picture. That picture consists of a fashionable drawing-room, evening clothes, mannerly servants, a few allusions to the Riviera and an epigram or so—or a picture largely of a piece. The picture is a sharp critic of the form of drama in question. Why should the latter be made to adhere so undeviatingly to formula? Are good manners the sole possession of fashionable drawing-room habitués? Why doesn't someone give us a polite comedy laid in humbler surroundings, say in the Harlem flat of well-bred, dignified, yet unfortunately impoverished folk? A true gentleman hasn't always a valet, a lady hasn't always a butler, and charm and warm grace aren't always the portion alone of country houses. I take the liberty, therefore, of calling for a polite comedy laid in the Flatbush or New Rochelle sitting-room of a quiet, cultivated and amusing, if not fashionable or opulent, family. There must be such sitting-rooms and such people.

## VIII

*Shoemaker's Last*

With one or two recognizable exceptions, the American playwright of today, whatever his share of talent, is to be commended for sticking so uniformly to subjects and characters that he knows best and most intimately. There was a time when he sought to give an air to his wares by apeing the English and the French, whether in the way of themes or alien characters, with the result that he made a monkey of himself as a man ever does when he tries to do

something that is not in his ken to do. A writer with no knowledge of French, say, should never so much as employ a single French phrase, however stereotyped, for he fools no one as to his linguistic parts. He may use the phrase with complete accuracy, yet there remains something, just what it is hard to define, that betrays a certain lack of ease and makes him seem affected. So with a playwright. An American may put the character of an English lord, let us say, into his play and make a superficially convincing spectacle of him, but something about the character will cause him to fail of entire conviction and make the playwright appear just a trifle out of his element. The Americans that Frenchmen or Englishmen put into their plays are quite as curiously defective; even the American-experienced W. S. Maugham has, in "Our Betters," fumbled such a character in minor detail. Satisfactorily to handle a theme and a character, a playwright must have been born in the same house with them. Or at least next door.

## IX

*The Cerebral Mime*

Not so very long ago, Mrs. Minnie Mader Fiske performed for us her idea of Ibsen's "Ghosts," to the derisory hoots of the New York first-night audience if apparently to the somewhat greater persuasion of her tank-town customers. Unable to comprehend the reason for the aforementioned hoots, more or less mortified by them and by way of defending what she called her "gently ironic" interpretation of Mrs. Alving, she gave issue to the following statement:

"At the most the audience might be expected to give her (Mrs. Alving) an equally gentle and sympathetic smile of understanding. The first of the lines on that night was greeted with a shout of laughter that fairly shook the building. Never on the many occasions when I have been concerned with an effort to amuse an audience have I been able to elicit such a

response of uncontrollable laughter. I wondered what was wrong. All the hundreds of ridiculous accidental things that might occur rushed through my mind. Had something happened to the scenery of which we had been blandly unaware? Had a stray kitten wandered onto the stage? Had a careless scene-hand strolled up the fiord and peeked through the window? The other actors seemed as dumfounded as I. We went on with the play. Then at the second line of gentle irony the audience again laughed uproariously; tears of merriment coursed down their cheeks and their mirth was excessive. . . . Fortunately we had played a long time and we were able to speak the lines mechanically through our dazed condition. I remember that I kept surreptitiously glancing at my wrist-watch and longing for eleven o'clock. And that was how I came to receive the unique but doubtful distinction of having turned the magnificent and austere play of dark moods into a cheerful comedy."

Having figged out Mrs. Alving with a wrist-watch, Mrs. Fiske will doubtless be similarly puzzled and dumfounded when, in the future, the same ironic guffaws greet her Ellida Wangel with an anklet-watch and her Rebecca West with a cuckoo clock.

The so-called intelligence of actors, as I fear I have mentioned once or twice in the past, is one of the most difficult hurdles in the way of the drama. I say so-called, because the intelligence in point is actually very little of the sort but simply rather an assertive repudiation of the general mummer ignorance which, while sufficiently and convincingly repudiatory, substitutes nothing for the ignorance save an arbitrary and freakish mental posturing. The really intelligent actor, assuming that he exists, is merely one who has sense and discretion enough not to interpose his own mind between the dramatist and the audience and who reads his lines as the dramatist plainly

meant them to be read. Interpretations may, of course, vary, but in the main they may vary only in detail, usually negligible, and they must inevitably converge, one and all, in the dramatic work as conceived in the playwright's mind and as written. There never was a play of any worth whatsoever, not excepting even such a drama as, say, Strindberg's "Spook Sonata," that called for any real cerebral assistance from its actors. All that the actors are summoned to do is to be strictly obedient to the text, as a child is summoned to be obedient to his schoolmaster, and to play that text with the technical, vocal and emotional resources at their command.

This is not to say, obviously, that an actor may be so dumb that he cannot comprehend the nature of the materials he is hired to merchant. It is to say that he must simply have enough brains to appreciate what a play is about—hardly a gigantic task, considering the general nature of even the profoundest drama—and enough tact not to make the play a Roman holiday for his own pretensions and vainglory. Coquelin, perhaps the most intelligent actor of modern times, had this actor-intelligence to such a degree that he mercilessly ridiculed any actor who tried to lift it to a higher metaphysical plane. But in his common-sense few present-day actors and actresses share. Unable to make an impression by good, plain, obedient, hard work, without fuss and feathers, they endeavor to achieve *kudos* for themselves by insulting their dramatists through attributing to the latter interpretative shenanigans that they never had in mind and that make their work ridiculous. We thus are annually entertained by a droll procession of Hedda Gablers in knee-length skirts puffing Lucky Strikes, Falstaffs who seem to be honorary members of the W. C. T. U., and Daddy Hamlets with an almost pathological heat for Peaches Ophelia.

# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *The Case of Hearst*

HEARST: *An American Phenomenon*, by John K. Winkler. \$4. 5½ x 7¾; 368 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

MR. WINKLER is obviously too light a psychological grappler to get anywhere with Hearst. The man is simply beyond him, as George Washington was beyond Woodrow Wilson. Confronted, for example, by Hearst's recent astounding *volte-face*, whereby Dr. Coolidge has curiously acquired brains and old Andy Mellon has become a sort of Santa Claus, he can only observe humorlessly that "all this would indicate a growing conservatism of thought in an aging man who has vast properties to leave to his sons." The theory, unluckily, is so banal that it fails to satisfy even its author, so he adds, "But I believe these quirks are just evidences of Hearst's bland inconsistency." It would be hard to imagine a schoolboy, or even a schoolmaster, doing worse.

Nor is Mr. Winkler much better when he tackles the other problems presented by the Hearstian psyche. He gives a workmanlike objective account of the man, but it never gets beneath the surface. The young Hearst who was expelled from Harvard for a too great exuberance of spirits seems to be quite as mysterious to him as the disintegrating Hearst who snoozes voluptuously beneath his California vine and fig-tree, diverted by the Rotarian platitudes of Polonius Brisbane and the soft gurgle of movie queens. Hearst is sixty-five. It is not, intrinsically, a great age. Men have done good work, and even immortal work, far later in life. But not journalists. Not newspaper men. The roaring Hoe presses grind the life out of even the sturdiest long before his kid-

neys give out. Hearst, professionally, has been moribund for years. What remains of him today is only a caricature of the man who, in the McKinley epoch, made journalistic history.

What he thinks of himself no one will ever know, for he is singularly reticent and even secretive, and men who have worked with him for a quarter of a century seem to be as completely baffled by him as Mr. Winkler. The two men who might have written satisfactory lives of him were Brisbane and Ambrose Bierce. Both have now joined the immortal dead, Bierce biologically and Brisbane spiritually. Bierce, in his last years, professed to hate Hearst powerfully, but all the while it was plain that he also admired him—a capital combination in a biographer. Brisbane, for the sake of posterity, should have quarreled with him ten or fifteen years ago; the result would have been a thrilling book, combining all the virtues of Boswell's "Johnson" and the Bryce report of atrocities in Belgium. But now it is too late, for Brisbane appears to be growing forgetful—so forgetful, in fact, that he has forgotten all the lofty economic and socio-economic principles of his own youth and prime. I observe him applying a vaseline mop to such grotesque heroes as Andy Mellon and the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, and am filled thereby with a vast sadness. For I am growing old myself, and so I can remember when he operated upon fellows of that kind with very different weapons. It was a gaudy era, and, for one, I greatly enjoyed living in it.

The central fact about Hearst, I venture to suggest, is that there has always been far more innocence in him than guile—that he remains at sixty-five, as he was when he singed the whiskers of Pulitzer,

a goatish and unsubtle college boy, eager only to have a hell of a time. Whoever tries to read any rationality into his journalistic theory will end with a dizzy ringing in the ears. There was no sense in his support of Bryan in 1896: it was simply a device to inflame Mousterian Man and give Pulitzer to sweat. Bryan himself, though designed by God to be fooled always, quickly got the measure of it and departed from the Hearstian embrace, his Bible clutched to his breast. Nor was there any sense in Hearst's riotous brewing of war medicine in 1898—that is, journalistically—for the war cost him a great deal more than he got out of it, both in money and in prestige. He whooped it up simply because he was full of malicious animal magnetism, and eager for a bawdy show. Mr. Winkler tells how vastly he enjoyed his own modest share in the carnage. The only Spaniards he actually encountered were disarmed and half scared to death, but he leaped upon them with fearful hosannas and took them prisoner in the best manner of his own special commissioners.

His political career, now unhappily closed, was one long record of surprises and imbecilities. He got into politics by a sort of accident, and continued in a purely sportive spirit. It was often hard to determine which side he was on, and what he advocated. His cabinet of advisers consisted mainly of newspaper reporters trained in his own city-rooms: no doubt it amused him to observe how easy it was for these amateurs to alarm the professionals. Al Smith, who takes politics seriously, distrusted him from the start, and finally declared war to the death upon him. The history of his Independence League deserves to be written: I herewith commend the job to Frank R. Kent. This so-called party was simply a gigantic bladder attached to a string, and with it Hearst battered the heads of all the professional politicians. Life must have been extremely pleasant for him in those days: if he did not laugh himself to sleep every

night, then I overestimate his intelligence. At St. Louis, in 1904, he actually came within reach of the Democratic Presidential nomination. If the bluff of Alton B. Parker had been called, the convention might very well have turned to him. It would have been a colossal campaign: Hearst vs. Roosevelt. The two men had many things in common, but what they mainly had in common was their boyish delight in uproar, their naïve lust to make sensations. Naturally enough, they became bitter enemies, and Roosevelt spent his last years denouncing Hearst. But he learnt more from Hearst, first and last, than he learnt from any other man save P. T. Barnum. At one time in his career at least a half of his policies were borrowed from the chromatic headlines of the *New York Evening Journal*.

I suspect that Hearst's taste for violent rough-house survives to this day, but of late he has shown a lamentable falling-off in his old high ingenuity and enterprise. He really passed from the scene when the new tabloids began to break up his monopoly on dime-novel news. He should have invented the tabloid himself; it is a wonder, indeed, that he didn't do it twenty-five years ago. As it was, the onslaught of the *Daily News* and the *Graphic* caught him at a bad time. He was trying to reorganize his business and cut down his losses, and the Huns were within his citadel before he knew it. By the time he came into action it was too late; his imitation tabloids were failures, and some time ago he sold them to the Hon. Alexander P. Moore, LL.D., Ambassador to Peru and relict of Lillian Russell. The transaction was mysterious, and is still the subject of suspicion in newspaper offices. The episode of the forged Mexican documents brought Hearst out of his California retirement, but only transiently, and, I am bound to add, ridiculously. The old steam was simply not there. The business was handled clumsily, and its net issue only called painful attention to the rustiness of the Hearst machine. Evidently there are no more Sam Chamber-



lains, Karl Deckers or James Creelmans in the *Evening Journal* office. A genuine Hearst paper cannot be run by bookkeepers; it demands men of action, with lush and florid imaginations.

Hearst deserves more and better of his country than he will ever get. It is the fashion to speak of him contemptuously, with dark references to matters that are nobody's business. I think there is a great deal of envy in all this: not many Americans, even among millionaires, have ever been accused so beautifully. The dislike of the man that prevails in newspaper circles is only a smarting of old wounds. He shook journalism to its foundations, and exposed the incompetence of more than one highly smug newspaper proprietor. They were all imitating him by 1900, and they all show the marks of his teeth to this day. American journalism before his time was extremely ponderous and platitudinous. Even Pulitzer greatly fancied himself as a publicist, and showed plain traces of the messianic delusion. Even the old *Sun* labored under a sense of responsibility to the Flag and the Truth. Hearst upset all that by parodying it. He made a burlesque of the whole God-save-us scheme of things. He proved that what the populace really wanted was simply a roaring show—and he brought to the business of giving it that show a resourcefulness that was unparalleled and a daring that was stupendous. It was quite impossible for the old-fashioned papers to stand up to him; they had to follow him or perish. Thus he set them all to whooping and bawling, and the net result was a rapid decline in their old authority. The proletariat, taken to a palpable circus, became cynical, and it remains so to this day. Nothing remains sacred to it. It is still exploited, to be sure, but it no longer worships its exploiters. In 1895 the Sunday-school scholars of the land were yet being taught to venerate such heroes as Commodore Vanderbilt. Today that adoration is confined to a small caste of humorless fanatics—bishops, Washington correspondents, Rotarians.

Hearst is probably the only rich man ever heard of in America who has really had a good time. Harvard tried hard to tame him, but failed dismally. The blood of adventurers ran in him, and he had a restless and iconoclastic soul. Instead of wasting his money upon hospitals and libraries and going in for social climbing, he poured his millions into yellow journals, and was presently enjoying all the thrills of a mad King. The populace swarmed after him; the politicians began to fawn over him; the money barons trembled at his name. Wasn't that better than playing golf? Wasn't it better than becoming an overseer of Harvard? Wasn't it better than acting as banker to Elder Hays? I think it was. I believe that Hearst got his money's worth, and that he doesn't regret the cost today. That he was deceived, now and then, by his own buncombe, is probable: it is the human way. But he was not deceived very often. It was the show that kept him going, not any brummagem sense of duty. He reduced all solemn and highfalutin things, including especially patriotism, to a common level of clowning. In other words, he reduced them to their actual content of truth. I believe his career has been a very useful one, despite his obvious deficiencies. Cant is still the curse of America, but it is not quite the curse that it used to be. Today even Hearst himself cannot pump any dignity into Andy Mellon.

### *Pseudo-Science*

THE NEW CRIMINOLOGY: *A Consideration of the Chemical Causation of Abnormal Behavior*, by Max G. Schlapp and Edward H. Smith. \$4. 8¼ x 5½; 325 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THE theory here is simple enough—simple, indeed, to the point of austerity. A criminal is not a criminal, but only a sick man. He kidnaps a child, holds up a Thom McAn shoe-shop or bumps off a policeman, not because he is a scoundrel, but because there is something the matter with his ductless glands: either they are not functioning enough or they are functioning

too much. The thing to do with him, once his guilt of the lamentable acts laid against him is formally established, is to lodge him in hospital and set a posse of experts upon him. They will first determine precisely which of his glands is misbehaving, and then they will proceed to cure him. Cured, he will be turned loose. The jury which tries him will settle only the question of his guilt. The judge presiding will simply keep order in the courtroom. The whole business of disposing of the culprit will be left to the experts. Criminals will "be rated, not according to their crimes, but according to their defects, diseases, deficiencies and the like."

The only trouble with this theory is that it is nonsense. There is absolutely no reason to believe that any considerable proportion of criminals are afflicted with disorders of the ductless glands—that is, to any extent beyond the rest of us. And there is no evidence whatever that medicine can cure any considerable proportion of those who are. To turn the whole gang over to so-called experts—in the department of endocrinology, in fact, no such experts yet exist: there are only guessers and quacks—would be to reduce the administration of the criminal law to a Gilbert and Sullivan level, and put a high premium on crime. All of the cleverer criminals would fool the experts, and get away. All of the dumb ones would be converted into helpless laboratory animals, and exposed to all sorts of dubious and dangerous experiments.

The argument of the authors—one of them was a medical man and the other a writer of books of mysteries: both are now dead—is full of thumping *non sequiturs*. Because children with deficient thyroid glands commonly show a defective moral sense they conclude glibly that adults who show a defective moral sense are afflicted in some more or less similar manner. And because such children may be restored to normalcy by giving them thyroid extract they conclude that doses of the same or of some analogous medicament will restore

gunmen, Prohibition agents and pick-pockets to decency. Here logic is beaten with clubs and thrown out to die. There is nothing worse in the literature of chiropractic. The amazing thing is that such nonsense should be taken seriously. But taken seriously it is, at least in certain quarters. In more than one State active efforts are being made to set up such hospitals of self-appointed "experts," and soon or late, no doubt, they will be in full blast. Even in New York certain high officers of state are reported to be believers in the new magic.

That criminals are sometimes defectives is well known, but that all of them are, or even a majority of them, is certainly not true. Every time any large number of them has been examined they have turned out to be quite as intelligent as the average of the populace from which they come. Not a few tests, indeed, have shown them to be decidedly more intelligent than their jailers. If they differ from the normal it is only in the accentuation of qualities that, in crowded societies, tend to be dangerous—an excess of daring, a lack of respect for property, a distaste for honest labor, *i. e.*, for slavery. Most of these qualities, in themselves, are not signs of inferiority: there are circumstances under which they bear a high value, as in times of war. The difference between a good soldier and a good criminal, in truth, is but little greater than the difference between a movie actor and a bird of paradise. The trouble with the criminal is that society has invented no way to utilize his propensities—that it tries absurdly to obliterate them by torturing him. As well try to cure a dry Congressman of his thirst by feeding him on pretzels.

A really rational criminology remains to be devised. The fact that it is still lacking is a lovely proof of the intelligence of the human race. It must be a criminology devoid of ready and hollow theorizing. It must not fall into the Lombrosan error of assuming that all criminals are alike, and it must not try to dispose of them by con-

verting them into something that they are not, and can never be. No policeman of any experience believes in the reform of genuine criminals, whether by persuasion or by force. He knows that the most the present system of punishments can accomplish is to make a given criminal harmless temporarily. My private belief, reached after years of powerful meditation, is that the only punishment worth anything at all is the capital variety. It begs the question, but it at least gets rid of the concrete criminal. His qualities, properly utilized, might be of immense value to society. But society is too stupid to utilize them, and so the only way to dispose of the menace that he presents is to convert him into a gaseous vertebrate, with wings of ether. In that character he can do no wrong.

### *Chronicles of Sin*

TAMMANY HALL, by M. R. Werner. \$5. 9¾ x 6¾; 386 pp. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Doran & Company.

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK: *An Informal History of the Underworld*, by Herbert Asbury. \$4. 8¾ x 5¾; 382 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE transactions described in these volumes were nearly all in contempt of the law of the land, and many of them were also subversive of God's holy ordinances; nevertheless, I confess frankly, though a baptized man, that I have greatly enjoyed reading of them. Both authors show an unashamed delight in them, and especially Mr. Asbury. In the past his historical researches have been in the field of Methodist theology, but here he turns without batting an eye to the dreadful doings of such sinister New Yorkers as Marm Mandelbaum, Kid Glove Rosie, Baboon Connelly, Monk Eastman, Paul Kelly, Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. The result is a chronicle of fascinating interest, and, it seems to me, of sober historical value. For the history of the gangs of New York is largely the history of Tammany Hall, and

the history of Tammany is the history of the city. The Hall is now almost as virtuous as Bishop Manning or Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, but in its day it was full of sin, and out of that sin flowed a great deal of thrilling melodrama. The story that Mr. Asbury tells is worth a dozen novels of blood and thunder. He writes simply, clearly and with immense effectiveness. There is a pawky humor in him that makes even horrors charming. He has not devoted years of study to the Wesleyan demonology for nothing.

Mr. Werner's volume is the best history of Tammany ever written, and by far. There are moments when the villainies he describes arouse him to something resembling indignation, but they are not many. In the main he keeps to an admirable historical calm, piling up his appalling facts scientifically, always with names and dates. The research behind his book must have been enormous; he has apparently examined and weighed all of the controversies that have roared around Tammany for a hundred years. Very sagaciously, he divides his chronicle into a series of elaborate character sketches of concrete men—Tweed, Croker, Honest John Kelly, A. Oakey Hall, Big Tim Sullivan, Peter B. Sweeny and Charlie Murphy. The thing never becomes a mere political diatribe; it is kept on the human plane, and the temptations of men are set forth as well as their crimes. The last chapters, dealing with the rise of Murphy, the Hearst and Hylan episodes, the impeachment of Sulzer, and the gradual "reform" of Tammany, are of special interest. Much of the matter in them is available in no other accessible form.

Both books are well illustrated. Mr. Asbury's has a brief bibliography and a glossary of early gangster slang, but no index. Mr. Werner's has a longer bibliography, and a good index.

## THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

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C. HARTLEY GRATTAN *was formerly instructor in English at Urbana Junior College. For a time he was literary editor of the defunct Fourth Estate.*

FRANK R. KENT *is the principal political correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. He is the*

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VACHEL LINDSAY *is the well-known poet. Among his books of verse are "The Congo, and Other Poems" and "General Booth Enters Heaven, and Other Poems."*

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H. H. SAWYER *is a judge of the Municipal Court at Des Moines. He was born in Iowa, educated at Morningside College, Sioux City, and practised law for twelve years.*

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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## CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

## BIOGRAPHY

MARCHING ALONG. *Recollections of Men, Women and Music.*

By John Philip Sousa.

Hale, Cushman & Flint

\$5

8 3/4 x 6; 383 pp.

Boston

Mr. Sousa has long sought recreation from the pains of music by writing novels and verse, and so his recollections show a practised hand, and are far better written than is common with such things. He describes his musical education, his first efforts at composition, his long services as director of the Marine Band, and his many tours as the head of his own organization. He is full of anecdotes, and not a few of them are new and amusing. Unluckily, he says relatively little about his music, and not much more about his actual band. Its make-up differs from that of most other bands, and it would have been interesting to hear him upon his reasons for making it different. But what he has to say upon that subject is very little. His book is illustrated, and at the end there is a bibliography of all his writings, musical and otherwise. From this it appears that three of his marches are called "The Gridiron Club," "Pride of Pittsburgh" and "Nobles of the Mystic Shrine."

THE "ALSO RANS." *Men Who Missed the Presidency.*

By Don C. Seitz.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3.50

8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 356 pp.

New York

Mr. Seitz considers only eighteen of the men who aspired to the Presidency, but for one reason or another failed to win it. They are Aaron Burr, William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Winfield Scott, John C. Fremont, Stephen A. Douglas, William H. Seward, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield Scott Hancock, James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Butler and William Jennings Bryan. There is nothing new in fact or fresh in point of view in the discussion of these men, and the writing throughout could be very much better. Mr. Seitz leaves out Charles E. Hughes, James M. Cox and John W. Davis "because they still flourish as able and interesting citizens, each continuing to make his own place in the affairs of the nation. It has not been deemed seemly to reëxhibit them in their retirement from party leadership."

THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN. *The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, 1855-1913.*

By Burton J. Hendrick.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$5

9 3/4 x 6 3/4; 444 pp.

Boston

Mr. Hendrick has probably done a disservice to the

memory of his patron saint by writing this book, for despite all the adulation in it, Page emerges from it a befuddled and hollow man, full of a vague enthusiasm but devoid of insight. His student days at Randolph Macon and at the Johns Hopkins reveal nothing extraordinary. Immediately thereafter he plunged into daily journalism, and worked for several Southern and New York papers. Then began his long career as magazine editor, first of the *Forum* and later of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It forms the subject of the greater part of this biography. Page was not a great editor. His literary tastes were puerile, and he had no courage. He once said, "I should never let one line of destructive criticism get in between the covers of any printed thing that I controlled." His two prime requisites in MSS. were "a line of hopefulness" and a "constructive" tone. On one occasion he turned down an article by E. L. Godkin, editor of the *Evening Post*, discussing American democracy, because it was "so pessimistic." He deplored the Ingersoll-Judge Black debate on Christianity in the *North American Review*. He thought it was "not reverent." He could never rid himself of the feeling that Poe was, in the main, "a degrading influence." The two Southern poets whom he really loved were Sidney Lanier and Henry Timrod. In the world of public affairs, Page was a great supporter of the Spanish-American War, and not even the arguments of Charles Eliot Norton could make him change his mind. He discovered Mary Johnston, and in 1913 was made Ambassador to England, for which post his work in the United States, says Mr. Hendrick, had been "an inspiring preparation."

ANATOLE FRANCE ABROAD.

By Jean Jacques Brousseau. Robert M. McBride & Company

\$5

8 5/8 x 5 5/8; 388 pp.

New York

M. Brousseau, who was France's secretary for eight years, will be remembered for his "Anatole France Himself," published several years ago. In the present volume he is mainly concerned with the Master's ill-starred lecture trip to South America. France fell in love on that voyage, and his adventures with the lady fill the chronicle with piquant episodes. It is, perhaps, largely true, but there are some stretchers.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS E. WATSON.

By William W. Brewton.

Published by the Author

\$3.50

9 x 6; 408 pp.

Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Brewton's admiration for Watson goes back to boyhood; in 1913, at the age of twenty-one, he

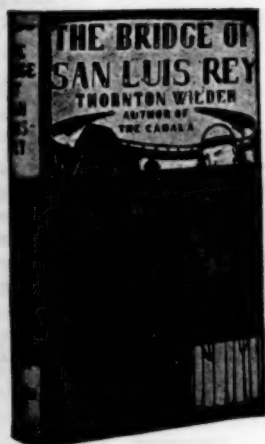
*Continued on page viii*



# An Indian Journey

By Waldemar Bonsels

Waldemar Bonsels, having spent over a year in India has written a book which gets close to the heart of that country, at the same time pervaded with the mystery and terror which exotic jungles exert upon Western minds. . . . Profusely illustrated by Harry Brown . . . . \$4.00



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The style, the scene, the point of view of the Cabala is very much under the Aldous Huxley manner. This is not cited as a fault. To write something like Huxley is a considerable achievement. But to write the "Bridge" is better.

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Vanity Fair

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## CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page vi*

formally dedicated himself to the task of writing his hero's life. After Watson's death "all his private papers—rich beyond measure—were put at the exclusive use of the man who had dreamed." The result is a biography that is mainly encomiastic, but does not lack sharply critical touches. Watson, indeed, was a man whose virtues were almost as exaggerated as his defects. He had a great lust for knowledge, he had moral courage of a sort that is rare among politicians, and he was always his own man. Not infrequently his violent passions led him into absurdity, as when he staggered the Senate with charges that scores of American soldiers had been hanged in France without trial. But on the whole, his influence in his own State of Georgia was for the good, and its scalawag politicians had sound reason to fear him. His historical works, which Mr. Brewton praises, do not seem likely to survive. They are immensely eloquent, but suffer from the author's characteristic lack of sober judgment.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 1727-1927.  
*Edited by F. E. Brash.*

*The Williams & Wilkins Company*  
\$5 9½ x 6¼; 351 pp. *Baltimore*

The thirteen essays which constitute this volume were prepared at the request of the History of Science Society, and the book is the first of a series that it proposes to print. It is published to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of Newton's death, and is a year behind time. Among the contributors are Dr. Dayton C. Miller, of the Case School, on Newton's contributions to optics; Dr. George David Birkhoff, of Harvard, on the relation between his researches into gravitation and modern ideas of relativity; Dr. William Wallace Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, on his influence upon the development of astrophysics; Dr. Florian Cajori, of the University of California, on the reasons which induced him to delay announcing his discovery of the law of gravitation; Dr. Lyman C. Newell, of Boston University, on his contributions to chemistry; and Professor G. S. Brett, of Toronto, on his religious ideas. The papers, as is inevitable in such a collection, vary greatly in merit, but taken as a whole they constitute an interesting and valuable contribution to Newtoniana. The book lacks an index.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC.

*By George Wycherley.* *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*  
\$5 9½ x 6¼; 444 pp. *Indianapolis*

The twenty-two buccaneers Mr. Wycherley portrays are the more prominent and picturesque of the  
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Englishmen who preyed upon the Spaniards along the coasts of the three Americas from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century. They include such well-known artists of piracy as Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Cavendish, Bloodthirsty Morgan, the Sabbath-observing Captain Richard Sawkins, Ambrose Cowley, William Dampier, Woodes Rogers, John Clipperton, George Shelvocke and George Anson. On the whole, the sketches are competently done, but they would be more interesting if Mr. Wycherley were not so indignant about his subjects, and did not stop, here and there, to point out a Sunday-school moral in their careers. There are many excellent illustrations.

HENRY CLAY FRICK.

*By George Harvey.*

\$5 9½ x 6¼; 382 pp.

*Charles Scribner's Sons*  
*New York*

Colonel Harvey has consulted the documentary sources, and organized his facts clearly. Beginning with Frick's forebears in the towns of Switzerland and the Palatinate, he describes his boyhood, his entrance into the coke business, the attempt to assassinate him, his politics, and the rise of the United States Steel Corporation. But Frick as a dominating and forceful personality never materializes, and his career as it is here set forth makes dull reading. The book has many illustrations and an index, but lacks a bibliography.

KIT CARSON. *The Happy Warrior of the Old West.*

*By Stanley Vestal.*

\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 297 pp.

*The Houghton Mifflin Company*  
*Boston*

Mr. Vestal has handled the confusing mass of material about Kit Carson in a highly competent manner. He traces his career as greenhorn, mountain man, plainsman, pathfinder, soldier and ranger, and reveals him as "small, bandy-legged, blue-eyed and sandy-haired," full of aggression and hearty fellowship, yet uncommunicative, superstitious and somewhat sentimental. A sound performance. There is an interesting map of the Old West and a statement of sources, but unfortunately an index is lacking.

## THE SCIENCES

FOIBLES OF INSECTS & MEN.

*By William Morton Wheeler.*

\$6 9¾ x 6¼; 229 pp.

*Alfred A. Knopf*  
*New York*

Dr. Wheeler's authority as an entomologist, especially on the subject of ants, is no less acknowledged than his charm as a writer. He is, indeed, one of the few first-rate scientists now on exhibition in the world who knows how to make technical papers

*Continued on page x*



# Uncle Sam—Highbrow or Babbitt?

WHAT does the swift rise of the Book-of-the-Month Club signify? The obvious explanation, that more Americans want to read the best new books than do, and that this potential demand has not previously been satisfactorily catered to, has usually been overlooked. Few people realize that for many years a beggarly two or three hundred thousand individuals in this country, habitual book-readers, have kept all our book-publishers, book-sellers and authors alive.

A frequent explanation of the rise of the Club is that the American is a boob anyhow, and that the Club is supported by lazy-minded people who want some authorities to chaperone them in their reading. This, of course, is absurd. The most curious inquiry into the Club's method of operation would show that its members exercise a far more intelligent discrimination among the new books than those who buy their books in other ways.

The truth is that, far from consisting of border-line literates, the Club's list of members really reads like a Who's Who. The most eminent individuals, in every line of endeavor—education, government, law, science, industry and social life; the most intelligent group in each of thousands of communities, large and small—it is this type of perspicacious book-reader that has taken advantage of the conveniences it provides.

The phenomenal rise of the Club is, in reality, due to a combination of two factors—one psychological, the other economic. The first is the more interesting, and the least recognized: it has to do with the attitude of intelligent people toward book-reading. The reading of a book is in the nature of a rite. It is seldom a time-killing operation, like the reading of a magazine, or a newspaper. The best thought of humankind has always

**THE** most significant event in the book world in recent years has been the rise of the Book-of-the-Month Club to a membership of over 85,000 in two years. This article, by one of its executives, gives some surprising reasons for the club's growth.

been, and still is, distilled within the covers of our books. So, people seldom approach a new book lightly. Anticipation is always keen and expectation high. In addition, in this swift age, people have not so much time for reading as formerly, and this fact makes them regard as all the more precious those leisure moments when they "feel just like a book," and curl up to one, expectantly.

And because expectation is so high, the swing to disappointment, when it happens, is all the greater. There is nobody so bitter as the person who has been induced to read a book that he can't abide. And, unfortunately, disappointment follows far too frequently.

It follows because of an economic fact: *there are so many new books published*, thousands of them! No thoughtful person would change this situation, but one result of it is unquestioned: the person who can only read comparatively few books, say from ten to twenty-five a year, is completely confused by this wealth of offering. Everybody reads books on the recommendation of someone else: of a reviewer, a book-clerk, a friend, or the publisher himself, through his advertising. And too often, the recommendations are found by the reader to be either biased,

or irresponsible and careless.

Even when you are sure, from a review you have read or from the favorable comment of a friend, that a certain book will be to your taste—frequently you overlook getting it, through busyness or procrastination. One always has to go to some trouble to get a book that one wants. The result is that there are few of us, who have not, time and again, *missed important new books we were really keen to read!*

The Book-of-the-Month Club has grown so swiftly because it is the first attempt ever made to meet these difficulties of the book-reader, psychological and economic, in a sensible and adequate way. The plan of operation is simplicity itself. Indeed, the first question the intelligent person asks, when the plan is explained, is not, "Why should I join this club?"—but "Why in the world should I *not* take advantage of all these conveniences, since they cost me nothing?" For the system keeps you authoritatively informed about *all* the important new books, (not merely a few), automatically insures you against *missing* those you decide you want, and it also completely protects you in your book purchases, by a *guarantee against dissatisfaction*.

There is no space here to describe exactly how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. If you are interested, send the coupon below for a booklet which explains its methods in full detail.

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page viii*

as interesting, as the saying goes, as novels. In the highly learned and amusing introduction to the present collection of his scattered papers, and in the first paper following, on "The Physiognomy of Insects," he is at his best. Here the widest sort of exact knowledge is combined with a pawky humor, and the result is reading that is genuinely exhilarating. Among the other contents of the volume are two papers that provoked a great deal of discussion when they were first published: "The Organization of Research" and "The Dry-Rot of Our Academic Biology." They have lost nothing in pungency by the passage of a few years. The book is elaborately illustrated, mainly by the author, and there is an adequate index.

## CREATION BY EVOLUTION.

*Edited by Frances Mason. The Macmillan Company*  
\$5 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 392 pp. New York

A series of essays in defense of the evolutionary hypothesis, by various American and English scientists. Dr. David Starr Jordan writes on the meaning of evolution, Dr. George H. Parker of Harvard on the evidence offered by vestigial organs, Dr. E. G. Conklin of Princeton on the relations of evolution to embryology, Dr. Francis A. Bather of London on the evidences of paleontology, Dr. William Morton Wheeler on the evolution of the ants, Dr. Frederic B. Loomis on the evolution of the horse and the elephant, Dr. W. K. Gregory of Columbia on the lineage of man, Dr. C. Lloyd Morgan on the evolution of the brain, and so on. The authors are all of high authority, and the facts they present are overwhelmingly persuasive. Naturally, there is a certain amount of duplication. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn provides a foreword and Sir Charles Scott Sherrington, former president of the British Royal Society, an introduction. Useful bibliographies follow the various essays, and there is a full index.

## SNAPSHOTS OF SCIENCE.

*By Edwin E. Slosson. The Century Company*  
\$2 7 3/4 x 5; 299 pp. New York

The seventy-nine short chapters of this book are reprinted in part from *Collier's Weekly* and in part from the series of newspaper articles sent out by Science Service, of which the author is director. Practically all the physical sciences are dealt with, and there are also excursions into mathematics and psychology. A few of the chapter headings will show the range of the book: "The Liquefaction of Coal," "Rotors and Sails," "The Green Ray," "Artificial Food,"

"How Big Can a Star Be?," "Two Thousand Times Sweeter Than Sugar" and "The Elimination of the Male." At the end there are excellent suggestions for further reading. The volume has a good index.

## CHILDBIRTH.

*By William George Lee. The University of Chicago Press*  
\$3 9 x 6; 300 pp. Chicago

Dr. Lee, who was chief of the obstetrical staff at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, died in 1927, leaving this work practically completed. The final revision has been made by his widow, herself a graduate in medicine. The book describes the process of birth in human beings in a clear and scientific manner, and was planned "for the physicians, the nurse, the beginning student in obstetrics, and the mother herself." It shows clearly how little medical science has done to relieve the hazards and agonies of an everyday physiological process. Much has been achieved in that direction, true enough, but a vastly greater amount remains to be done. There are excellent schematic illustrations by Mrs. Ruth S. B. Lee, and a good index.

## THE FINE ARTS

### MONSIEUR CROCHE, THE DILETTANTE HATER.

*By Claude Debussy. The Viking Press*  
\$2 7 1/4 x 5; 212 pp. New York

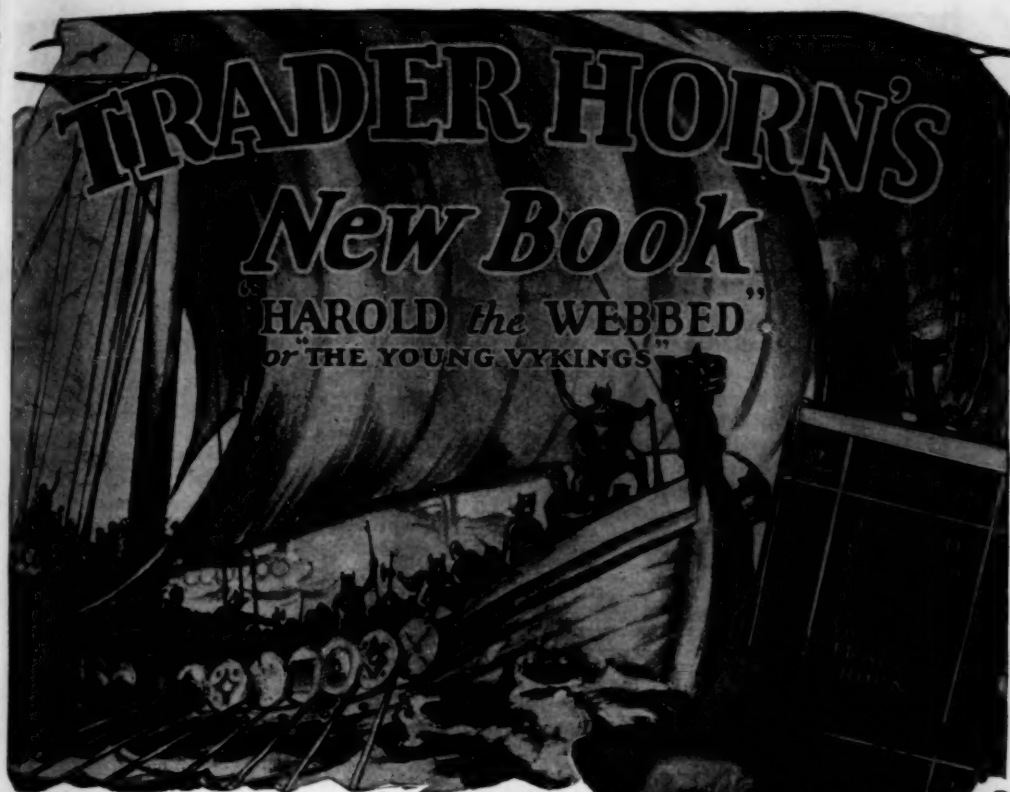
Debussy was in intermittent practise as a music critic between 1901 and 1914. He wrote for *Gil Blas*, the *Revue Blanche*, *Musica* and other journals. Unfortunately, his criticism shows nothing of the quality that appears in the work of Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner. It is, in the main, superficial and trivial, and only too often it is defaced by a puerile facetiousness. In his discussion of such men as César Franck, Richard Strauss and Vincent D'Indy he says little that is not obvious.

### A SIMPLE GUIDE TO PICTURES AND PAINTING.

*By Margaret H. Bailey. E. P. Dutton & Company*  
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 240 pp. New York

Many introductions to the appreciation of painting have of late been written, and the present book easily takes rank among the best of them. It confines itself to the European Continent, but that is covered comprehensively. The first part of it is a general discussion of the elements of the art of painting, and the second deals with the various schools. There are many excellent reproductions.

*Continued on page xii*



# TRADER HORN'S New Book "HAROLD the WEBBED" or THE YOUNG VYKINGS

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page x*

## EARLY FLORENTINE ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

By *Edgar W. Anthony.* *The Harvard University Press*  
\$5 8¾ x 6¾; 109 pp. *Cambridge*

In this monograph Mr. Anthony devotes the greater part of his discussion to the Baptistery and the church of San Miniato as the most important examples of early medieval architecture in Florence. He treats each building separately as to its chronology, architectural features and relation to other buildings of the group; and then more particularly traces the development of the incrustated style of decoration used in them, which spread to some extent beyond Florence. A very able piece of work. The book is handsomely printed, and contains a complete bibliography, notes, eighty-two reproductions of photographs and an index.

## TRAVEL

### OPALS AND GOLD.

By *R. M. Macdonald.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*  
\$4 8½ x 5¾; 256 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Macdonald, an old prospector, describes molybdenite mining in the Cape York Peninsula, in Northern Australia; opal mining in various Australian fields, pearl-fishing along the coast of Northwestern Australia, gold-seeking in New Guinea, and silver-lead mining in North Queensland. He says that North Queensland is the prospector's paradise. He "knows from experience that most minerals of value exist in that tableland, and if any metallic substance were suddenly to become in demand, which he does not know already, he would go there to look for it with every confidence in his finding it." The prospectors now in the country, he says, are a roving and romantic lot. Once they have scratched the surface of rich earth, they pass on, hoping for still better beyond the sky-rim.

### SEEING RUSSIA.

By *E. M. Newman.* *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*  
\$5 9¾ x 6; 396 pp. *New York*

Mr. Newman has produced a travel book that is unusual. It is probably the best rapid survey of the history, land and people of Soviet Russia that the prospective visitor can obtain. Mr. Newman is a first-rate reporter. He not only describes what he saw, and that well and accurately; he gives the historical background. And he makes the text the more intelligible with the aid of some 300 reproductions from photographs, some of them completely new to this country.

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## CRITICISM

### ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.

*Edited by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon.*

*The Oxford University Press*  
\$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 144 pp. *New York*

These papers greatly resemble the dissertations that candidates for the Ph.D. produce so copiously in the United States—meticulous studies of obscure points in Chaucer, monographs on forgotten and unimportant authors, elaborate investigations of the debt one author owes another, and so on. They are rather better written than the similar stuff done in this country, but they show the same heavy concern with trivial and irrelevant matters. The best paper in the collection is a note on the decay of English by Lord Dunsany. In it there is a sound observation that what he calls "the withering of sense" in words and phrases is produced "by the conversation of educated people being overheard by the uneducated." Trying to make use of what they thus hear, the uneducated reduce it to imbecility. The volume is the twelfth of a series that began in 1910.

### CYCLES OF TASTE.

By *Frank P. Chambers.* *The Harvard University Press*  
\$2 7½ x 5; 139 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Mr. Chambers sets himself this problem: What had Classical Antiquity to say of its own arts? His answer, reached after a laborious examination of its surviving literature, is that it had very little to say, and that that little showed little æsthetic consciousness. The Greeks of the great age, indeed, were too busy creating works of art to indulge in much speculation about them. Theories had to wait for the relatively sterile later years. So also in Rome. And so in medieval Europe.

## ESSAYS

### AMERICA CONQUERS DEATH.

By *Milton Waldman.* *William Edwin Ruidy*  
\$5.50 8¾ x 6; 30 pp. *New York*

This essay was originally printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February, 1927. It here appears in a limited edition of 500 copies, designed by W. A. Dwiggins. Mr. Dwiggins has used color boldly and very charmingly. The title page, in green, lavender, red and black, is extraordinarily effective, and there is a splendid initial in three colors. The experiment of putting all the quotations in red is somewhat less successful, but altogether the book offers a strikingly original and slightly example of modern book-making.

*Continued on page xiv*



# Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?



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—American Mercury.

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—Forum.

"—leads the mind to associations wholly unexpected and defines them with shades of meaning so that exactness and fluency are obtained."  
—Harper's.

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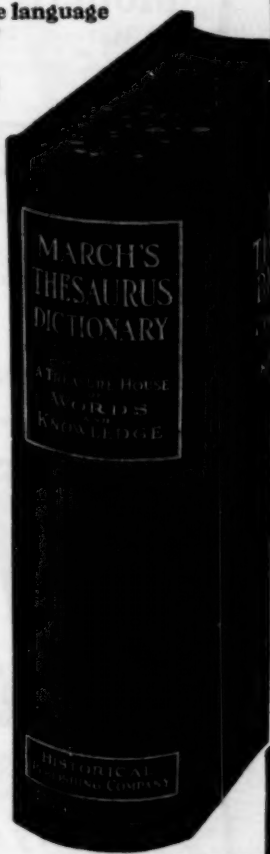
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## Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

### THE SAVOUR OF LIFE.

By Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran & Company  
\$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 313 pp. Garden City, L. I.

A collection of short essays ranging in subject from "A World Champion" (Mickey Walker) and "Doctors and Medicine" to "Russian Fiction" and "Servants." They are only fairly entertaining. Mr. Bennett is at great pains in his preface to state his case against the authorities who argue that a novelist has no right to meddle in public affairs. In spite of his indignation, it is the most readable piece in the book.

### LIFE AND THE STUDENT. *Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society and Letters.*

By Charles Horton Cooley. Alfred A. Knopf  
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 273 pp. New York

This book has a charming informality. Dr. Cooley, who is professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, has written a sequence of observations and reflections on present-day society, human nature and letters that are full of a searching wisdom. In Part I, particularly, there are paragraphs on "The Strategy of the Youth Movement," "The Conservatism of Intelligence," "Automobiles," "Confusion and Continuity," "Traits of Democracy," "Eugenism," "Americanization" and "American Patriotism" that are very shrewd and illuminating. Dr. Cooley writes a clear, pungent English. His book is attractively printed and is equipped with an index of names.

## LITERATURE

### CATULLUS AND HORACE. *Two Poets in their Environment.*

By Tenney Frank. Henry Holt & Company  
\$3 8½ x 5½; 291 pp. New York

Dr. Frank, professor of Latin at the Johns Hopkins, presents no new biographical material or fresh critical judgments in these two studies, but they are extremely readable. He writes with grace and dignity, and is primarily interested in the two poets' works not in their lives.

### ICONOCLASTS, or, *The Future of Shakespeare.*

By Hubert Griffith. E. P. Dutton & Company  
\$1 6¾ x 4¾; 86 pp. New York

Mr. Griffith argues that the only way of keeping Shakespeare alive is by doing him in modern dress. Otherwise, he thinks, he will become obsolete.

### THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS.

Edited by Odell Shepard. The Houghton Mifflin Company  
\$3 8½ x 5½; 348 pp. New York

It is difficult to imagine how this book could be

Continued on page xvi

# The jolly windings

## THE SON OF MAN

by Emil Ludwig

THE biographer of Napoleon, the man of war, now gives us the story of the Prince of Peace. Told in the words of a contemporary to whom the tremendous theological consequences of the life he describes were unknown, this book presents for the first time a real and intensely human Jesus. \$3.00

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## Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

better. The author states in his preface that it is modeled upon Professor Perry's "The Heart of Emerson's Journals." One need only add that it lives up to that high standard in every way.

## THE THEATRE

### THREE PLAYS.

By William Archer.

Henry Holt & Company

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/4; 269 pp.

New York

The plays here are all rubbish. One is an historical piece called "Martha Washington" and the other two are poetical dramas of the vintage of 1886. But the book is made worth while by a long and very charming preface by G. Bernard Shaw, in which he sets forth some reminiscences of Archer and tries to analyze the man's curiously reticent character.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS ON THE STAGE.

By Henry Adelbert White.

The Yale University Press

\$2.50

9 x 5 1/4; 259 pp.

New Haven

Scott was a failure as a dramatist; his five attempts in this direction were relegated into the oblivion they deserved almost instantaneously. But his novels were the inspiration of highly successful dramas by other hands. Dr. White examines these dramas very carefully, with especial emphasis on the similarity between their texts and those of the parent novels.

### GOING TO PIECES.

By Alexander Woolcott.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2.50

8 3/4 x 5 1/4; 256 pp.

New York

Papers on the theatre and drama, chiefly in terms of actors and actresses, and on croquet, Hamilton College, Great Neck, the Four Marx Brothers and other of the author's greater enthusiasms. The title gives a hint of his predilection for puns, examples of which appear in such chapter headings as "Dramas That Boom in the Spring," "Odette, Where Is Thy Sting?," "No Peace Unto the Wicket" and "As Easy As Rolling Off a Travelogue," and in such incidental jocosities as "small Beers," "Guedallas to doughnuts," "Owen Wisteria" and "The Crust of the Golden Girl."

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### HEALTH AND WEALTH. *A Survey of the Economic of World Health.*

By Louis I. Dublin.

Harper & Brothers

\$3

8 3/4 x 5 1/4; 361 pp.

New York

Dr. Dublin is the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His "Life, Death, and the Negro," which appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for September, 1927, will be remembered: it appears

Continued on page xviii





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### Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

as one of the chapters of the present book. In other he discusses such things as the cost of medical service, the decline in the death-rate from tuberculosis, the apparent increase of cancer, the birth control propaganda, the effect of Prohibition upon the death-rate, and the probable extension of the average span of life hereafter. He believes that the campaign against tuberculosis, by improving environmental conditions, has materially diminished the death-rate—that all of the decline cannot be ascribed to natural selection, as certain biologists suggest. He says that Prohibition, as practically encountered, has not diminished the death-rate, but rather increased it. He argues against the birth control propaganda, and says that there is no danger of over-population in America. Finally, he attempts to construct a hypothetical life table, and finds that the average American's expectation of life at birth, in a few years, will probably be at least 64.75 years. His book is well written and contains much interesting matter. It has a good index.

CHARLES E. RUTHENBERG.

*The International Publisher*

50 cents

7½ x 5¼; 96 pp.

New York

Ruthenberg, who died on March 2, 1927, and who was accorded the supreme honor in the Bolshevik world of having his ashes buried beneath the Kremlin, was the founder of the Communist party in the United States, and one of the most interesting characters in the history of the American labor movement. As Mr. Jay Lovestone, the author of the introduction to this collection of excerpts from his speeches and writings, points out, he was not a scholar. He was primarily an organizer, and one of amazing ability. That the Communist party is now a problem to the Socialist party is largely due to his work. Of his sincerity there can be no more doubt than there is about the sincerity of Eugene Debs. He went to jail for his ideas more than once.

### PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.

Edited by J. B. Condliffe.

*The University of Chicago Press*

\$3

9½ x 6¼; 630 pp.

Chicago

In the Summer of 1927, 137 persons interested in Pacific problems, coming from all parts of the world directly interested in them, gathered in Honolulu to exchange views. The conference was the second of the Institute of Pacific Relations, founded in the Summer of 1925. The institute is an unofficial organization, and is in no way connected with any government. The present book is made up of the discussions at Honolulu last year. There are also reproduced many important documents.

Continued on page xx

# The Haldeman-Julius Monthly is printing THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN LIFE

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How and Why I Wrote "The President's Daughter," by Nan Britton.

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A LIMITED SUPPLY of the May issue (March and April sold out) remains for those who wish to begin their subscriptions with May. It contains the opening installment of the Sacco-Vanzetti series, and two reviews of "The President's Daughter" (by Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe), besides other characteristically Haldeman-Julius Monthly contributions. We will supply this issue as long as it lasts to those who use the blank when subscribing.

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## Contents for JUNE 1928

An Exclusive Interview with Nan Britton and Elizabeth Ann Harding ("The President's Daughter"), by Fred Bair; Gene Tunney Speaks on Shakespeare at Yale; I Debate With John Roach Straton, by Maynard Shipley; Miami's Reign of Violence, by Gerard Harrington; Rabbi Not So Wise, by E. Haldeman-Julius; War, What For? by Clay Fults; The Trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, by W. P. Norwin; Why Writers Hate Hollywood, by Don Gordon; A Tabloid Crusades Vice in Philadelphia, by L. P. Monte; Our Mad Movie Magnates, by Geo. Pampel; John Roach Straton, Witch Doctor of Gotham, by E. W. Hutter; Is Coffee Drinking Harmful? by T. S. Harding; Joe Neil, Victim of a Great State's Bigotry, by Marcet Haldeman-Julius; etc., etc.

## Contents for JULY 1928

How and Why I Wrote "The President's Daughter" (A Personal Statement), by Nan Britton; Shall We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex? by Isaac Goldberg; The Magic in Those Ultra-Violet Rays! by T. S. Harding; Is Republican Government Breaking Down in America? by Clay Fults; The New Sacco-Vanzetti Evidence, by W. P. Norwin; The Decline and Fall of Poker, by Sanford Jarrell; Some Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising, by A Newspaper Publicity Director; The Crime of Church Liberalism, by Eric Heath; Evolution of an Agnostic, by John Mason; The Candidates, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Dean Inge, An Honest Churchman, by Louis Adamic; "You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada, by Ruben Levin; etc., etc.

## Contents for AUGUST or Later

What Fundamentalists Believe and Preach (As Illustrated by the Preaching of John Roach Straton), by L. M. Birkhead; Will Hays, Ignorant and Dishonest, by Louis Adamic; In the Next War, by Sanford Jarrell; The Real Thomas A. Edison, by A. L. Shands; Scientific Soul-Saving, by T. S. Harding; A Soldier's Return, by G. V. Morris; No Tears for Babbitt, by David Warren Ryder; A Dinner With Billy Sunday, by Wm. Bedford; How to Put Punch in Your Personality, by Ballard Brown; The Wonderful West, by P. S. Powell; One of God's Families, by Don Lewis; Immoralities in Public Office, by W. C. Clugston; Public Criticism of Sacco and Vanzetti, by W. P. Norwin; John Wesley, Father of Methodism, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Henry Field, New God in the Middlewest, by M. E. Stanley; etc., etc.

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XX



*Check List of NEW BOOKS*

*Continued from page xviii*

**PROCEEDINGS OF THE WORLD POPULATION CONFERENCE.**

*Edited by Margaret Sanger. Edward Arnold & Company, Ltd.*  
\$5 9 x 5 3/4; 383 pp.

The World Population Conference was held at Geneva August 29—September 3 of last year, among the delegates were Drs. William H. Welch, Raymond Pearl, of the Johns Hopkins; Dr. E. A. East, of Harvard; Dr. Richard Goldschmidt, director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biology at Berlin; Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, Julian Huxley, Havelock Ellis, J. Maynard Keynes, Captain G. H. Pitt-Rivers, Bernard Mallet, H. G. Wells and André Sieghis. The subjects mainly discussed were food supply, fertility, pauperism and immigration. Dr. Pearl's opening address, on the biology of population growth, has since been printed as a book in this country. The other papers vary greatly in authority. Some of them are mere strings of platitudes, but in other there is considerable merit. Mrs. Sanger has done her work of editing very competently, and the volume has value. There is a good index, and also a who who of the delegates.

**ARCHON, or, The Future of Government.**

*By Hamilton Fyfe. E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.*  
\$1 6 3/4 x 4 3/8; 95 pp.

This recent addition to the Today and Tomorrow Series is plainly among the very best of that collection. Mr. Fyfe reviews the various governments in the history of the world, and points out that "governments have had far less influence than most of us think upon the mass of mankind, who are affected far less by political than by economic conditions. Political liberty and despotism, after all, mean very little to the man who is mainly interested in earning a livelihood; there has been poverty under the best and prosperity under the second. Political change work no miracles. As to what is the best possible form of government, no one can really say. Historical evidence may be adduced to prove that monarchy, aristocracy or democracy is the best. The truth is there is no science of government, and there never will be as long as there is no science of human nature. Until then government must be experimental, shot more or less in the dark." The spreading conviction, says Mr. Fyfe, that democracy has proved a failure, has little foundation. What the critics of it is true, but it is also true that it frees us from the fetters imposed by monarchical and aristocratic government. Above all, it makes it impossible for the temporary ruling class "to do very much that ought not to do." The peoples' will may be unstable but "it affords better anchorage for sound institutions."

*Continued on page xxii*

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*Check List of NEW BOOKS*

*Continued from page xx*

than the will of a single governor or the will of a ruling caste. Ignorantly willing, as the mass of electors are, to be deceived, they suffer from their deception in fewer ways than our ancestors did under kings and aristocrats."

**THE CHALLENGE: Liquor and Lawlessness vs. Constitutional Government.**

By William Gibbs McAdoo. The Century Company  
\$2 7 1/2 x 5; 305 pp. New York

The papers of a Christian statesman. Dr. McAdoo is convinced that it is only by fidelity to "the religion of Christ and the Ten Commandments" that democracy can hope to survive. We enjoyed a Christian democracy, he says, under the late Woodrow Wilson, but on his retirement from office it was succeeded by a plutocracy. Now "the clarion call of a new crusade of moral and political righteousness rings out in the land." Dr. McAdoo has an elevated, somewhat indignant style, recalling that of the great pulpit orators of his native Georgia. He believes in Prohibition up to and including the neck, and regards every effort to get rid of it, save by very quiet efforts at suasion, as treasonable and against God. He denounces all attempts to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment in ringing terms, and is eloquent against "the crime of Secretary Fall." But he says nothing about the nullification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the South, nor does he refer to the unfortunate connection with Mr. Doheny which caused him so much embarrassment in 1924.

**STANDING ROOM ONLY?**

By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company  
\$3 7 1/2 x 5 1/4; 368 pp. New York

In this collection of essays on the problem of population Dr. Ross makes few new contributions to either theory or fact, but his discussion is always well-informed and sensible. He is strongly in favor of the restriction of immigration, and likewise of birth control. He points out that even within the territory of the United States there are areas of dangerous population pressure—for example, in Porto Rico. The sanitary reforms introduced by the American authorities there have not improved the worldly condition of the natives, but reduced them to beggary, for the reduction of the old high death-rate has not been accompanied by any compensatory decline in the birth-rate. Here, as elsewhere in the world, medieval theological ideas are largely to be blamed for the animal-like spawning of the populace. Dr. Ross's book is heavily documented, and has a good index.

*Continued in back advertising section, page xxxvii*

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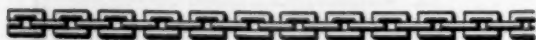
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## Editorial NOTES

Charles B. Driscoll, whose article, "Finale of the Wedding March," appears in this issue, has been a life-long student of pirates and has collected books and pamphlets by and about them for years. He has one of the best pirate libraries in this country, and has hunted treasure from Halifax to Port au Prince and back. He was born near Wichita, Kansas, and received his A. B. from Friends University of the same place, and did special work at the Universities of Kansas and Minnesota. Shortly thereafter he went into newspaper work and has been in it ever since.



Charles B. Driscoll

His journalistic experience includes reportorial and editorial work for the *Omaha Daily News*, *St. Paul Daily News*, and *Cleveland Press*. He was editor of the *Wichita Eagle* for five years, and during the war was in the New York bureau of the *United Press*.

He has written masses of syndicated features, ranging from daily verse to editorial articles. At present he is editor of the *McNaught Syndicate*, writing a weekly pirate tale and a daily editorial feature called "The World and All." Beside his journalistic work, Mr. Driscoll also contributes frequently to the reviews. In other articles he has contributed to *The*

Continued on page xxviii

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xxviii

## Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

AMERICAN MERCURY were: "The Country Banker," September, 1924; "Why Men Leave Kansas," October, 1924; "Major Prophets of Holy Kansas," May, 1926; and "Pastorale," November, 1926.

Louis Adamic, author of "The Bohunks" in this issue, was born in 1899 in Carniola, then a part of Austria, now of Yugoslavia. His father sent him to the city schools in the fond hope that he would become a priest, and later perhaps a bishop. But things turned out differently. Young Louis disliked teachers and school-desks, and in the third year of Gymnasium flunked in his studies. "The family," he says,



Louis Adamic

were disgraced and decided to turn me over to a Jesuit outfit, but I ran away, and at fourteen became a hobo. I hiked all over Lower Carniola, which is a beautiful place (and the peasants there are kind to hungry boys), and finally wound up in a remote parish, where a third cousin of my mother's was pastor. In his study I found a book entitled "Do Not Go to America!", and upon reading it decided immediately to go there. A week or so later I returned home and my parents consented to my going to America. They figured that I might as well, since I would never make a priest. They wept, and I wept.

In New York I became assistant editor of a Bohunk newspaper. Then Mr. Wilson decided to make the world safe for democracy and I, eager to help him, joined the Army. After enlisting I had to be operated on for an ingrowing toe-nail.

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Continued on page xxx

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XXX

## Editorial NOTES

*Continued from page xxviii*

lish was too meager for me to know what the surgeon was talking about and, not wishing to betray my ignorance, I took a chance and said no. It was an extremely painful operation, so I decided to learn the English language immediately. In the war I served without distinction, had the citizenship of the United States thrust upon me, and was released from the service with the high rank of battalion sergeant-major.

After the Armistice I worked as a laborer in several States, as a newspaper man in Honolulu, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and then as a longshoreman in San Pedro harbor. Three years ago I began to translate from the Yugoslav. The *Living Age* and other magazines have printed about twenty Slovene and Croat short stories which I had translated. In 1926 the Vanguard Press published my English version of Ivan Cankar's novel, "Yerney's Justice." Since then I have been writing articles and fiction of my own.

In this place, in the June issue, it was announced that THE AMERICAN MERCURY was prepared to pay a salary of \$1,000,000 a year to an infallible proof-reader. Since then more than 800 applications for the post have been received, many of them accompanied by letters of recommendation from the learned. But all of them have been rejected, and for a sound reason: not one of the applicants detected the fact that, in the very paragraph they responded to, there was a typographical error of a gross and revolting character. It converted Friedrich Silcher, the celebrated editor and author of German folk-songs, into Friedrich Silcer—a thing as palpable and as absurd as converting Goethe into Goete or Coolidge into Collidge. It would be pleasant to add that this error was put into the paragraph deliberately, to catch the candidates. But it would be untrue. Like all the others that get into THE AMERICAN MERCURY, it was inadvertent, and it slipped past six readers in the proof-room and the office, and no less than thirty-eight readings: Such is human fallibility under Prohibition.

## Tea Expert Explains Mystery of Phrase "Orange Pekoe"

"It is astonishing how few people really know what the words 'Orange Pekoe' mean," one of New York's leading tea blenders said in an interview recently.

"A great many people seem to believe that 'Orange Pekoe' is some special growth entirely distinct from Ceylon or India tea. This is not so."

As a matter of fact, Orange Pekoe tea comes from nearly any country where black tea is produced—Ceylon, India, Java, Sumatra or Nyassaland.

After the tea has been picked and treated so as to convert the green leaves into black tea it is graded. This is done by sifting it through a series of sieves, each varying slightly from the others in the fineness of its mesh.

The resulting grades are known as Orange Pekoe, Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, Fannings and Dust.

And so the magic words "Orange Pekoe," used every day of the year, are the means of denoting a certain leaf size.

The quality of a tea depends entirely upon the country of origin, climatic conditions, the height at which the estate is situated, and, of course, the care taken in the manufacture of the picked leaf.

That is, why it is far more important to know where a sample of tea comes from and under whose supervision it has been prepared than it is to know that it is graded "Orange Pekoe."

"One of the outstanding reasons for the steadily increasing consumption of tea is the great economy its use affords," the tea expert continued. "Whereas other beverages yield as few as thirty or forty cups to the pound, tea will give two hundred at the least."

In these days when people expect some form of beverage with every meal it is not surprising that the careful housewife is turning to tea, the most economical beverage of all, when she seeks to cut down an expense and keep within her budget. This is the reason that in so many homes tea is now served at least once a day—when before this delicious beverage was rarely in the house.

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Monday, January 23rd, 1928*

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Turn to page XXIII to find  
**THE LITERARY BAZAAR**  
A market place for collectors

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### Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page  
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### FOLK-LORE

#### FRONTIER BALLADS.

By Charles J. Finger. Doubleday, Page & Company  
\$3.50 9 x 6 3/4; 181 pp. Garden City, L. I.

A random collection of songs, some familiar and some strange, heard by Mr. Finger in various parts of the world, and set down by him, words and music, on the spot. The songs, with one exception, are not harmonized. There are capital wood-cut illustrations by Paul Honoré.

#### AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SONGS.

Compiled by Ethel Park Richardson. Greenberg  
\$3.50 10 1/4 x 7; 120 pp. New York

These songs are mainly of American origin, and many of them have not appeared in any other collection. Perhaps the most interesting group is what Mrs. Richardson calls spirituals. They resemble the familiar Negro spirituals, and suggest the thought that the latter may have come from prototypes sung by the poor whites. But it must be said that the Negro spirituals, in the main, are far superior to these mountain songs. There is greater rhythmic ingenuity and variety in their music, and their words have more dignity. Here, as in many other ways, the Negroes show their superiority to the low-down Southern crackers. All of the songs in the present collection have been fitted with piano accompaniments by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

#### BALLADS AND SEA-SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

Collected by W. Roy Mackenzie. The Harvard University Press  
\$5 9 3/4 x 6 3/4; 421 pp. Cambridge

Mr. Mackenzie reproduces 162 ballads and songs, and in an appendix gives the tunes of forty-two of them. There are an index of titles and an index of first lines.

### ANTHOLOGIES

DEEP WATERS: *An Anthology of Stories of the Sea.*  
Edited by Charles Wright Gay. Henry Holt & Company  
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5 3/4; 397 pp. New York

There are seventeen stories in this collection, and among the authors represented are Morgan Robertson, William McFee, Jack London, Frank Norris, James B. Connolly, John Masefield and Joseph Conrad. The stories vary greatly in merit.

Continued on page xxxiv



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New York

### N. B.

Individuals desiring this edition for their private libraries can secure it at \$10.00 the year from the office of the magazine.

## Check List of NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxxiii*

### GREAT STORIES OF ALL NATIONS.

*Edited by Maxim Lieber & Blanche Colton Williams.*

*Brentano's*  
\$5 8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 1121 pp. *New York*  
This formidable collection embraces not less than 160 stories. The first is an Egyptian tale of the Thirteenth Century B.C.; the last is a Rumanian tale by Michael Sadoveanu, who died in 1926. The living Americans represented are Sherwood Anderson, Edith Wharton, Hamlin Garland, Mary Austin, Booth Tarkington, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Melville Davisson Post.

### GREAT FRENCH SHORT STORIES.

*Edited by Lewis Melville & Reginald Hargreaves.*

*Boni & Liveright*  
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 1066 pp. *New York*  
There are sixty stories in this collection, which begins with "Aucassin and Nicolette" and ends with pieces by Paul Morand and Pierre Hamp. Zola is represented by "The Attack on the Mill," Anatole France by "The Procurator of Judæa," Huysman by "Knapsacks," the elder Dumas by "The Bird of Fate," Maupassant by "Mirza," Guy de Maupassant by three stories, Flaubert by three, Balzac by three, Daudet by two and Paul Bourget by one. The translations are by various hands.

## REPRINTS

### CELIBATE LIVES.

*By George Moore.*

*Boni & Liveright*

\$2.50 8 x 5 3/4; 237 pp. *New York*  
A new edition of a work originally published under the title "In Single Strictness," and available only in a limited edition. It contains all the stories that appeared in the first volume with the exception of "Hugh Monfert." For this Mr. Moore has substituted "Albert Nobbs" from "A Story-teller's Holiday."

### THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

*Translated by W. Adlington.*

*Boni & Liveright*

\$3.50 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 271 pp. *New York*  
This reprint of "The Golden Ass" is the ninth volume in the excellently printed Black and Gold Library. The Adlington version has been used in the main, amplified by passages from the fuller translation by Thomas Taylor. The volume contains an essay on Apuleius by Charles Whibley, originally published in "Studies in Frankness," in 1898, and a select bibliography of editions and translations of the original text.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

*Translated by J. G. Pilkington.*

*Boni & Liveright*

\$3.50 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 415 pp. *New York*  
This edition leaves little to be desired: it is beautiful.

*Continued on page xxxvi*

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the Tabernacle and of Solomon's Temple are repeated, with detail piled upon detail to the extent of some 10,000 words; and yet no ordinary reader can have succeeded in visualizing either structure. Mr. Hall, in a few hundred words taken out of the mass, turns both buildings into graphic pictures in the mind.

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5<sup>TH</sup> is the Wavy line;



6<sup>TH</sup> is the Zigzag line;



7<sup>TH</sup> is the Straight line.



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## Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

fully printed; the translation by J. G. Pilkington, originally made in 1876, closely follows the Benedictine edition, and is carefully annotated; and there are an excellent index and bibliography.

### EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNARDINO.

Edited by Ada Harrison. The Oxford University Press  
\$4 8 3/4 x 5 3/8; 150 pp. New York

Bernardino of Siena was born in 1388 and died in 1444. He was a Franciscan monk and preacher, who was much loved by the populace among whom he was in the habit of delivering homely sermons on the everyday virtues. A number of these sermons are here presented, and they are prefaced by an excellent biographical sketch by the editor.

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUDIENCE ON SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA.

By Robert Bridges. The Oxford University Press  
\$1 7 3/4 x 5; 29 pp. New York

The Poet Laureate, who is nothing if not a reformer, publishes this pamphlet (it is to be the first of a series) in order to introduce certain new forms of letters, and to support his well-known advocacy of simplified spelling. He does not go the whole way at once, but contents himself with a few innovations. One is a new letter, an *i* with a tail hooked to its right side, to represent the long *i*-sound, as in *tie*, *fly*, *dye*, *sign*, *buy*, *aisle*, *ay* and *eye*. Another is an *a* borrowed from the script *a* to represent the long sound of the vowel, as in *father*. A third is a script *g* for the hard form of the letter, leaving the ordinary letter for the soft form. Finally, there is a new letter, an *s* with a tail, to represent the *ng*-sound, as in *sing*. The new letters, it must be said, are not offensive, and do not greatly impede reading. Dr. Bridges' new spellings include *hav*, *liv* and *examin*, and are mainly confined to the omission of mute final *e*'s.

### THE ADVENTURES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON SNODGRASS.

By Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). Pascal Covici  
\$5 9 3/4 x 6 3/8; 59 pp. Chicago

Republishing such dreadful stuff as this is not a service to literature; it is simply literary grave-robbing. Clemens wrote the three banal pieces that constitute the book in 1856 and 1857, while he was preparing for that journey to the Amazon which he never made. The first, written in St. Louis, was published in the Keokuk (Iowa) *Post* of November 1, 1856. The next, written in Cincinnati, was published in the same paper on November 29, and the third, also written there, on April 10, 1857. They are in the form of letters purporting to recite the adventures of a yokel named Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass. "It may

Continued on page xxxviii

## The Literature of the New Germany

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## WAY OF SACRIFICE

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By **FRITZ VON UNRUH**

Translated by C. A. MACARTNEY

This story of a company at Verdun has made history in addition to recording it. It was composed at the solicitation of the German General Staff, who needed propaganda to bolster up the failing morale of the troops. When they had read it they promptly declared the author insane and suppressed publication. Manuscript copies, read to peasant soldiers standing knee-deep in trench mud, did much to undermine German morale during the last months of the war. \$2.50

## THE REDEMPTION OF TYCHO BRAHE

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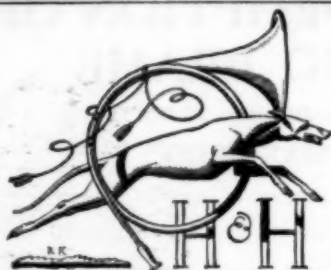
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THE HOUND & HORN  
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### Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

be admitted," says Vincent Starrett, in a foreword to the collection, "that they are not funny. They illustrate the sense of humor that, to this day, finds the utmost hilarity in a picture of a man falling off a wagon and saying 'Wow!'" It is surely to be hoped that literary resurrection men will not be induced to print any more such specimens of old Mark's juvenilia. He wrote a great deal in his early days that was puerile and idiotic. The editor of the present volume is Charles Honce. It is printed, fortunately enough, in a limited edition of but 375 copies.

### FICTION

BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES.

By Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright  
\$2. 7 3/4 x 4 3/4; 248 pp. New York

It seemed highly unlikely that Miss Loos would ever be able to concoct another piece of buffoonery as searching and exhilarating as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but here she has come very near doing it. The story, indeed, is quite as well planned as its predecessor, and if it lacks freshness, it is at least full of a vast comic ingenuity. Chapter III, describing the heroine's life with a traveling carnival, is superb humor, and so is Chapter XI, describing her luckless marriage and the heroic efforts of her lawyer to prevent her getting a divorce. Moreover, there are many minor episodes that strike the same high level—for example, the adventure of Mr. Goldmark, the movie magnate, in Paris. The weakest part of the book is that which deals with Dorothy's encounters with the dignitaries of the Algonquin Round-Table: here the note is false, and a hint of malice corrupts the jocosity. But the rest is excellent stuff, with curiously accurate observation in it and absurdity piled upon absurdity. The illustrations by Ralph Barton give capital support to the text.

RESPECTABILITY.

By Boban Lynch. Little, Brown & Company  
\$2.50 7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 328 pp. Boston

Esther Wade, of estimable country people, marries Ralph Wilson, but leaves her rich drunkard husband and runs off to Italy with Dick Orgrave, younger brother of Lord Orgrave, a religious hypocrite. The lovers return to England and the pious members of both families try to reconcile the husband and wife. But Esther dies and her illegitimate child is adopted by her mother's sister, the all-too-respectable Millicent Franklyn. Dick goes off to India. The remainder of the story deals with the second Esther's endeavor to live down the fact that she was born in sin. The author's handling of the narrative is often heavy-handed, but his picture of Millicent, who never permits the younger Esther to forget her indebtedness to her aunt, is an excellent one.

# The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

## THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY

IN D. H. Lawrence more than in any other English writer we find an understanding of the relationships between men and women. Sex has for him an almost mystic meaning. He can delve beneath its obvious aspects and find



D. H. Lawrence

significances, subtle nuances, missed by less inspired writers. "There was a woman who loved her husband, but she could not live with him," is the sentence with which his new book of short stories opens. It is an attitude which typifies most of his women, for their author has discovered the essential paradox that even when they seem most firmly anchored to the hearth they are for ever riding away.

However, the woman in the story which gives its title to the collection does actually ride away in a more concrete sense than this. And at the end of her trail into the wilds of the Sierra Madre she finds a human sacrifice, herself the victim. This story, with its strange understanding of the psychology behind barbaric rites, and also of the exultant complacency of the victim, is itself an extraordinary *tour de force*. It stands out even among these other tales, with their varied scenes and their strange passionate lovers.

## THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY.

By D. H. LAWRENCE, author of "David," "The Plumed Serpent," "Mornings in Mexico," etc. \$2.50 net.

## MEN IN THE LIMELIGHT

HERE is a book which might with advantage be placed in the hands of every enfranchised person in America; for it forms the most complete guide available to the personalities and records of those who are likely to be engaged in the coming presidential struggle. Its publication is likely to cause no little controversy and some bitterness. Mr. Villard does not mince his words. On the other hand, he is scrupulously fair. Witness the following summary of the capabilities of the most likely Republican nominee:

"Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb supersalesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is President. He will be Chief Executive in deed as well as in name, in complete control of his subordinates, and carrying on a uniform policy, to which he will brook no opposition."

## PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, author of "Some Newspapers and Newspaper-men." \$3.00 net.

## FOR SUMMER READING

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COBWEB CASTLE. By J. S. FLETCHER, author of "The Middle Temple Murder," "The Markemore Mystery," etc. \$2.00 net.



Elinor Wylie

## INNOCENT LANDSCAPE

HERE is no peace, although the air has faded,  
And footfalls die and are buried in deep grass,  
And reverential trees are softly painted  
Like saints upon an oriel of glass.

The pattern of the atmosphere is spherical,  
A bubble in the silence of the sun,  
Blown thinner by the very breath of miracle  
Around a core of loud confusion.

Here is no virtue; here is nothing blessed  
Save this foredoomed suspension of the end;  
Faith is the blossom, but the fruit is cursed;  
Go hence, for it is useless to pretend.

From TRIVIAL BREATH. By ELINOR WYLIE, author of "The Orphan Angel," "Mr. Hodgs and Mr. Hazard," etc. \$2.50 net.

## Retrospect: A Shop-talk

(Concluded from last month)

THIS is perhaps as good a place and moment as any for a statement of the underlying logic of our many recent translations from the post-War literature of Germany. We have added to them, in the Spring season just closed, no fewer than five important titles in fiction and drama, besides two works of the first importance in other fields—*Rent Fülöp-Miller's* dissection of contemporary Russia, *THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHIEVISM*, and *Count Corri's* dual biography and history, *MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO*, which we are convinced is one of the great indestructible books. And the season now opening is to see several major additions to our work in this same province.

It is entirely natural to assume that what prompts so consistent an attention to the works of one foreign country is a disproportionate *a priori* interest in that country. But such an assumption is, in this instance, as completely erroneous as it is natural. The fact is that the German books translated and published have won their place in open competition with American, British, French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, Polish, and other books, and they have done it by dint of clear individual superiority. Germany is today submitting to us a greater volume of creative work of the first order than reaches us from all the rest of Europe combined. The selection is on the basis of merit alone, and it involves many rejections to each acceptance. We start with a determination, not to represent Germany by a certain number of her best contributions, but to publish the best books we can obtain, judging them by standards that are world-wide. Show us in any other country a group of writers of the sheer international significance of *Thomas Mann*, *Ricarda Huch*, *Bruno Frank*, *Frank Thiess*, *Rent Schickel*, *Max Brod*, *Oskar Maria Graf*, and *Alfred Neumann*, and we shall publish the writers of that country on the same scale if we can obtain the right to. If, of the ten best works offered us by Americans or Frenchmen, only three can compete successfully against the ten best offered by Germans, and we are able to publish only ten all told, it is a foregone conclusion that seven of the ten will be of German origin. We are engaged in the task of representing, not national boundaries, but a generation of literature.

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And, after all, the importance of Berlin and Munich in our recent lists



Sigred Undset

does not signify any diminution in the importance of London. At this moment it looks as if *Miss G. B. Stern's* *DEBONAIR* means to outsell every earlier book of hers; indeed, it may outsell all of them put together. *Mr. Francis Brett Young's* new novel, *THE KEY OF LIFE*, sold almost as many copies before publication as its very successful predecessor, *LOVE IS ENOUGH*, has sold in a year; and it, too, is under full momentum as these paragraphs go to the printer. *CUPS, WANDS & SWORDS* has done more for *Miss Helen Simpson* in America than was done by *ACQUITTAL* and *THE BASELESS FABRIC* put together, unusual as they are; and a new English reputation came very reas-



Thomas Mann

suringly into the reckoning of the judicious with the publication of *Rhapsody*, *Miss Dorothy Edwards's* group of quiet stories.

But, as was said at the beginning of this survey, The Borzoi is not forgetting that his kennel is on this side of the Atlantic; and he is deeply and irrevocably committed in many an

American quarter. *THE GANOS* of New York, by *Herbert Asbury*, is in its second month of being the talk of the town; and by the time these words are read it is pretty certain to be the talk of the country. *Mr. Clarence Day's* pictured *THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS* will go farther than even *THIS SIMIAN WORLD*—and perhaps it will go faster because of the amusing prize contest based on the missing line in the book, for the reason that many a person who comes to compete remains to read and enjoy. We have published, too, cisatlantic contributions to science (*William Morton Wheeler*, *Raymond Pearl*), to poetry (*John V. A. Weaver*, *Clutch Perkins*), and to history and criticism and travel and music; and an author new to our list, *Agnes Danforth Howe*, has been represented by a glowingly beautiful historical tale of adventure and heroism, *SWORDS ON THE SEA*.

And, finally, there are three works which must be thought of as having, in a very preëminent and special way, crowned the season of their appearance in the literature of America: in the order of publication, *Elinor Wylie's* *MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD*, *THE ROAD TO HEAVEN*, by *Thomas Mann*, and *Joseph Hergesheimer's* *QUIET CITIES*. Each of these cuts straight across the prevailing current in fiction; and each of them creates for itself, in so doing, a success that makes the prevailing current look absurdly misdirected. Here are three great imaginative writers representing themselves in one season by a sort of book that no reader on earth could possibly expect short of actually getting it. It is a three-fold defiance of standardization that gives one to think anew about that tremendous question, What the Public Wants. Does anyone know? Is the public so calculable as statisticians and publicity experts avow? Let us thank heaven for artists. They give the public, every now and then, its chance to rise up and shout that its real demand has no recognizable connection with nine-tenths of the machine-made article which is offered to it in such quantity. A clever pot-boiler appears and sells its thousands, and the unimaginative and cynical publisher says "I told you so." Then a *ROAD TO HEAVEN* or a *HODGE AND HAZARD* or a *QUIET CITIES* comes into existence and sells its tens of thousands—and where is the cynic then?

# *The American* MERCURY

August 1928

MANY HATS

BY CARL SANDBURG

WHEN the scrapers of the  
deep winds were done, and  
the haulers of the tall  
waters had finished, this  
was the accomplishment.

The drums of the sun never  
get tired, and first off  
every morning, the drums of  
the sun perform an intro-  
duction of the dawn here.

The moon goes down here  
as a dark bellringer, do-  
ing once more what he has  
done over and over already  
in his young life.

Up on a long blue platform  
comes a line of starprints.

If the wind has a song, it  
is moaning: Good Lawd, I  
done done what you told me  
to do.

## II

Whose three-ring-circus is this? Who stipu-  
lated in a contract for this to be drunken,  
death-defying, colossal, mammoth, cyclopean,  
mystic as the light that never was on land  
or sea, bland, composed, and imperturbable as



a cool phalanx of sphinxes? Why did one woman cry, The silence is terrible? Why did another smile, There is a sweet gravity here? Why do they come and go here and look as in a looking-glass?

The Grand Canyon of Arizona, said one, this is it, hacked out by the broadax of a big left-handed God and left forgotten, fixed over and embellished by a remembering right-handed God Who always comes back.

If you ask me, said an old railroader, I'll never tell you who took the excavation contract for this blowout—it took a lot of shovels and a lot of dynamite—several large kegs, I would guess—and maybe they had a case or two of TNT.

Yes, he went on, the Grand Canyon, the daddy of 'em all—the undisputed champeen—that range-rider sure was righto—the elements had a hell of a rassle here!

The Grand Canyon—a long ride from where Brigham Young stands in bronze gazing on the city he bade rise out of salt and alkali—a weary walk from Santa Fé and the Mountains of the Blood of Christ—a bitter hike from where the Sonora dove at Tucson mourns, No hope, no hope!—a sweet distance from where Balboa stripped for his first swim in the Pacific—a mean cross-country journey to where Roy Bean told the *muchacho*, By the white light of a moon on the walls of an *arroyo* last Tuesday you killed a woman and next Tuesday we're going to hang you—a traveler's route of many days and sleeps to reach the place of the declaration, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.

Shovel into this cut of earth all past and present possessions, creations, belongings of man; shovel *furioso*, *appassionata*, *pizzicato*; shovel cities, wagons, ships, tools, jewels; the bottom isn't covered; the wild burros and the trail mules go hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw.

Turn it into a Hall of Fame, said a rambler;  
Let it be a series of memorials to the Four  
Horsemen, to Napoleon, Carl the Twelfth, Caesar,  
Alexander the Great, Hannibal and Hasdrubal,  
and all who have rode in blood up to the  
bridles of the horses, calling, Hurrah for the  
next who goes! Let each have his name on a  
truncated cyclops of rock. Let passers-by say,  
He was pretty good but he didn't last long.

Now I wonder, I wonder, said another, can  
they all find room here? Elijah fed by  
the ravens, Jonah in the belly of the  
whale, Daniel in the lions' den, Lot's  
wife transmogrified into salt, Elijah  
riding up into the sky in a chariot of  
fire—can they all find room? Are the  
broken pieces of the Tower of Babel and  
the Walls of Jericho here? Should I look  
for the ram's horn Joshua blew?

## III

A phantom runner runs on the rim. "I saw  
a moon man throw hats in, hats of Kings,  
Emperors, Senators, Presidents, plumed hats  
of knights, red hats of cardinals, five-gallon  
hats of cowboys, tasselled hats of Bavarian  
yodelers, mandarin hats, derbies, fedoras, cha-  
peaux, straws, lady picture-hats out of Gains-  
borough portraits—

"Hats many proud people handed over, dying  
and saying, Take this one too—hats *furioso*,  
*appassionata*, *pizzicato*—hats for remembrance,  
good-by, three strikes and out, fade me, there's  
no place to go but home—hats for man alone,  
God alone, the sky alone."

## IV

Think of the little birds, said another, the  
wee birdies—before God took a hunk of mud  
and made Man they were here, the birds, the  
robins, juncos, nuthatches, bats, eagles, cedar  
birds, chickadees, bluejays. I saw a blackbird  
gleaming in satin, floating in the scrolls of  
his glamorous wings, stopping on an airpath  
and standing still with nothing under his  
feet, looking at the gray desert lev-

el interrupted by the Grand Canyon. The birds belong, don't they?

## V

Comes along a *bombre* saying, Let it be dedicated to Time; this is what is left of the Big Procession when Time gets through with it; the sun loves its stubs; we will give a name to any torso broken and tumbled by Time; we will leave the vanished torsoes with no names.

Comes along a *bombre* accidentally remarking, Let it be dedicated to Law and Order—the law of the Strong fighting the Strong, the Cunning outwitting the Less Cunning—and the Weak Ones ordered to their places by the Strong and Cunning—aye—and ai-ee—Law and Order.

Comes along another *bombre* giving his slant at it; Now this sure was the Gyarden of Eden, smooth, rich, nice, watered, fixed, no work till tomorrow, Adam and Eve satisfied and sitting pretty till the day of the Snake Dance and the First Sin; and God was disgusted and wrecked the works; he ordered club-foot angels with broken wings to shoot the job; now look at it!

Comes another *bombre* all wised up: This was the Devil's Brickyard; here were the kilns to make the Kitchens of Hell; after bricks enough were made to last Hell a million years, the Devil said, Shut 'er down; they had a big payday night and left it busted from Hell to breakfast; the Hopis looked it over and decided to live eighty miles away where there was water; then came Powell, Hance, the Santa Fé, the boys shooting the rapids, and Fred Harvey with El Tovar.

## VI

Now Hance had his points; they asked him how he come to find the Canyon and he told 'em: I was ridin' old Whitey and the Mojaves after me when we comes to this gap miles across; I told Whitey, It's you now for the longest jump you ever took; Whitey jumped and was half way across when I pulled on the bridle, turned him around, and we come back to the same place on the Canyon rim we started from.

Yes, Hance told 'em, if they asked, how he come to dig the Canyon. But where did you put all the dirt? Took it away in wheelbarrows and made San Francisco Peaks.

Hance, sleeping near a big rock, woke up and saw seven rattlesnakes circle seven times around the rock, each with the tail of the snake ahead in his mouth, and all of them swallowing, till after a while there wasn't a snake left. Hance's wife got her leg caught between two rocks. Couldn't get her loose, said Hance, so I had to shoot her to save her from starving to death; look down there between those two rocks and you can see her bones, said Hance.

This is where we find the original knuckle-snake; he breaks to pieces if you try to pick him up; and when you go away he knuckles himself together again; yes, and down here is the original echo canyon; we holler, Has Smith been here? and the echo promulgates back, Which Smith?

## VII

Down at the darkest depths, miles down, the Colorado River grinds, toils, driving the channel deeper—is it free or convict?—tell me—will it end like a great writer crying, I die with my best books unwritten?

Smooth as glass run the streaming waters—then a break into rapids, into tumblers, into spray, into voices, roars, growls, into commanding monotones that hunt far corners and jumping-off places.

And how should a beautiful, ignorant stream of water know it heads for an early release—out across the Desert, running toward the Gulf, below sea level, to murmur its lullaby, and see the Imperial Valley rise out of burning sand with cotton blossoms, wheat, watermelons, roses, how should it know?

## VIII

The *bombres* keep coming; here comes another; he says, says he, I met four people this morning, the poker face, the baby stare, the icy mitt, and the peace that passeth understanding—let this place



be dedicated to X, the unknown factor, to the Missing Link, to Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, to the Sargossa Sea, to Humpty Dumpty, to Little Red Riding Hood crying for her mother, to those who never believe in Santa Klaus, to the man who turned himself inside out because he was so sleepy.

## IX

Steps on steps lift on into the sky; the lengths count up into stairways; let me go up, for the Redeemer is up there; He died for me; so a Spanish Indian was speaking—and he asked, When the first French Jesuit looked from Yavapai Point four hundred years ago, did he murmur of a tall altar to go on a mile-long rock shelf down there on a *mesa*? Did he whisper of an unspeakably tall altar there for the raising of the ostensorium and the swinging of censers and the calling up of the presence of the Heart of the Living Christ? And he went on, Where the Son of God is made known surely is a place for the removal of shoes and the renewal of feet for the journey—surely this is so.

Came a lean, hungry-looking *hombre* with Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas on his wind-bitten face, and he was saying, Sure my boy, sure my girl, and you're free to have any sweet blue-bird fancies you please, any wild broncho thoughts you choose to have, when you stand before this grand scrap pile of hats, hammers, haciendas, and hidalgos.

He went on, Yes, let this be dedicated to Time and Ice; a memorial of the Human Family which came, was, and went; let it stand as a witness of the short miserable pilgrimage of mankind, of flame faiths, of blood and fire, and of Ice which was here first and will be here again—Faces once frozen you shall all be frozen again—the little clocks of Men shall all be frozen and nobody will be too late or too early ever again.

On the rim a quizzical grey-glinting *hombre* was telling himself how it looked to him—the sun and the air are endless with silver tricks—the light of the sun has crimson stratagems—the changes go on in stop-watch

split seconds—the blues slide down a box of  
yellow and mix with reds that melt into grey  
and come back saffron clay and granite pink  
—a weaving gamble of color twists  
on and it is anybody's guess what is next.

A long sand-brown shawl shortens to a glimmering  
turquoise scarf—as the parapets and chimneys  
wash over and out in the baths of the sunset  
and the floats of the gloaming, one man says,  
There goes God with an army of banners, and  
another man, Who is God and why? Who am I  
and why?

He told himself, This may be  
something else than what I  
see when I look—how do I  
know? For each man sees him-  
self in the Grand Canyon—  
each one makes his own Canyon  
before he comes, each one brings  
and carries away his own Canyon—  
who knows? and how do I know?

## X

If the wind has a song, it  
is moaning: Good Lawd, I  
done done what you told me  
to do.

When the scrapers of the  
deep winds were done, and  
the haulers of the tall  
waters had finished, this  
was the accomplishment.

The moon goes down here  
as a dark bellringer do-  
ing once more what he has  
done over and over already  
in his young life.  
Up on a long blue platform  
comes a line of starprints.

The drums of the sun never  
get tired, and first off  
every morning, the drums of  
the sun perform an intro-  
duction of the dawn here.

## SERVING THE GENTRY

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG

IT is well known that waiters rely on tips to supplement their meagre salaries. In the case of banquet waiters in New York, especially since Prohibition came in, and boozing became heavy, these tips are invariably handsome. With a table seating ten people a waiter can expect to collect at least eight dollars on a "good" party; occasionally it is more, especially if the people he serves succumb completely to their liquor. The custom of the town is for each guest to drop a dollar in the tip plate, which is set conspicuously in the center of the table after dinner. This kitty is the waiter's own, and he splits with no one. The bus boys get a split in the hotel restaurants downstairs, but not in the banquet rooms.

Moreover, after serving a dinner at seven o'clock, a waiter may be called upon to officiate at an eleven o'clock supper, nearly always of soups, and thus collect eight or ten dollars more. If he is in good standing with his head-waiter and is booked for both dinner and supper, he may leave the hotel at four or five o'clock in the morning with perhaps twenty-five dollars in tips, and a couple of half quarts of drinkable Scotch, and, incidentally, he somewhat cock-eyed himself into the bargain.

Thus the myth that waiters are suffering menials, to be pitied and coddled by sentimental social reform, is pure hooey. A good waiter, who respects his head-waiter and belongs to the Geneva Association—the international waiters' welfare organization—accepts his social status without a murmur of dissent; he is a fatalist, a philosopher and a cynic. More, he doesn't

want the public to stop insulting him by tipping him. Tipping is too lucrative, especially on modern parties in the big hotels, where everyone automatically gets stewed as a protest against the Eighteenth Amendment.

The life of a New York banquet waiter, indeed, is a kind of indefinitely prolonged souse party during the Winter season. It is a party accompanied by plenty of the best food obtainable, excellent cigars and cigarettes—which the waiter pilfers from under the guests' noses with a skill acquired through many years of practice—, entertainment of a high order, and plenty of tips. The waiter enjoys himself as much as the guests do, though he may deny it, and even profess scorn for the people he serves. Nevertheless, he eats the same food the guests eat, he picks up an awful lot of the guests' liquor, and, during a good season he can make enough in tips to keep him throughout the Summer at some quiet mountain resort, with or without a job.

Dozens of waiters in the big Broadway hotels own parcels of Long Island real estate and have money in the bank. And if they don't acquire locomotor ataxia or delirium tremens before their tours of service are over, they retire to Germany—usually—and live for the rest of their lives like the gentlemen they profess to despise. Of course, there are others of the tribe without a penny; but this does not necessarily mean that they haven't made money. It merely means that they have squandered what they made on the horses or the gals. For Broadway waiters live full and gaudy lives.

The moment a large booze party—say a

dinner and dance under the auspices of the Friendly Brothers of Erin, or the National Association of Shaving-Cream Manufacturers—enters a hotel ballroom, the head-waiter is on the lookout for the committeemen who will dispense the official tip when the racket ends. This official tip is to be distinguished from the table tips, which go to the waiters. All mere waiters must keep away from the party committeemen. If the head-waiter sees any of them loitering in their vicinity at any time during the course of the party, he knows what they're after, and so places them on a certain kind of list. In consequence, the waiters studiously avoid the committeemen, for to be placed on the head-waiter's list is tantamount to suffering a sharp reduction in professional opportunities and takings. Every waiter knows that he must never cut in on the tips of the head-waiter.

The ballroom ushers, however, whose only duties are to guide the guests into the banquet rooms and later show them the location of the wash-rooms, do not believe that they are bound by this convention. Consequently, when an usher has an opportunity to isolate a committeeman and intimate that he'd just as soon have his tip on the spot, he does not hesitate to do so. But for a waiter to follow a committeeman is an abominable transgression of the laws of waiterdom, punishable by the utmost severity—a severity that invariably takes the form of being kept from serving at the heavy wet dinners and suppers, where the real money is. A waiter must never under any circumstances look tip hungry. The fact that he is positively voracious must be cleverly concealed, at least in the presence of the head-waiter.

A racket of the kind I have mentioned is inevitably extremely wet and boisterous; and this means plenty of extra work, and money, too, for the ushers and waiters. The booze comes into the ballroom in suitcases, hand-bags, packages, and hip pockets, and during the course of the party, bootleggers often deliver it boldly at the ballroom door. It likewise comes into the

hotel in large quantities in the guise of ginger ale.

The head-waiter, conveniently forgetful of the Eighteenth Amendment, personally sees that it is delivered to the committeemen. Sometimes, in great tubs of cracked ice, it enters the hotel through the service entrance, like an ordinary parcel. Whoever handles it remains completely ignorant of the fact that it is booze, but the head-waiter sees that it arrives at its destination. This is, however, a somewhat dangerous proceeding, and the rules of all high-toned hotels forbid it. But the head-waiter knows that if the booze isn't delivered to the committeemen, his tip will be outrageously inadequate, or missing entirely. He will not, under any circumstances, permit that. So by one route or another the booze arrives at the dinner tables, and what is not stolen by the waiters and ushers is guzzled by the guests.

In most of the big White Light hotels there are what are called booze-waiters, who do absolutely nothing but distribute the liquor to the diners at the tables. These men are distinct from the waiters who serve food. If, as is usual, they are attached to the staff of the hotel, they are formally discharged before dinner and turned over to the committeemen. Sometimes the party brings them in from the outside. In any case, their activities as dispensers of booze are under the jurisdiction of the committeemen, and the hotel is thus theoretically absolved from responsibility.

During the course of a racket, these booze-waiters are naturally much sought after. They are usually roaring drunk before it is over, for the supply of liquor is almost entirely in their hands, and they make the most of their chances. Many of them act as if the liquor actually belonged to them; the intense proprietorship they assume over a bottle of booze is really quite touching.

A booze room is partitioned off from the ballroom proper, and there the liquor is stored. The head-waiter, the party committeemen and the head booze-waiter are



constantly buzzing around this room, counting the bottles and keeping the booze-waiters as sober as possible. Each waiter has one or two tables, which he is supposed to keep supplied with booze. Whenever the head booze-waiter gives him a bottle of whiskey, champagne, brandy, or whatever it is, he visits his tables and refills the glasses.

Every booze-waiter is watched almost bitterly. The head-waiter is constantly nagging him to serve the booze and not drink it; the ushers are after him for drinks; the other waiters, who serve the dinner, demand a couple of shots; a captain of waiters in charge of a certain section of tables has his glass ready; a policeman will come in from Broadway in search of something to heat his belly; and perhaps even a guest at the table he serves will offer to buy the bottle in his hands outright, and as many more bottles as he can get hold of. Thus the booze-waiter has a hell of a time doing his duty. It is no wonder that he usually gets squiffed as soon as the party begins, and remains in that state until it is over.

When the booze has begun to circulate freely, the diners,—perhaps there are nine hundred of them—begin to rush for the wash-rooms. Cries of "Where is it?" and "Which way?" assault the ushers' ears.

## II

The fundamental motive that actuates a good head-waiter is a feverish urge to get the tips, at no matter what cost. The chief banquet waiter, who very seldom presides at a party in person, sets him in a particular ballroom, and he is all suavity when he first greets the committeemen. If he does not know the party, he consults his enormous fund of banquet experience, and is guided accordingly. If he does know the party—if it has frequented the hotel before—his duties are automatic, and his tip is sure. Year after year, certain parties frequent the same hotel, and the head-waiter is thoroughly familiar with their needs.

Some parties require a certain laxity, which is not permitted in other hotels. A few very fashionable and smart parties come to certain hotels because the legal relations between men and women guests are not too intensively scanned by the hotel personnel.

A cheap party naturally gets short shrift: it is fed as speedily as possible, the waiters, taking the cue from their chief, aren't any too careful in the service, and the guests are hustled from the ballroom on the dot. The committeemen speedily find themselves tangled up in some detail of the service that leaves them floundering for hours. The head-waiter will deliberately keep in the background, allowing the defiant committeemen, who, by their actions, make known the small size of their probable tip, to proceed on their own initiative.

Perhaps booze is stolen from the guests at the tables. If so, the head-waiter, though he undoubtedly knows precisely who pilfered it and where it can be recovered, makes little or no effort in that direction. If souvenirs are to be given to the guests during the party, a great many of them mysteriously disappear, and the head-waiter hasn't the slightest idea where they went. A dozen and one other accidents may happen to a cheap party. It can even be ousted from the hotel, if it gets too boisterous and the head-waiter is not appeased. This has happened time and again.

Indeed, the suave and deadly pressure a seasoned head-waiter can exert on such a party is often painful to contemplate. He is a shrewd manipulator of human vanity; he has an informal knowledge of psychology that is amazing; and when his tips are touched, you dig into his heart, his very bowels, and he naturally retaliates. It is, therefore, wisest to tip him adequately if you want your party to run along smoothly, for it is completely impossible to combat a head-waiter on his own ground. He will outwit you in some fashion, for he knows his business too well. Years of experience are required before a waiter becomes a head-waiter. And among waiters, the ban-

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quet head-waiter represents the ultimate pinnacle of achievement.

When no tipping at the tables is to be the rule at a party, a lump sum is given by the committeemen to the *maître d'hôtel*, who, in theory at least, divides it up between the chief head-waiter, the head-waiter who was actually in charge of the party, the captains under him, the waiters who serve, the ushers who guide the guests into the ballroom, and perhaps also the hat-stand attendants, the maids in the ladies' rooms, the housekeeper, and the head houseman.

When the individual waiter collects his tip at his table, he feels that he is getting only what is coming to him; he has the cold cash in hand, given him on the spot by the people he serves. He splits this tip with no one; none of the head-waiters or the captains have anything to do with the individual table tip. It is up to the waiter to get it. If he fails he is out of luck.

Sometimes, at a no-collection-at-the-tables party, the boozy guests will tip anyway, despite the fact that they have been warned not to do so by the committeemen; it is almost impossible to keep an American from tipping, however slight the provocation. The waiter thus collects his part of the lump sum tip from the head waiter and also approximately the same amount at his table. He naturally says nothing about this last. If he accidentally happens to be scrupulous and protests that the committee is taking care of the tips—which is indeed a rare circumstance—the guests invariably make him take the table tip anyway.

The waiter would much rather be tipped at the table. He doesn't know the amount of the lump sum given by the committee to the head-waiter or *maître d'hôtel*, and he possesses no means of finding out. It is entirely up to the chief head-waiter to decide how much of this lump sum the individual waiter is entitled to. After the *maître d'hôtel*, the head-waiter and the captains have deducted their shares, the waiter gets his. He is called into the chief head-

waiter's office, given a white slip of paper with a certain sum indicated on it, and requested to sign a receipt. The white slip is later converted into cash at the cashier's office.

The waiter, as I have said, doesn't like this arrangement. A cynic by trade, he doubts the amounts indicated on the white slips. However, he never argues about the split; he is trained to take what he gets and say nothing. If he squawks, he is not booked for the heavy booze parties and thus loses money. If this penalty is not sufficient, he is booked as an usher, and the real waiter hates to be an usher. Or he is stationed in some isolated spot where there are no chances to grab tips.

The doubt, nevertheless, lingers. The waiter doesn't know what goes on after the committeemen have given the *maître d'hôtel* their lump sum tip, but he has a fairly good idea. He knows human nature too well to thoroughly trust anyone. His sole reliance in the matter is his private knowledge of the head-waiter's integrity as manifested in other activities of the profession. The ushers, too, distrust the lump sum arrangement. It is far easier to leave an usher out of the split than it is to leave out a waiter.

An usher employed in a famous New York hotel once had a chance to check up on a lump sum distribution of tips at a dinner dance. By sheer luck he discovered a list of attendants working on the party made out by the head-waiter to be given to the committeemen. The head-waiter happened to be slightly cock-eyed, or the usher never would have got his hands on the list. Beside the waiters, three ushers were indicated as being on duty throughout the party. One took tickets at the ballroom door, and the other two saw that the guests were correctly informed as to the locations of the wash-rooms. The head-waiter obviously collected tips for these ushers—perhaps two or three dollars a piece—but they never saw a penny of the money.

A certain head-waiter in the same hotel

made a practice of withholding all the tips delivered to him in lump sums. This fellow was a ruthless monster who despised the waiters under him. For months, they did not see a penny of the tips that were supposed to accrue to them from no-collection parties. The waiters, of course, knew what was happening, but none of them had the courage to voice their suspicions, for fear of being placed on the head-waiter's certain kind of list. This melancholy situation continued for possibly a year, and then the head-waiter suddenly evacuated the country, with many thousands of dollars in lump sum tips. It is said that he now lives in luxury in Austria. He will undoubtedly be slaughtered if ever he returns to America and collides with the waiters he swindled. It must be said, though, that most head-waiters dispensing such tips are known for their integrity.

### III

There are dozens of other ways of seducing tips from the guests on parties in the big hotels. The ushers who stand in the reception corridors are cognizant of many of them. Naturally, the most prolific sources of tips are the souses, who are now numberless. For instance, a gentleman hopelessly squiffed may suddenly realize the utter necessity of getting some air. He knows little or nothing about the intricate passageways, the multitude of doors and blind alleys in the hotel; even if he did, his burden of liquor would not permit him to utilize his knowledge. So he wanders around in a hopeless daze, his dinner clothing in disarray and his eyes bulging. Finally, he manages to find a wash-room, but when he returns he can't find his party. With possibly a dozen rackets in progress throughout the hotel, it is a difficult matter to locate one of them. He may belong to a racket on the eleventh floor, and may have come down to the main floor in his search for a wash-room.

When a skilful usher nabs such a fellow, the souse usually parts with a couple of

dollars for being guided. Provided, of course, he can walk at all. First, he is taken out and given the air, and then, by a devious and very mysterious route, he is guided to a drug-store within the hotel, and dosed with bicarbonate of soda and orange juice. If he doesn't really want to sober up and is making a nuisance of himself, the usher guides him to a lounge in one of the empty reception rooms that lead off from the main ballrooms; there he can sleep comfortably until his racket is over.

Or perhaps the usher keeps the souse in tow for the rest of the evening or morning, thus deterring him from tearing legs off ballroom chairs, throwing water bottles at the waiters, or invading the ladies' rooms by mistake. This last happens frequently. When the fellow finally comes to his senses, he rewards the usher with a bill of decent proportions. Occasionally, however, the proportions are indecent; it depends upon the usher's luck and the state of the souse's pocket-book.

The head-waiter is naturally on the alert for such transactions, and if he happens to see any money pass between the guest and the usher, he demands the utmost particulars. The head-waiter must know where the tips are going; and, if the party is "good," he doesn't want the guests mistreated or pursued for tips. If the party is no good, that is another matter. But when an usher begins to make too much money, there is something doubtful about his activities.

A paralyzed lady is another matter. There are always at least a dozen present, in New York, at a party of any magnitude. Generally, when a lady has a few cocktails in her, she is susceptible to an invitation to visit a "party room" in the hotel. If she is squeamish about entering a public elevator, there is an obscure door near the ballroom that can be used with comparative privacy; this door leads to the rooms in the hotel proper. Guiding guests to this door, which is known only to the initiated, invariably results in decent tips for the usher.

The squiffed lady, in the end, is usually turned over to a maid to be dosed with bicarbonate, or to have her dress cleaned, if that be necessary, as it often is. I have seen women of fifty and sixty years so completely intoxicated that they were unable to waddle a foot. Younger women sometimes get terrifically silly on cocktails—Alexanders preferably. And when they get that way, their inhibitions tend to decline. Thus it is common at hotel parties for young women and the men with them to be discovered necking in dark, empty reception rooms, or in isolated areas known only to the waiters and ushers. Under such circumstances, the head-waiter hops around feverishly, trying to confine the racket to its proper place. Sometimes he has to literally lock a party in its own function room.

If the maid who handles a squiffed lady realizes any money in attending her, she is supposed to split with the usher who brought her the job. He who gets the nasty end of the stick in dealing with party souses is the houseman who has to supply the sawdust and sweep it up later. Many pounds of sawdust are used on a large racket, and the ballroom has to be cleaned up many times during the night and morning. The houseman knows that tips are passed when the use of sawdust is necessary, and he is naturally annoyed when he gets absolutely nothing for performing the most realistic end of this highly unpleasant task. For that reason, a houseman detailed to a certain racket will sometimes hide himself, and the usher or waiter has a difficult time in rooting him out. A fierce animosity exists between these three classes of workers, and it has its roots in tipping.

At three or four o'clock in the morning, when most of the waiters have gone home, the ushers and a trusted captain remain. The head-waiter, of course, is also on duty to the bitter end, even if the party lasts until eight or nine o'clock in the morning. During these small hours, an usher may be required to replace the heel on a dancing slipper—one of those fragile, totally inadequate slippers that can be used only

once. Of course, at such an hour there are no shoemakers' shops open, and the usher is confronted with the problem of having the job done somewhere down in the lower reaches of the hotel—and of escaping the necessity of splitting his tip with whoever does it.

Perhaps the usher tries to glue the heel on himself; he therefore searches for glue and finds none. The only glue that can be used on the slipper is to be obtained in the engine-room. So he sees the engineer and that gentleman curses him because he is a ballroom usher and therefore too insufferably high hat. After lecturing him on the ghastly oafishness of the people upstairs, the engineer maybe condescends to glue the heel on the slipper, with the provision that the usher instantly return and split the tip with him. The usher promises faithfully to do so, disappears, and is seen no more. The lady generously dispenses a quarter for his services, and he learns that while he was away from the ballroom he missed an opportunity to make several dollars by lifting souses into taxicabs.

The water tables in the ballrooms are an extremely profitable source of tips, provided the waiter or usher in attendance is fortunate enough to be serving a party which has brought along plenty of liquor. The water table is situated at the edge of the dancing floor, and it is set up immediately after the dinner is over and the dinner tables have been cleared from the ballroom. The head-waiter selects the water table attendants. An usher who happens to be in his good graces knows that he has an opportunity to make twenty or twenty-five dollars before the party is over, if it is ever over.

Officially, the hotel strictly forbids its employes to accept tips at the water tables; for when they do so it looks as if the guest is made to purchase the water he drinks between dances. The head-waiter, therefore, does not want to see the attendants accept tips at these tables, but he well knows that they do, and so he appoints men who will not run counter to his



wishes, and he knows exactly how much they will make on the party. He does not require a split of the proceeds, but he does demand discretion when the *maître d'hôtel* or the chief head-waiter makes the rounds of the tables to see that no money is being passed.

Three small plates are set at the corners and in the center of the water table, and on these plates there are several coins, a quarter, a dime and a nickel, which are placed there by the attendants as bait for the guests. This same stunt is used at the hat-stands. Occasionally, only a nickel is placed on the plates; this particularly when the party is composed of college boys or high-school students. The water table attendants rapidly and unconsciously appraise the psychology of a party and are guided accordingly.

The guests are thus literally compelled to buy their drinking water. Sometimes the tip plates are actually rattled under their noses. This is done if a guest comes up for water more than once and refuses to contribute to the kitty. If he is soused, he invariably tosses a quarter into the tip plate whenever he appears for a glass of water; and soused guests are perpetually thirsty, especially if they are dancing, or trying to.

It requires a decidedly hard-boiled guest to appear often for water without contributing to the kitty, especially if a woman accompanies him. He is spotted by the attendants and glared at. Every American has a fear of being made to look cheap before a waiter; and he will sacrifice anything, including his self-respect, to avoid such a humiliation. It is somehow titillating to his vanity to gain a nod of grateful recognition from a waiter at the expense of a quarter. The waiter dispenses the nod and cynically accepts his tip. Incidentally, addressing a guest as "sir" is in the same category; the appellation gives the guest a sense of his own dignity and causes him to tip generously.

The instant the head-waiter is seen approaching the water table, all money is quickly cleared from the tip plates. The head-waiter, knowing that it has been

cleared, scans the table briskly, disappears, and the bait is once more placed before the guests. The head-waiter merely performs the ritual of his duty and is thereby absolved from responsibility. He knows what his waiters and ushers do when the party is wet and money circulates. Nothing on earth can keep them from getting their share. In fact, they are considered suckers if they don't get it. After the head-waiter has disappeared, the attendants continue to dispense water and accept tips.

At a large water table there are two or more men in attendance, and they split the proceeds of the kitty. All of them therefore watch the tip plates incessantly, for no man trusts another in the business. None of them will leave the table unless it is absolutely necessary to do so; for every one knows what will happen to the kitty the moment he is out of sight.

#### IV

Water taps are adjacent to the tables and the water bottles are refilled therefrom, each attendant taking his turn at the task. At the end of the racket, at perhaps five or six o'clock in the morning, the squabble over the kitty takes place. This is inevitable if a souse personally gives an attendant a five dollar bill, for instance. There is a bitter argument as to whether or not the bill is included in the kitty. Usually, the man who got it will not part with the bill, for it was not flipped into the tip plate; it was personally handed to him. However, the other attendants maintain that all money whose distribution was actuated by the presence of a water table—a money "spot"—must go into the kitty. The matter must be speedily adjusted and without advertisement, for the head-waiter must not be compromised to the extent of having it known that he has even tacitly agreed to the acceptance of tips at the water tables.

Booze parties are always extremely difficult for waiters to handle. On a certain party, not long ago, one waiter was tossed

into a fountain, and the head-waiter, when the racket became so boisterous that it was positively dangerous to remain in the same room with the souses, barricaded himself behind several heavy screens and quivered in his boots. Glasses were being tossed about; the hotel linen was cut to shreds; and one of the guests received a nasty gash in the forehead from a piece of broken water bottle.

The house detectives—there are usually two or three men and one woman—are helpless in a case of this kind. The hotel authorities do not like to summon the police except as a final resource. The head-waiter and the waiters are instructed to let the racket run its course, with the devout hope that the hotel furniture will survive and no casualties result.

On another occasion, an extremely damp stag party happened to be situated adjacent to a ballroom wherein there was a dinner which was being addressed by none other than the late chief counsel for the Anti-Saloon League. The contrast was poisonously ironical. Heavy sound-destroying boards were placed between the two rooms, so that neither party was disturbed by the noise of the other. The smaller ballroom housed perhaps a hundred men, all laden with enough liquor to keep them saturated indefinitely. In the larger room, an absolutely dry lot of guests were cheering the assertion that the Amendment was a screaming success. Unfortunately, during the address of the late chief counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, one of the souses wandered out of the smaller ballroom and entered the dry dinner party.

Before the head-waiter could have him hauled from the room, the fellow evoked a tremendous uproar among the sober guests near enough to the door to see his dramatic entrance. The souse could scarcely totter, and, as usual, he was seeking a wash-room. The late counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, speaking in the midst of perhaps five hundred diners, was entirely unconscious of the incident, but the thirsty dinner guests in the other room, who had

seen the souse leave, followed him. They hauled him back to his own room and gently asked him to remain there. The wet party was immediately locked in its space; all doors leading to the larger ballroom containing the dry dinner were secured, and the head-waiter retained the key that opened them.

These measures were necessary, for the wet racket later became hopelessly boisterous. All the waiters were ordered out of the function room; the coat-room boy disappeared when some one tossed a fork at him; and the head-waiter in charge of the party stationed himself outside the door, his face white and his knees knocking together. Some of the guests had their heads in large bowls of cracked ice; others were draped over a piano and on lounges along the walls; many more were singing and howling. Cigar and cigarette stubs, bits of food, torn napkins, bent knives and forks, and dozens of empty booze bottles cluttered the room.

The climax arrived with a smash at one o'clock in the morning, when several chorus girls from a Broadway show entered the room against the vigorous protests of the head-waiter. One of the monkies, as they are called, sang and did an infinitely torrid dance, sufficient to raise the temperatures of the souses. At once they began to fight for her favor, and proceeded to sock each other mightily. The assistant manager of the hotel, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the chief head-waiter, the second head-waiter, and the house detectives moved to the function room in a body.

Blood flowed; the women screamed and dashed out. After they were out, the souses were securely locked up and allowed to fight it out among themselves. When some sort of order was restored several hours later, they were brusquely commanded to leave the hotel at once, under pain of arrest and prosecution. They left, carrying each other out to taxicabs. The guests at the dry dinner, who had departed at eleven o'clock, must have wondered why they were permitted to leave only through certain doors.

# A COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY A. F. VAN BIBBER

I AM A country doctor. It is an obsolescent trade, apparently destined to disappear over large areas of this land with the present generation. Already there may be heard with increasing frequency the cry "We need a doctor!" from some forlorn district back in the mountains or on the prairies. That cry is sure to swell louder and oftener and more desperate as the years take their toll of the old fellows still plying their clinical thermometers and obstetrical forceps back in the sticks,—and it will rise in vain.

The graduates emerging nowadays from our ultra-scientific and highly expensive medical-schools feel no urge to bury themselves and their painfully and tediously acquired education in the backwoods. Who shall blame them? Certainly I do not! There are only about enough of them to keep filled the ranks of the specialists, each of them has devoted from eight to ten of the best years of his life and many thousands of dollars to his equipment, and they simply cannot see themselves in the rôle of country doctors, ploughing through mud, dust or snow, day and night, for the meagre reward that is (sometimes) bestowed on these humble practitioners. They very reasonably elect to remain in the cities, where they have access to libraries, laboratories, clinics, scientific societies and other means of professional stimulus and inspiration; where specialists of every kind abound, great hospitals offer the last word in method and equipment, and they have only to ask for it to obtain the coöperation of the best consultants. How to solve the problem of supplying medical and surgical care to the rural districts requires a wiser

head than mine, and, anyhow, why should I excite myself about it? *Après moi, le déluge!*

Medical education was a very different business thirty-five years ago, when I suddenly decided to take my grandmother's advice and study medicine. In those simple days no boy not an utter illiterate was ever declined as a student on the ground of insufficient preparation, nor, indeed, for any other reason so long as he was able to pay the very modest fees: competition between the medical-schools was very keen!

A friend of mine who, by the way, is now in the very van of the profession, and a scientific pioneer, had been compelled by bitter poverty to leave school and go to work at the age of twelve. He later studied medicine, received the degree of M.D., was appointed interne in a hospital and then, while serving in that capacity, attended, incognito, a preparatory school, and after obtaining a higher hospital appointment arranged with a college and a tutor to read for a degree, and was actually graduated A.B. several years after receiving his doctorate. Such a boy, so situated today, would have about as much chance of obtaining a medical degree as I have of being appointed a Cardinal by the Pope. The higher standard of medical education has been expensive in more ways than one. Think of the brains of which it has deprived the profession!

Thirty-five years ago it took only three years to become a doctor, or rather three terms of six months each. We were required, of course, in addition to attending lectures, to dissect during the first and second terms, and there were also rather

sketchy laboratory courses in histology and pathology. But after my graduation I found it necessary to take a post-graduate course in microscopy to equip myself with the very moderate amount of skill required by a general practitioner. In my senior year I was one of the fortunate few to be appointed "resident students" in the hospital and so obtained, for a full twelve months, actual bedside training. Thus, when my stately Latin diploma was handed to me on the stage of the old Academy of Music, I was not quite an utter ignoramus at my trade.

I do not want it to be inferred that the teaching we got was altogether vain and useless. The gentlemen of the faculty were very eminent practitioners and several of them were scholarly and brilliant men. But it was the day of the now justly condemned didactic method, the most inefficient possible way to train a physician, and so we learned less than the young men of today.

In another way the three years of my novitiate were certainly not wasted, for they were among the gayest, most charming years of my life, and they have left with me a multitude of delightful memories. At that period a medical student was a real Bohemian, a gay, irresponsible young dog, ever ready and eager for devilment. The bar-rooms of Baltimore in the nineties, as I recall them (and I can modestly claim to have been a connoisseur), were very pleasant places. An elderly German by the name of Matzke kept a saloon in Lombard street near the University of Maryland, and took a fatherly interest in all of us. We regarded him as our friend, philosopher and guide. Other pleasant oases that I vividly recall were Ted Brown's, where there was a bagatelle table and unlimited dill pickles (free); Bob's Palace—we always spoke of it as Bob's Gilded Palace of Sin—; Neale's; Gottschalk's; Bennett's "Club," at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets, its walls covered with wicked nudes; Theodore's, where the Johns Hopkins students resorted chiefly;

the Studio; O'Brien's, and Clark's. A classmate and I (his name is carefully omitted, for he is now, unlike myself, one of the most eminent and revered of specialists) took great pride in our record of having achieved a state of alcoholic exhilaration every single Saturday night of our senior year.

I was graduated in 1896 and I have been sober ever since. All desire for alcoholic joys seemed to depart when my student days ended, and there was no need to exercise any will power about it. But it was a joyous interlude and I shall always recall it with pleasure and pride.

## II

And so, after a year of post-graduate work in Philadelphia, I came home to my Maryland country town and had a shingle painted and hung it out, thereby committing a grave tactical error. In the case of the physician it is surely and profoundly true that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Not until I was partly bald and had lost most of my teeth did people who had seen me grow up begin to regard me as old enough to trust.

But I was well equipped in temperament to bide my time and finally to develop into a fair average specimen of the country doctor. I was (and am) intellectually lazy, void of ambition or avarice, kind, calm and patient. A good constitution, a keen sense of humor and a genuine love of the country, combined with simple tastes and no bad habits, enabled me to wait while my practice slowly grew to respectable proportions. And I had a miraculous piece of luck: I married exactly right. My wife, ever since, has supplied the common sense, forethought, business judgment and thrift that I lack, and she has been able to conquer a lot of my natural laziness and flabbiness without the least friction. Of our four children one has graduated from college *magna cum laude* and is making a brilliant start in life; the others are still in college. My wife and I are now left alone in our



home most of the time, of course, but we grow even more congenial with the passing of the years, so we are content to have it so.

I am able to look back over my life without regret; in fact, with keen satisfaction. My professional work has been interesting, sometimes gratifying, occasionally delightful. Necessarily there have been disappointments, failures and mistakes, but such painful experiences must befall every man, and I am happily so constituted that I never brood over them. My memory is perhaps my best-trained faculty; it automatically selects for preservation only the agreeable episodes of my life.

It seems to me that a trade or profession of a creative or constructive sort must be a truly enviable possession, making tremendously for happiness. Engineers, bridge-builders, composers of music, authors, painters, architects, poets, shoemakers and surgeons share in this great blessing and ought to be happy. To do a tangible job of work that one can contemplate and take an honest pride in: what more delightful experience can life offer? Here the practice of medicine falls sadly short. There is too much difficulty in determining between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. We do our best, *secundum artem*, and the patient, perhaps, survives, but who shall say whether it is because of, or in spite of, our interference?

Once I administered a particular serum to a boy desperately ill with erysipelas of the face. His pulse and temperature immediately dropped to normal and he made a most dramatic recovery. For years I cherished the memory; *that* life, at least, I *knew* I had saved. Then, one day, I saw an exactly similar case in consultation and of course advised the same serum. But this time it could not be procured until the next day, and in the meantime the patient did exactly what the first case had done: he recovered just as suddenly, but *without* the serum. Thereby he robbed me of all the satisfaction I had been enjoying so long!

But I have classed the surgeon among those who may enjoy the thrill of achieve-

ment, and we country doctors are of necessity surgeons as well as physicians, hence we are not always deprived of this pleasure. As an instance, I was once called in the middle of the night to a poor fellow suffering with an abscess of the throat. I found him sitting in a chair, for he could not breathe lying down. His face was livid, his eyes starting, his respiration labored and slow. Altogether, a more heart-rending picture of agony and terror I have never seen. By the dim light of a coal-oil lamp held at my shoulder by the patient's wife I undertook what I feared would prove an impossible attempt to evacuate the abscess that was slowly strangling him. Using the handle of a spoon I painfully and with the greatest difficulty forced down his jaw until finally I was able to glimpse my point of attack above and beyond the swollen tongue. There was barely enough room for my knife and I could scarcely see what I was cutting. But in a moment more the pus was rolling out into his mouth, and in less than an hour the patient who had so lately been on the very threshold of what we are assured is a better world was sleeping peacefully and out of danger.

Happy? As I drove homeward that night I doubt if even a Methodist evangelist who has just defrauded the devil of his legitimate prey by converting the wickedest man in town or a criminal lawyer who has snatched a millionaire murderer from the gallows could possibly feel more jubilant and uproarious. Incidentally, about six months later I collected four dollars for that job. I felt a little bit ashamed of accepting it, for I had already been so richly, so magnificently paid in the pleasure the experience gave me. Put yourself in my place. Wouldn't you rather enjoy an adventure like that than clean up a few thousands in the stock-market or at the race-track? I believe any normal man would.

Not long ago I was called to a frail little old woman who had fallen and dislocated her shoulder. I found her nursing her arm as if it were a sick baby and crying like a child with pain. I spread a blanket on the

floor, coaxed her to lie down on it, gave her a whiff of chloroform and reduced the dislocation. She woke up laughing, and when I left she was still laughing, because the pain was all gone.

These are surgical experiences that really warm the cockles of the heart. I could repeat plenty of them, and so could any country doctor. Here is another story, not so happy. One Sunday afternoon I was called to a canning-house about six miles away. I found there a Negro boy with a dislocated elbow. He was in great pain, and drunk, and gave me a lot of trouble. Finally I induced him to lie down, gave him chloroform and reduced the dislocation for him. When he came to, the pain, of course, was gone and the function of the arm restored, so he professed great pleasure and gratitude.

"What's de chahge, Doctah? I'se got money and I wants to pay you right now."

I did some quick thinking. I had never seen him before; he was ragged and dirty; he professed to have money,—but how much? He belonged to a race that quickly forgets both injuries and benefits. He was willing to pay me now, but if I named a greater sum than he had with him he would make profuse promises and never think of them again. Better make my fee small enough for him to pay while he was in the humor! These reasonable thoughts flashed through my mind, and I told him my fee would be five dollars. "All right, suh," he said, "wait till I gits my coat; de money's in de pocket," and he went down to his shack after the cash. Then—too late!—the bystanders informed me that a crap game had been going on all the night before, and that my patient had cleaned out the crowd! On his return he produced a roll of money literally as big as his arm, and from it he peeled off a single five-dollar bill for me, remarking as he did so, "Doctah, you done me fifty dollars wuth of good!"

Another time a well-to-do farmer with a thrifty soul brought his wife to my office. After having gone into her digestive diffi-

culties and prescribed for them I found other symptoms present that suggested some pelvic trouble, so I said that I should have to make a physical examination. The patient demurred, appearing much embarrassed, and saying she would return the next day; it appeared that she wanted to change her clothing. The husband asked if that would involve a second fee. (I charged a dollar in those days). I said it would.

"All right then, Jenny," said he, "go ahead and let the doctor examine you now. Never mind about your clothes!" And he made her do it, too!

On another occasion I had been attending for a year or more the wife of another farmer. They were an old couple, now left alone, their numerous children having all grown up, married and scattered abroad. The old lady had recurrent attacks of that dreadful disease, angina pectoris. Consequently, when on top of this she developed pneumonia I told her husband to call the children home that they might say goodbye to their mother. They came, about a dozen of them, counting the husbands and wives they had acquired. My patient had frequent distressing attacks of dyspnoea (shortness of breath), to relieve which I had ordered oxygen. They summoned me in the middle of the night and I found a touching scene. The poor old woman was propped high in her bed, around which were grouped all her children. She was gasping painfully for breath, and the old husband, a venerable patriarch with long white hair and beard, knelt by her bedside holding her hand, his head bowed, apparently in prayer. One of the sons was struggling with the oxygen generator, which had ceased to function. I had previously explained its workings to him, but I found that he had not clearly understood, and had been allowing the gas to go to waste. I showed him again how to manage the machine, and cautioned him against wasting the oxygen.

"When you are not giving it, turn it off,—so," I said. "You know it's expensive."

We were at the far side of the room and

I was speaking in an undertone. But the word "expensive" reached the old man's ears instantly, and the gray head came up with a snap. "You're not charging it to me, are you, Doc?" were the shocking words I heard.

Once I attended a confinement case at a distance of about five peculiarly villainous miles. The husband was extremely explicit as to just when and how he would pay me; but, as not infrequently happens, the appointed time came and went and nothing was heard from him nor did he pay the slightest attention to the bills I sent him. About six months later, on the day of a primary election, I heard my name called and here he came across the street after me. He was enjoying a mild jag.

"Doc," he began, "I expect you're beginning to think you're not goin' to get that money!"

"Well," I said mildly, "it does begin to look that way, doesn't it?"

"Now don't you worry, Doc," he assured me. "I've had a heap of trouble and I couldn't get the money for you when I said I would, but I'm goin' to pay that bill. Yes sir, you can count on me! I'll pay that bill *if it takes me twenty years!*"

Alas! he has defaulted on his promise again; that has been twenty-five years ago, and I've never seen nor heard from him from that day to this.

### III

In my community the doctor is the one person who cannot resort to the law to shake down recalcitrant debtors. He has, of course, the same legal rights as everybody else, but there is a tradition stronger than law; it simply is not done. This rule, of course, like others, has its rare exceptions, and there used to be a certain canny old doctor not far away concerning whom amusing tales were told. He had a very fatherly and benevolent manner. The story goes that once he attended a man who died, and the widow owned one piece of tangible property, a cow. The doctor

brought her a paper to sign, explaining that it was a mere formality, "a little due bill," simply evidence of her debt in case the doctor should die. Unsuspectingly she put her name to what was really a bill-of-sale for the cow, which animal was presently driven off by the sheriff. Later on, the widow and the doctor happened to meet. She burst into tears and asked him how he could have had the heart to take her only cow.

"Now, now, honey," soothed the fine old man, "you mustn't feel like that! I assure you I did it just as much for your sake as for mine!"

Once I drove about eight miles in Winter in the teeth of a howling north-west gale that cut to the bone. It was back in the horse-and-buggy days and it was one of the coldest drives in my recollection. I went in response to a desperate call from a lady who said her husband was dying. Sure enough, when I arrived I found him quite unconscious, but an examination soon led to the diagnosis: plain drunk. His wife had evidently never seen him in that state before and was genuinely terrified; she thought he had had a stroke. I relieved her fears, carefully avoiding anything that might lead her to suspect the truth, and gave a placebo to be administered to the patient. She was very grateful and asked what was my fee? It was five dollars, I told her, and she paid me.

While I was wrapping myself up again to face the storm the corpse revived and when he saw me he immediately wanted to know why the hell she had called the doctor? His wife explained how ill he had been, but he, knowing, of course, the true nature of his disease, was not placated and profanely declared that the doctor must never be called without his sanction. She reasonably explained that, he being unconscious, she had had to act on her own initiative, but this did not soothe him. With another burst of profanity he demanded what the doctor had charged, and when he was told he gave a kind of howl. "Five dollars! Oh, my God! Why didn't

you just send for Dean [the undertaker] and get a cheap coffin?"

I have related these episodes because they have amused me, but I hope it will not be inferred that avarice and ingratitude are typical of the people of my community. Indeed they are not. I could tell of many more instances of loyal friendship and real nobility of heart; but the better side of human nature, however edifying, seldom makes a good story. I can truthfully say that after thirty years' experience I like people more than ever.

Mine has been a busy life, and I have thrived physically. At fifty-six, I feel like a young man and can still hold my own, however rough the weather and the roads. I can spend a hard night with an obstetrical case and then go all day and into the following night without much fatigue. Of the purely physical hardships I have gone through I could tell a lot of stories. For example, during one very sleety Winter my car skidded on the ice and turned over on three different occasions without ever hurting me. Once, during a Summer freshet, it stalled in the middle of a swollen stream. I knew what the trouble was—I had run out of gas. I climbed out over the front, poised myself on a fore fender and leaped ashore, barely making it. Then I walked to the nearest house, the home of a patient of mine, who drove me to town, where I procured a five-gallon can of gasoline.

Then we returned to where, out in the foaming stream sat my car, a Ford coupé of the vintage of '22, with its gasoline tank in the back. The only way to fill that tank was by wading nearly waist-deep! I had no idea of ruining my clothes. True, it was on a public road in mid-afternoon; but there were no houses in sight and that road is not travelled much. So I took a chance and stripped. Then I waded out with my can of gasoline and filled the tank. After that, I got into my car, put my foot on the starter and off she went. As I drove up out of the water my friend Jake, who had brought me there and who now stood by the roadside, said in his solemn drawl

"Don't forget to stop, Doc!" He still reminds me of that episode when we meet.

I have, of course, had my car dragged out of mudholes by horses innumerable times, and I know all there is to know about tire troubles. And I can truthfully say this—human nature, politics and the death-rate in pneumonia may not have improved much in the past ten or twenty years, but automobile tires surely have. Once, after changing a tire when the thermometer stood somewhere near zero (it was a particularly tough job, for the casing was frozen hard and fast to the rim), I actually found a little icicle, an inch long, of pure sweat hanging from the sweat-band of my hat.

I am proud to say that in a community where friction and heart-burnings growing out of professional jealousy and the punctilio of medical ethics are prone to arise among the brethren I am perhaps the only doctor in the county who is on excellent terms of friendship with all the others.

Dr. B—— and Dr. D——, two fine old fellows, both now gone from the earthly stage, hated each other magnificently. They lived just over the line in an adjacent county. One day Dr. B—— came along in time to see Dr. D—— driving out from the home of a patient who had been ill a long time. Pulling up his horse, Dr. B—— rudely addressed his enemy as follows: "Well, Dr. D——! haven't you killed that patient yet?" The outraged Dr. D—— replied with great dignity, "Dr. B——, I have been practicing medicine for nearly forty years, Sir, and I would have you understand that I have never killed a patient yet, Sir!" To which retorted Dr. B——, "Well, Dr. D——, if that is true, Sir, all I have to say is, you ain't worth a damn, Sir!"

The world is notoriously censorious, and, of course, like every other practicing physician, I have in my time been accused of murder; one is prepared for that. But once I was accused of theft, a crime more germane to the legal profession. I had driven about twelve miles one day with



another doctor to see with him one of his patients, Aunt Jane Britton, a little old black woman with senile dementia. It had been decided to send her to an asylum, and that required the certificates of two physicians. We reached her cabin, interviewed and examined her, found her indubitably insane and made out the papers, which I carried back to Bel Air and turned over to the authorities. It was several days before she was taken away. The day following our visit the other doctor happened to drive past Aunt Jane's cabin and she came out and stopped him.

"Doctor," she said, "dat dere feller you brung here wid you yistiddy done played de debbil wid me!"

"Why, what has he done, Aunt Jane?"

"Done! he done a plenty! Don't you know dat dam rascal come back up here las' night an' stole my washtub!"

The amount of joshing I had to take over that can be imagined.

Another time, I was examining an old Negro as to his sanity, with a colleague who asked the old man a sufficiently foolish question, I thought. "Uncle," said the doctor, "in what year were you born?" Imagine asking that question of any Negro in Harford county, however sane, and expecting a correct answer! This old darky smiled and said apologetically, "I'se afraid I can't answer dat question, Boss. You see, I was a little, small feller den, Suh!"

The closest friend I ever had in the profession was Tom Emory, who died, poor fellow, twelve years ago. He was a very remarkable character. An only child, and delicate all his life, his parents spoiled him dreadfully, which accounts for many of his peculiarities. Entirely selfish and self-centred in small matters and capable of almost miraculous rudeness, he nevertheless was gifted with splendid traits and qualities, and was true as steel to his friends. He really feared nothing on earth and was entirely incapable of an underhand act. Plenty of things he said were not true, for he was full of prejudices and mistaken

opinions about people and things, but I do not believe that he ever knowingly told a lie.

He was really a genius as a surgeon. Had his health been good I am certain he would have made his mark. But he had a very bad stomach and a strong predisposition to the disease that finally ended his life, tuberculosis, and city life was not for him. I have always lived in or near the village of Bel Air, but Tom's home was twelve miles out in the real country. It was a big farm and had a rambling old colonial mansion, and here he commenced to practice. Before long he began a series of very remarkable major surgical operations in the homes of his patients, at which I had the honor and the pleasure of assisting. Those operations will not soon be forgotten throughout that section. The automobile had not yet arrived, roads were terribly bad through a large part of the year and the nearest railroad was many miles distant; so it was always very difficult and often downright impossible to get a patient with a surgical illness to hospital in time.

Here Tom Emory shone. Fearless, sublime in his self-confidence, careful, painstaking, in love with his work, he went ahead slowly, relentlessly, surely, indifferent to all obstacles, and achieved the impossible because it was his will to carry his operation through to success. I recall only one failure; once a patient died on the table. A more experienced surgeon would never have attempted that case at all. But all his other patients, I believe, recovered, and some of them were desperately ill.

The story of his first appendicitis operation is worth telling in some detail. The patient was a young Negro who lived in a little log-cabin out in the middle of a tract of waste land—woods that had been cut over and had grown up into a tangled thicket. It was in June. There were three of us, Tom, old Dr. Abe Price, a physician of the old school whose will was of the best but who was quite innocent of modern surgical technique, and myself. We reached the place early in the morning. First, we

had to prepare. The cabin had two rooms, one below, one above, and to the latter one ascended by a ladder. The patient was upstairs. We carried him down, then stripped the upper room of everything in it, and then pitched in and scrubbed it out. Floor, walls, windows, ceiling,—we scrubbed until we had it as clean as any hospital operating-room. We moved the stove out of doors to get rid of the heat, we kept the little darkies busy stoking the fire, and we boiled! boiled! boiled! Sheets, towels, dressings, instruments, in short, everything that was to touch the patient. The sterile water we needed had to be dipped from a spring branch, first filtered and then boiled.

We built our operating table of boards across trestles, and set it up in our purified upper chamber. We carried the patient back upstairs,—up-ladder, rather—and then we cleaned him up. It was well into the afternoon when the operation began. I was the anesthetist and Dr. Price assisted Tom, sponging and handing instruments. The good old man kept us both on tenterhooks of anxiety, never having been trained in aseptic surgery. Of course we had no nurses,—it was a strictly masculine function. Finally, after the gangrenous appendix had been removed, drains inserted, the wound closed and dressings adjusted, the patient was put to bed in good condition and we drove home very tired but triumphant.

Once we did an appendix operation in a village called Madonna. There was huge excitement over it, and the entire community congregated around the house. We operated on the second floor and some boys climbed up into a tree in order to look through the window at the awful sight. The boy who had the highest perch and the best view saw more than he could stomach; he was violently sick, to the sad detriment of those below him.

#### IV

In conclusion, I have this to say: if, among the medical students and recent graduates of today there should chance to be a man without either scientific or mercenary ambition; who feels no itch for immortal fame, no need for riches or taste for luxury; who lacks the American instinct to do Big Things in a Big Way; whom a modest competence will suffice, with the opportunity to help those who so sorely need the skill of a competent physician; who loves the country and would rather watch the sun setting behind the wooded hills than see the electric signs light up, and prefers clean, clear air to soot and filth; who hates to be jostled by the crowd and to bruise his feet on hard pavements—if such there be, let him go to the country to practice. I can assure him he will be welcomed with open arms, and that,—if he behaves himself,—he will be happy, as I have been.

## EDITORIAL

ONE of the few charming things to be said about the human breast is that it is always bulging with hope. The fact gives life upon this ball a continuing imbecility, and so saves it from boredom. An intelligent laboratory rat (*Mus rattus*), surviving the infamies that the late William Jennings Bryan endured in 1896, would have retired to his hole and sought refuge in Christian resignation, but Bryan was ready for another dose in 1900, and for a third in 1908, and it was surely not his fault that he was not on the block in 1904, 1912, 1916, 1920 and 1924. Thus he made life gay and pleasant for multitudes, including the present subscriber, and no doubt earned the gigantic rashers of ham and cabbage that he consumed while incarnate.

I could name many other such public benefactors, but refrain politely. Suffice it to point to the American Communists, perhaps the worst beaten party in all human history. Beaten? I have said it—but surely not disposed of! Nay, they are still full of hope, and they will continue to be so inflated, I daresay, until the last galoot's ashore. I turn to their interesting organ, the *Communist*, always ably written, always instructive, always entertaining, always full of hope. It records the most appalling series of disasters ever heard of—the unions all losing members and on the run, their bosses all licking the furry paws of the Money Power, the labor banks collapsing and closing, the striking miners butchered by Cossacks and resigned to starvation by the Red Cross, injunctions bristling on all sides, and every breath of radicalism sinking to a whisper. Certainly Communism may be said to be in a low state in America, if a man down with the terminal pneumonia of leprosy may be said

to be in a low state. And yet the pages of the *Communist* radiate nothing but hope. Its general air is that of a June bride. It not only has faith; it actually exults. The dawn, it appears, is upon us. Triumph is just around the corner. The party has struck "an inspiring, ringing note"; it has shown "a tremendous increase in vitality"; there is "not the faintest reason for anyone being pessimistic."

Such optimism as this, I confess, exhilarates me, as I am exhilarated every time an airplane buzzes over my house, and I rush out on the chance of seeing it plunge down from 10,000 feet and land upon the Y. M. C. A. And I am exhilarated even more when I examine the specifications behind the high hopes of the Communist brethren, and find at once, upon the word of the Hon. Alexander Bittelman, that they still have faith in the farmer. The plan, it appears, is to enlist him for the Marxian Millennium, and so give the city proletariat an irresistible reinforcement. Where the white lights gleam and needle-beer is on draft, the honest toilers of shop and factory will erect barricades, skin a few policemen, and seize the banks, trust companies, investment bond houses, and other great citadels of government. And out on the land, where the common drink is half Peruna and half radiator alcohol, the honest toilers of the plow and dung-fork will labor in the sunshine to victual the revolutionists. The result, whether it is reached by shedding blood or by mere outcry and alarm, will be "a workers' and farmers' government." The boys who sweat, joining forces, will run the rest of us who only fume. And so the United States will take its place among the emancipated and enlightened nations of the world at last, alongside the U. S. S. R.

Try to imagine anything more lovely! Or anything more idiotic! Try to imagine farmers—*American* farmers—making any sacrifice for the city proletariat, or for the common weal! It would be easier, I think, to imagine streptococci doing it. Nay, the yokel is the eternal enemy of the city man, and can think of him only to make plans to squeeze him. It has been so at all times and everywhere. It is so in Russia today. The Bolsheviki hold out there, not with the aid of the farmers, but in spite of their bitter and relentless opposition. They were against the new dispensation from the moment their farms came into their hands, and they remain against it to this day. For all the *kulaks*, or rich peasants, have done or cared about it, the urban Russians might all be starving now. Grain has been got out of them only by the use of force, and their resistance to that force has more than once brought the Bolsheviki up standing: it was the question of how to meet it, indeed, that caused the row between Trotsky and Stalin. And in so performing, they perform exactly true to type. If the city man survives in the world today, it is only because his wit is greater than the farmer's, and his enterprise bolder. At the first sign of weakness in him, the farmer would leap upon his belly, furiously and with glad hosannas, and finish him.

## II

Thus it seems to me that the hopeful American Communists, if they really believe that the soviet system of government would be a boon to this realm and thus yearn honestly to bring it in, had better turn at once to other allies—say the Republican National Committee or the D. A. R. For of all the yokels in the world, the American yokel is the most implacably self-seeking and unsporting: put beside him even the Russian *kulak* seems almost like a philanthropist. It is completely impossible for him to imagine any man's good save his own. He not only cares nothing for it; he can't even formulate the concept of it. His

political theory is so naïve that it appears almost honest; there is no room in it for the usual euphemisms and equivocations. He is in favor of anyone who will promise to get something for him for nothing, and against anyone who proposes to make him work or pay for what he gets. The McNary-Haugen bill afforded an excellent measure of him. If Wall Street ever tried as crude a raid upon the Treasury even the editors of the *New York Times* would yell for the smelling salts.

But the Communists continue to have faith in him, as they have faith in the Marxian rumble-bumble and in a long list of corollary imbecilities. Their plan, it appears, is to fabricate the yokels and the city proletariat into a massive *bloc*, and then employ it to raid and ruin the rest of us. It is a forlorn hope, but they are specialists in forlorn hopes. It is impossible, but they believe only in impossibilities. Give them something probable and plausible to gnaw, and their teeth crumble upon it. They eat only the uneatable, and credit only the incredible. Their cast of mind is peculiar, and perhaps morbid, but I confess that I find something agreeable in it. Reading their sombre periodicals is somehow like watching a worthy young man march to the altar of God, his bride upon his arm. He is silly, no doubt, and his future is full of clouds, but while he treads on roses he is charming. So, indeed, is the bride, though perhaps in less measure.

I marvel that so few persons, not Communists, read the Communist papers. The fact that the D. A. R., the Minute Men and other such associations of fools are in favor of putting them down should be sufficient testimony to their attractiveness. They are full of complicated and indignant syllogisms—the usual falsetto of logic (a female, maybe even an hemaphroditic science) converted into horrible double-bass brayings. They predict the imminence of Revolution on the ground that capitalism is fast going beyond all reason and decency, and then they predict it on the ground that capitalism is worn-out and in collapse.



They see hope in the Save-the-Union uproar among the miners, and they see it in the open shop. They believe in both Trotsky and Stalin, which is like believing in both Tom Heflin and the Pope. They are violently anti-religious, but sing only hymns. Best of all, they continue to put their trust in the farmer—an act of faith, it seems to me, which places them in the fastest sort of company. These Communist sheets thus make racy reading, and I commend them to all connoisseurs of literary pathology. They are far more intelligible than the poetry of T. S. Eliot, and far better written than the *Wall Street Journal*. Whoever likes *Variety* will enjoy them.

### III

They leave me, I almost regret to say, with a belief in capitalism verging upon the superstitious. It always appears, after they have denounced it roundly, to be far more plausible and reputable than it was before. Here I may seem to yield to cynicism, the bane of the literati, but it is really not so. Communism is so potent a cure for doubts that I think it ought to be expounded in the public-schools, and herewith make a proposal to that end. The difficulty is, I suppose, that the schoolma'ns, male and female, would try to edit it, as they now edit history and physiology, and so all its powers would ooze out of it. I can't recall any time when I had any serious doubts about capitalism, for I was brought up in a high-tariff Republican house and as a boy I was taught to believe that even poor Gene Debs was a scoundrel. But certainly there were times, in the past, when I questioned this or that detail of the capitalistic gospel. There were things that made me cough sadly behind my hand; there were even things that made me roar. But since I have been reading radical periodicals, and especially Communist periodicals, I find myself swallowing the whole dose, willingly, without gagging, and in the hearty manner of a policeman knocking off a beaker of wood alcohol.

Well, why not? Capitalism undoubtedly has certain boils and blotches upon it, but has it as many as government? Has it as many as marriage? Has it as many as religion? I doubt it. It is the only basic institution of modern man that shows any genuine health and vigor. Marriage is everywhere sick, religion is everywhere decaying, and government is everywhere bankrupt. So on down the line. But the only serious criticism of capitalism comes from ladies and gentlemen who are palpably somewhat balmy. The trouble with all of them is that they are constructive critics: not content to tear down, they try to build up. It is a fatal error, and one which critics of the fine arts are seldom fools enough to fall into. Diagnosis is quickly made absurd by the ensuing treatment; pathology becomes engulfed in osteopathy, chiropractic and Christian Science, that boozy moonshine. So the patient leaps out of bed, and is presently at his old tricks. I doubt that capitalism improves much as year chases year. It would be helped, no doubt, by occasional clouts *a posteriori*. But certainly it grows no worse.

Most of the crimes laid to it are really the crimes of government, its drunken master. I find page after page of the Communist papers filled with denunciations of capitalism that are really denunciations of all government: it would be hitting below the belt to point out that all of the high torts and misdemeanors complained of could be matched precisely in Russia. Government is the universal pox of mankind. It is completely and incurably evil. But we must endure it, it seems, until God is ready to let us up, as women must endure the pains of labor. There is no human cure short of universal suicide. Under government, capitalism sweats as everything else sweats. Seeking escape, it flings its arms wildly, and occasionally knocks down a bystander. But to blame it for that writhing is as absurd as it would be to blame a bootician because the Prohibition agents blackmail him, and so raise the price of his merchandise.

H. L. M.

## POLITE CONVERSATION IN GEORGIA

BY HENRY DARIUS POTTER

**M**Y FIRST intimation that the proud and materialistically aspiring Commonwealth of Georgia is not of this world came at an Atlanta dinner party.

Fate and business—or it may have been a ruse of the Hound of Heaven—had sent me to the Klan's original holy ground. On the evening of my arrival old family friends were entertaining me—people who had known my parents and grandparents, and had shown a tender though only vaguely comprehending interest in my own career from my pre-kindergarten days.

Theoretically it was just a pot luck summons, but all was in keeping, Southern style, with the best Emily Post standards of informal decorum. Dinner coats were taboo, since this was a family occasion, but bits of heavy silver of the Andrew Jackson wedding present and Old Massah period gleamed from an aged damask cloth that had escaped Sherman's raiders. The best china displayed a pattern, not impressively antique, yet revealing that on a modest income good taste was possible to the right people even in the early Cleveland era of ceramics. An aging Negress, a little formally attired for her duties, padded in and out on a service that was half perfect efficiency and half a personal—and tip-compelling—friendship.

Obviously, these were no tooth-pick-swallowing Fundamentalists.

There had been grace before meat, but it had been genially delivered, it appeared out of habit rather than as a trick to bend the heathen guest's stiff neck in compulsory reverence. And both before and after grace there had been fairly potable corn

cocktails. Shrilled by the stimulus a little beyond the normal Georgia tonal sharpness, the voices of six women rose and fell in a clatter now merely of female conversation for conversation's sake, now of mildly scandalous innuendo. More solemnly the men boomed at me statistics of Atlanta's growth and the State's agricultural prospects, their doubts of Al Smith's political potency in Dixie, their not too convincing excuses for the State's recent prominence in Ku Klux Klan geography, which had "disgraced and misrepresented the real Gawgiuh, seh."

This world might be off the beaten path and faintly old-fashioned. Certainly it was not wise-crackingly intellectual in the Telegraph Hill or Harlem manner, since in the first hour neither a book nor a single sex aberration had been mentioned. But in its own way, one felt, it was tolerant, restrained, well bred, and even suavely sophisticated. Provided the corn cocktails did not induce chronic heartburn, here was at last the ideal refuge from professionally emancipated Kansans and the grandsons of Confederate veterans bent on clearing themselves of the charge of being professional Southerners by sounding their r's and sneering at the Methodists.

Then out of the clear sky of the coffee service the blow fell. To balance sex ratios and console the wifeless state of my journey, my hosts had procured for me a cheerful and comely virgin of some twenty-five Summers as dinner companion. And also present as an extra, presumably too young for companioning, was an elfish, fair-haired girl of fifteen or less, a house-guest

and in some remote Southern degree a kind of grand-niece of the hostess. By her frank appraising eye and shrewd silences one would have taken her for the sort of child who in any prosperous suburb of Indianapolis would just be making her acquaintance with Anatole France, Margaret Sanger and the propaganda of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.

But in Atlanta in 1928, at the first general pause for coffee intake, she turned upon my dinner companion a voice eager with unction and demanded:

"Miss Annie, what church do you belong to?"

"Why Betty May, child," Miss Annie replied, as proudly as though claiming kinship with the Jeff Davises or the Barons of Baltimore, "I'm a Baptist, of course."

I waited for the deprecatory smiles with which an over enthusiastic sectarian avowal would have been apologized for even in the better ecclesiastical circles of Des Moines. Instead, the elfish little girl leaped up and down in her chair, clapping her hands and shouting "Oh, goody, goody!" And from the whole room came a suave spatter of applause and congratulations.

It was as though a group of very young Amherst graduates, lunching together in Los Angeles, had received the joyous telegram: "Our track team has just beat Williams."

Afterward, my hostess drew me aside and, learning that I had recently spent some time in Texas, plied me with questions uttered in a tone of bird-like but burning concern about the present outpourings of the spirit east and west of the Pecos. I gave her edifying accounts of the relative exhortatory and spiritual powers of the Rev. Dr. Brooks of Baylor University, the Rev. Dr. George W. Truett of Dallas, and half a dozen other great sorcerers whose names, never having heard them before this astonishing evening, I have since forgotten. I reported—fortified with a corn highball which my host mixed in

considerate proportions—on the glorious progress of the Baptist missionaries to the Rome-cursed Mexicans below the border and cheered her with prophecies that the Protestantization of Latin-America, while still in the hand of God, was not necessarily so far off as when the rude sailors of Columbus first began the propagation of mestizos. I might have edified her still further by dismissing all the homicide, arson and egocentric scandals repeated about the Rev. Dr. J. Frank (Two Gun) Norris of Fort Worth as the fruit of papist and infidel malice. She obviously wished to believe in this sanctified swordsman's holiness, but after all she had taste and even, in her element, reasonableness. When I assured her that the Fort Worth mountebank was scorned by even the better class of Texas Baptists, she sorrowfully accepted my word as that of a depressing but devoutly conscientious witness.

Still, I left her cheered with the thought that the cause was advancing in Texas even faster than her prayers and her missionary endeavors had warranted her in expecting. For a brief period I was in doubt as to what "the cause" was. But eventually I deduced that for her it meant the early and literal conversion of all heretical sects to the true Arminian and total immersion doctrine. Here, in other words, was a woman of maturity and social poise, accustomed to travel and a life of genteel leisure, not yet sixty, decorously rouged and in a ladylike way conscious of her cocktails, who actually looked forward to the transformation of too logical Presbyterians, too emotional Methodists and ritually depraved Roman Catholics and Episcopalians into Southern Baptists as the only means of saving their souls and restoring the world to its proper condition of Edenic felicity! Moreover, at her own dinner party, she could think of nothing more entertaining, more tactfully stimulating, to talk about!

Partly, I suppose, because it was one of those breath-taking experiences which leave one with nothing to do except to

stammer forth politeness, I departed in her good graces. It was so fortunate, she murmured, that I had arrived in Atlanta on the very week-end when the great Dr. Massee, the Fundamentalist eminence who was setting all New England in a blaze by his sermons in Tremont Temple, was there for a preaching engagement. To hear him would be one of my unforgettable raptures, and the family pew next Sunday was open to me.

I launched the false but only possible alibi of a previous ecclesiastical engagement, and staggered forth into the night. It couldn't be real, I kept telling myself in my Peachtree-cruising taxi. In spite of the general suavity of manners and dinner service, I had fallen, not among typical Georgians, but among eccentrics. I was to learn that I had merely refused to learn my lesson when I had the chance.

## II

For the truly effective adrenal stimulus leaps into the Georgia salon's blood when it is discovered that the stranger within the gates is an infidel. This is the moment when the Georgia gestures, eyes and vocabularies expand to twice their normal circumference; when the Georgia intellect simmers in the heat of other-worldly illumination and the cadence of Georgia polite conversation swings suddenly into the yearning quaver of a Baptist choir or a pack of hunting angels. Then, while enraptured Georgia faces scan the ancestral wall portraits and the blank parlor ceiling for new light on the mysteries of the spirit, it becomes suddenly and surprisingly evident that religious exaltation is the first of Georgia sports.

Naturally my own infidelity had to be discovered before all this became clear to me. But at a second dinner of the group this was accomplished so simply and easily that I was actually going under the theological third degree while I still thought I was merely accepting another corn cocktail from my hostess.

A prominent official of the State D.A.R. was present, and it appeared that she was stinging from the rebuke which a daring pastor had recently administered to her for her excessive jingoism and capitalistic bias. Without warning and evidently as nothing more than a ladylike deference to male authority, she demanded if I thought such a reproof was justified by the ethical teachings of Jesus.

An experienced traveler would have realized that such a question would not have been asked in polite society north of Lookout Mountain, and I should have been on my guard against Georgia traps for the innocent. Instead, I insanely strove to comfort the lady with rationalism. If Jesus lived and was correctly reported, I suggested, He apparently intended His pacifist and communistic teachings to be taken quite literally. But I took the liberty of disagreeing with Him on these points, and was therefore happy to find myself standing with the D.A.R. lady for preparedness and property rights against the gentle whimsies of all pulpiteers too proud to fight or play the stock market.

I vaguely noticed that the D.A.R. eyes—very blue and rather charming—fixed themselves on Heaven with a brief prayerful look. In the instant's silence, too, my hostess, with a look of tender sympathy, poured me a fourth and seemingly quite unnecessary cocktail. Although she knew what was coming and by her later actions showed her conviction that I deserved it, she neither then nor at any time in the next four hours held back on proper fortifications. Let justice be done even by those who have survived Atlanta! It is the paradox of Georgia civilization that its better bred hostesses are never neglectful of a victim's physical comfort.

Then it came—the storm and whirlwind of their hurt anthropomorphism—and always running through it the small but not still Georgia voices in their rapturous, convert-hunting cadences. While I attacked salad and dessert, they assaulted my blindness with proof that Jesus, far from being



an oriental mystic, was the historical *Urvater* of Georgia patriots.

I gathered that, born in 1885, He would have been the first to volunteer for all dangerous over-the-top bayonet expeditions and would have had His rendezvous with death along with the Lost Battalion—if not, in order to set an early good example to the Wilson dalliance, with the Lafayette Escadrille. Resurrected, His first activity would have been to counter the post-armistice Bolshevik propaganda with some bigger and better version of the parable of the servant who made the best investment of his talents. Before ascending, He unquestionably would have performed some instructive miracle to put the Negro khaki legions firmly and kindly in their place after their return from their demoralizingly democratic contacts with German bullets and French grisettes.

Curiously enough, they seemed indifferent for the moment to my doubt concerning His actual existence. The error of supposing Him eligible to the D.A.R. blacklist rather than to the Georgia department's honorary presidency appeared to demand attention first. Lifting their utterance like Methodist pastors aping Episcopalian service rhythms, they flung at me all the scraps of bellicose scripture from the prophecies of Daniel to the attack on the money-changers, to lure me out of my heresy. Obviously, if faith in a Georgian Godhead were necessary to salvation, Georgia hospitality was not going to let a guest go to Hell while he could be headed off.

In spite of the corn, their attentions sufficiently humbled me, and indeed put me in flight. I sternly resisted an inner temptation to inquire, since His militance was at issue, whether He would have fought in the Civil War with Ben Butler or Quantrill, or whether it would have been more fitting for Him to triumph with Grant or be crucified with Jefferson Davis. In fact, I began a solo conversation on the merits of last year's Georgia University football team, and thought from their

momentary polite indulgence that I was getting away with it. But the dinner was over, and on their feet someone recalled my major infidelity. And immediately what had been, with all its follies, a fairly decorous argument addressed to the intellect became a seance of exhibitionists.

The Georgians got up from their chairs to wander tensely about the room. Their hands clenched. Amid the smoking-stands and the living-room floor-lamps they made sweeping exhortatory gestures as though calling home cows or reclaiming a universe of lost sinners. Male and female both, their voices rose and fell in the turgid periods of Southern oratory. The men stared me down with a kind of hard incredulous pity; while the women's pious eyes sought the Fundamentalist Heaven just above the ceiling, bright with unshed tears.

At first it was a trifle confusing, since Georgians in their ecstatic moments tend to talk simultaneously. But gradually I inferred that, abandoning Scriptural proofs, they were trying to persuade me of the Christian salvation by confiding in me the miracles it had worked in their own lives. Plainly their way of entertaining, and incidentally edifying and improving, a guest was to treat him to a religious experience—meeting, eased with informality and glorified through intimacy. Moreover, like old-fashioned hosts who force guests to play charades or listen to recitations against their better judgment, they were doing this because they enjoyed it above all other amusements themselves.

Shamelessly they unrolled before me the scandals and emotional vibrations of half a dozen strictly prominent Confederate families. The men rumbled in confiding basses about temptations to lechery, violence and business chicanery overcome by the power of prayer. There was a peculiarly touching instance, "if you want straight-from-the-shoulder proof of God's love, seh," in the immediate family of a male guest with a Shriner's pin on his coat lapel and a habit of referring jocosely to

successful real estate deals. His "own brother, seh," at a Sunday morning dance in a Memphis brothel years ago, had been stricken as though "by an arrow of light" and forthwith reclaimed for a beatific career in the Christian ministry.

At once my D.A.R. nemesis was reminded of the experience she had enjoyed when her husband, owner of a prospering motor-car agency, was taken. She had not precisely seen or spoken with God—she was calling him "Gaa-ood" now, to emphasize His emotional status—but it was as though a light were all around her while she knelt alone by the coffin and a voice said: "Take comfort. I know My own."

My hostess had considerably poured me another cocktail to prepare me for this. Now even she went over to the enemy. They would all remember, she was sure, the case in her sister Annie's family. But since I was new to the circle, they would not mind hearing it over again. So I learned that Sister Annie's sister-in-law, taking her husband in adultery, instead of going to Reno about it had gone to God in a year-long prayer vigil. Not only had it worked, but just as the erring husband returned contrite, her uncle Ed died and left her a snug fortune. To be sure, the penitent was not—God's punishments being sure—permitted to enjoy it. A few weeks later a paralytic stroke laid him low. But his domestic fidelity was permanent, and after a few years of touchingly considerate invalidism he died a beautiful death.

For hours they spun out these holy bed-time stories to each other, each one stirring up the next with a "That reminds me" like drummers in a Pullman smoker. In fact, the bliss of the sacred memories so entranced them that I plausibly hoped they had forgotten me and that my occasional "How interesting!" would be enough. But at 11 P.M. they turned and challenged me to fight out with them the question of what they called, in a phrase suggestive outside of Georgia of the 1880's,

"all this higher criticism rot." Thus for another hour they amused themselves answering each of my forcibly extracted defenses of evolution and unorthodox historical scholarship with the crushing retort that since God had inspired the Bible it was wicked to question it. The D.A.R. comrade at length ended this phase of the entertainment by quoting verbatim whole paragraphs of a letter written in the '90's explaining to an unsanctified suitor why she could not bring herself to read a book he had sent her—she had, she was thankful, even forgotten the name of it—and which had obviously been written to destroy her faith.

It was past midnight. But while I vainly tried to break the spell by asking how the Stone Mountain Memorial was getting on and when the dogwood would bloom on the Mercer University campus, they had at me with a strictly personal sympathy. They spoke of me in the third person as of someone very far off, already dropping in the pit of Gehenna. Their guile appeared only in the way they made excuses for me.

It was Eastern college skepticism that had ruined "him," they accused piteously, blessing the evangelical spirit of the Mercer laboratories for the orthodoxy of their own offspring. That and "his" newspaper work, my hostess offered, recalling that her cousin Arthur, now an ornament of the Georgia bar, had been made "cynical" by association with politicians and police court characters during a brief reporting experience in New Orleans in 1897 and had never quite got over it. No, it was "his" mother's influence, theorized the D.A.R., remembering a certain schoolmate's persistently unconverted state at a Kentucky boarding-school forty-five years ago.

Their attitude asked for confessions but I gave none. "You're all wrong," broke in my host with a genial effort toward tact. "Don't you know it's the smart thing with the young people nowadays to pretend they haven't got religion? But they'll get over it. Henry's too smart a boy not to see the light."

It was one o'clock in the morning, the corn had worn to a thin heartburn and I permitted myself the luxury of being snappish. "Boys" within eighteen months of their fortieth birthday, I reminded him, were too old to accept new illuminations. And why was it that the only compliment the Christians could pay their adversaries was to suggest that some sweet day, if they kept on trying, they could become just like them?

Touchingly, they deprecated my flippancy. They desired no one to imitate such imperfect Christians as themselves. But as a friend of the family's and a young man of good conversational talents—of miraculously restrained temper, I added silently—they did desire me to know "Gaa-ood's" love. With that a rooster crowed and they let me go home.

Until breakfast my heart pounded with corn stimulus and the sensation of being engaged at Armageddon with the intelligence service of the Emperor Simmons.

### III

I had supposed that it was all over, but two days later my Georgia business was interrupted with a slight illness which required me to go to a hospital for a few days. My late hosts were, after all, cocktail-drinking, bridge-playing, even dancing Christians and, to their honor, they did not leap on me and pronounce this God's judgment. With the craft of their breeding uppermost they merely regarded me, in my delicate condition, as a blossom unusually apt for plucking.

They visited me and brought me flowers. They sat by my bedside, while poultices and dressings were changed, telling me how, during their war work in the hos-

pitals, they had prayed with influenza victims and pictured Heaven to the moribund as they liked to imagine it. I blessed them in these labors and acquired almost an odor of sanctity by indorsing them as an agreeable diversion for the dying, provided they really asked for it.

Finally, the last morning of my stay, came the Lord's D.A.R. fowleress. Under the bedclothes she pinched my toes playfully and remarked with a cheering sick-room giggle that she had done something for which I might scold her if I wanted.

I insisted that I scolded charming Georgia girls—even at sixty—for nothing and she confessed that she had been to church that morning and prayed for me.

I thanked her with due graciousness; but the imps of infidelity prodded me, and I mentioned my genteel regret that I could not return the compliment.

"Why can't you?" she whimpered, her voice all holy seduction.

"Because," I jested warningly, "I don't know the Persons to whom one prays, socially."

"Don't you know," she spoke like a lady martyr reproaching the hangman, "your Fawthuh?"

I thought of a certain lamented old boy whose embarrassment before reverential addresses from admirers, or even from his own children, was likely to be profane. But there was no use going into details she would not have understood. So I told her the morning wisecrack of the hospital's Negro orderly and she replied with the latest one from her cook. Just one week too late I learned that Georgians do not insist on talking divinity if you will only give them a fair chance to enlarge upon the jest cracked by Jehovah in creating Senegambians.

## THE GIDEONS

BY W. C. CROSBY

A TRAVELING man who is, oddly enough, a good church member, sat in his room in a North Carolina hotel, refreshing his soul by reading the Bible which the Gideons so kindly provide. A bellboy, delivering laundry, entered, and seeing the salesman's occupation, stopped short in amazement.

"What you doing with that, sir?" he asked, pointing to the book.

"I am," replied the pious drummer, "reading it."

Light dawned upon the Tarheel bellhop.

"I always thought," he exclaimed, "that those things had *some* use beside to prop up the bed when the caster breaks."

The Gideons themselves are well convinced that the presence of Holy Writ in the hotel rooms of this great nation serves diviner uses than propping up balky beds. To skeptics who doubt the efficacy of the Word, Mr. W. O. Williams, their national field secretary, testifies: "Hotel men tell me that the presence of the Bibles in the rooms saves the furniture. People who go to hotels with an intention of becoming obstreperous are checked by the presence of the Bible—that is," he adds cautiously, "if they have been brought up under the influence of the Book."

Since the Association began planting Bibles for traveling men to read, the word drummer has been lifted from synonymity with bummer, and the once despised race of peddlers has been raised to the respectability and professional dignity of the realtors and morticians. "Untold numbers of discouraged, sorely tempted commercial travelers have been saved from falling, from sorrow and death, by the Gideon

Bibles." Girls marooned in hotels have been dissuaded from abandoning themselves to wantonness. Husbands have been saved for their wives and children. Bachelors have been snatched from gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. All these results have been accomplished by the simple presence of the pudgy black Gideon Bibles in the guest-rooms.

The protective power of the Book was never more inspiringly illustrated than by the experience which lately befell a traveling friend of mine. This young man put up at a small hotel in Kansas. Having to write his reports, he retired to his room after dinner and sat working busily. He had not been in his room long when the door was pushed open by a shop-worn daughter of joy who smiled invitingly. When my friend shook his head in an emphatic No, she withdrew. But a few minutes later the same soiled houri inquired again, withdrawing quietly when she received the same answer. Business must have been slow that night, for a third time she returned, entering the room boldly and boldly. Being an impulsive chap, as well as a better Christian than most, my friend seized the Gideon gift from the desk, and hurled it at the hussy with cruel accuracy. The glorious old Book delivered a well-merited rebuke *a posteriori*, and saved another traveling man from Hell.

The same unquestionable authenticity and unassailable veracity which marks this incident stamps also the testimonials received and published by the Gideons. Many a traveling man has written in big-hearted and untutored gratitude: "It sure looks good to see the Book when one gets



to his room far from home." Sometimes a knight of the grip is moved to report an experience more in detail. "He said he had spent a restless evening there [in the hotel] lately, trade was dull and he was so nervous he could not sleep, so he arose and walked about his room, when, seeing the Gideon Bible on his dresser, he picked it up, read every one of the references on the slip that was pasted in it, and was so *quieted and calmed* that on returning to his bed he was soon fast asleep."

Not often, however, do the Gideons receive so breath-taking a testimonial as this one, which they have published dozens of times:

#### MISSED THE OTHER WOMAN.

A wife and children were on the point of being sacrificed by me tonight, when I picked up this Book in a half-cynical, half-curious moment of a passing fancy. Alone here in the room, I became interested before I realized. The minutes passed and I read on unconsciously. Finally, when it dawned on me that I had an appointment, I looked at my watch. It was an hour late. The train had gone and the woman with whom I had agreed to go East probably was wondering where I was.

I am glad I missed the train.

(Signed) MAY IT HELP OTHERS.

The hotel managers of the Republic are said to be enthusiastically in favor of the Gideon Bibles. When a new and high-toned hotel was opened in New York recently, the management caused the Bibles destined for its rooms to be carried in parade through the streets of the modern Gomorrah by Boy Scouts. By this artful procedure the hotel grabbed so much free publicity that Silas Bent was moved to speak of the business as a new wrinkle in the methodology of ballyhoo.

I asked one hotel manager whether he agreed with Mr. Williams' theory as to the furniture-preserving power of the Bibles.

"It would take more than a Bible to save the furniture when a Prohibition party gets started," he answered, "but it's nice to have the Bibles in the rooms. People may not read them, but it's nice to know they are there if they should want to read them."

This statement reflects the attitude of most of the managers with whom I have talked. The Bibles cost them nothing, and nobody, of course, objects to receiving something for nothing, whether it be a novelty in hotel furnishings or only a drink of hooch.

## II

Every step in the history of the Gideons, say the historians of the order, has been directly inspired by the Almighty Himself. As evidence of this divine guidance, the chain of coincidences which led to the establishment of the organization is often cited. It was through a man by the name of John H. Nicholson, of Janesville, Wis., that God sent the original impulse which resulted in the founding of the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association, as the Gideons are known to their lawyers. Mr. Nicholson seems to have been a praying brother who carried his faith with him as he peddled goods from one small Wisconsin town to another. When he came, late one evening in September, 1898, to the town of Boscobel, he found, like another celebrated transient before him, that there was no room at the inn.

"Nick," said the proprietor of the Central Hotel, "I can take care of you if you will share a double room with Mr. Hill, whom I can vouch for as being all right."

"Sure," replied Nick, "anything to help you out."

So Mr. Nicholson was introduced to a Mr. S. E. Hill, who was registered from Beloit, Wis., and in this chance meeting germinated the acorn which grew and grew into the stout, wide-spreading Gideon oak.

As the two men prepared for bed, Mr. Nicholson courteously asked Mr. Hill's permission to keep the light on a few minutes longer, explaining that he always read a chapter of the Bible before going to sleep. Producing his small, worn Book, he began to read.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Hill interrupted.

"I'm a Christian too, and I wish you would read the chapter aloud." Mr. Nicholson complied, and the two men had their evening devotions together.

Mr. Hill was not only a devout Christian; he was also a man of vision and action, and it was into his head that the Lord inserted the idea of doing something big and worthwhile for other traveling men.

"It seems strange," he said to Mr. Nicholson, "that if we were Elks, or Knights of Pythias, or Masons, we should be wearing some emblem of our order, but as Christian traveling men we have no way of recognizing each other." Struck by the idea, and sadly impressed with this deplorable deficiency of Christianity, the two talked earnestly of the matter until late that night. They did not get to sleep until almost eleven o'clock. Nothing, however, came of the conversation until May, 1899, when Mr. Nicholson accidentally met Mr. Hill again, this time on the street in Beaver Dam, Wis. This chance encounter was the second coincidence proving the Lord's solicitude for sinful traveling men.

"Nick," said the dynamic Mr. Hill, "we should get at it and organize at once. Let's not talk about it, but get right at it, start the ball rolling and follow it up." Promptly the two men decided to call a meeting at Janesville, to invite their traveling friends, and to prepare for the organization of a Christian lodge. The date they set was July 1, 1899.

Before July rolled around Mr. Nicholson was forced by the exigency of another crowded hotel to share a room with Mr. W. J. Knights, also of Janesville. Mr. Nicholson repeated his courteous request for time to read his chapter. Mr. Knights, who was also devout and a man of action, responded as Mr. Hill had done, and drew the same lesson from the incident. When he learned that the formation of a Christian travelers' society was under way, he impulsively offered to write letters of invitation to his drummer acquaintances. His form letter reflected his ardent spirit:

Janesville, Wis., June 12, 1899

*My dear friend and brother:*

It has been suggested by a few of our Christian traveling men that we might increase our usefulness and also our helpfulness to each other by quietly coming together to plan some simple organization that we might better know each other, and possibly widen our influence, and by preconceived plans surround the arch-enemy of our souls, and give him a black eye by the help of Him who is altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand.

The rest of the letter set forth the details of the July meeting. It fetched many encouraging replies from Christian traveling men. But on the Saturday afternoon appointed there appeared in the parlors of the Janesville Y. M. C. A. only three men: Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Knights. Undiscouraged, the three formed themselves into the new order, electing Mr. Hill president, Mr. Knights vice-president, and Mr. Nicholson secretary and treasurer.

The organization completed, there arose the question of choosing a name. Several were suggested, but upon none of them could the three agree. Finally, one of them suggested that they take the matter to the Father of All in earnest, silent prayer. The man into whose mind first popped a name was to shout it out. Down on their knees went the faithful three. After a few minutes, Mr. Hill burst forth with the name, Gideons. Recognizing that the suggestion came from the Holy Spirit, they selected Gideons without further debate. Mr. Knights then read the seventh chapter of Judges to show the reason for adopting this name. From the lesson of the Hebrew general who displayed such admirable stealth in massacring the Midianites, the pious three drew the moral, which remains to this day the motto of the Gideons, that "Gideon was a man who was willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, irrespective of his own judgment as to plans or results."

The embryonic order developed slowly until September, 1899, at which time another meeting was called. To this gathering came seven drummers, one of whom was a Mr. W. J. Ennis. Mr. Ennis wanted

to know what about selecting an emblem. Someone asked what he had to suggest. Being a man who was nothing if not prepared, Mr. Ennis drew from his pocket a pencilled sketch of a button, describing it as "a white pitcher on a blue background, with a red flame protruding from the opening of the pitcher."

"Glory to God!" shouted Mr. Nicholson, jumping to his feet. "We have the national colors and the order will become national."

The pitcher which Mr. Ennis designed was the familiar one-handed utensil with the pouring lip: it stood in the wash-bowl of every American hotel room in that Golden Age of the Saturday night bath. Not until 1910 did the Lord prompt some member to denounce it as an anachronism. Then the design was changed to the two-handed oriental water jug which the original Gideon had used.

With the adoption of the button, and the completion of plans for the next year's work, the Gideons came into formal existence, numbering twelve charter members. The first step had been taken on the road to becoming a national institution. But it had not yet occurred to the Lord that He needed Bibles in hotel bed-rooms; not one of the charter members had an inkling of the principal future work of the Association.

### III

Mr. Nicholson and the other praying drummers succeeded in establishing the new order, but it required a super-salesman, smoke-eating and as hard as nails, to save it from a bankrupt's end. Jehovah displayed great business acumen when in 1909 He guided the Gideons into elevating Mr. W. E. Henderson from the ranks of the insurance agents to the office of national secretary.

The happy coincidence, no doubt also of the Lord's directing, of Mr. Henderson's chance encounter with a young drummer who had the writer's itch, has preserved for us a contemporary account of the in-

cident. The drummer wrote a description of the meeting and published it in the celebrated *American Magazine*.

"Mr. Henderson," he wrote, "is a big, handsome, magnetic man who makes you feel an immediate confidence in him and his business. . . . In Mr. Henderson's line of business, trade is booming all the time and the market is always good. He doesn't even have to give tips to express agents to get his trunks and sample cases put on the proper trains." After recounting the fact that Mr. Henderson left the insurance business to join the Gideons, the writer continued: "Since 1909 his business has been soul-insurance policies, and he doesn't intend to quit until he has put one of these policies—to wit, an English Bible—into every hotel room in the country."

By an indiscreet admission in Gideon literature one learns that in 1912 the Gideon Bibles cost "38c on cars, New York." A book-dealer who is in a position to know assures me that even in this era of high prices, they can still be bought in large quantities at considerably less than \$1. Keeping this fact in mind, the slogan, "One Dollar (\$1.00) Places a Gideon Bible in Any American Hotel" becomes interestingly significant.

But properly to appreciate Mr. Henderson's contribution to the Bibling of the nation's hostelrys, one must inquire at least briefly into the history of the Gideons between 1899, the time of their founding, and 1909, when Mr. Henderson took charge. As we have seen, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Knights established a new Christian lodge, the emblem of which enabled churchly traveling men to recognize one another. Almost at once the fervor of the early members transformed the order into a band of peripatetic part-time evangelists who harangued their fellow drummers on every conceivable occasion. It is in the records that Gideons conducted impromptu prayer-meetings on the slow railroad trains of those days, preaching so powerfully that case-hardened conductors and brakemen fell swooning to the im-

provided mourners' bench, tearfully confessing their sins. A Gideon stranded in a hotel over the week-end would organize meetings for Bible searching on Sunday afternoons or evenings, herding in the sin-ridden knights of the grip for the good of their souls. If he could not arrange a hotel meeting, he would offer his services to the local pastor, to harass the sinners of the community. The Chicago camp even held open-air services after the manner of the Salvation Army, a practice which was soon frowned upon by the national officers. The annual national conventions of the organization were rip-roaring camp-meetings, poorly attended, it must be confessed, but hot.

All was thus jake with the souls of the Gideons, but their material concerns did not prosper. In fact, it must be reported sadly that the officers, especially the treasurer, were having a devil of a time. In the free and easy first years of the order, any Christian could join who had a dollar to buy an emblem, but growth and age brought their problems. The order could not expect the full-time services of national officers for nothing, and gratis part-time work would not serve its needs. So salaries were voted, and the conscientious historian must report, painful though the duty, that certain loud squawks rose above the hosannas of the brethren. Annual dues were imposed, and initiation fees. Members became suddenly hard to recruit, and the names of many tried and true soldiers of the cross disappeared from the roll. Debts piled up; salaries remained unpaid. The members of the Cabinet—the national steering committee—had to make personal notes for a thousand dollars at one time to stave off the sheriff. An occasional messiah appeared who for a short time put the Gideons back on their feet and restored harmony in the ranks, but trouble persisted in happening.

The end of the order seemed in sight. Then suddenly the gathering gloom was rent by a burst of light; a Great Vision flashed before the wondering eyes of the

remaining Gideons. The Lord directed that the order devote itself to the Bibling of the nation's hotels. Since that day the course of the Gideons has been easy, and showers of gold and gratitude have fallen upon them.

There can be no doubt that it was the Lord who suggested to the order the adoption of its new programme. The drummers themselves had not been able, in eight years of effort, to think of the idea. It is true that they had, in the 1900 convention, resolved: "That every hotel which the Gideons patronize, furnish a Holy Bible for the benefit of its patrons," but this was far from being the altruistic and laudable scheme which was evolved when the Lord took the matter personally in hand.

#### IV

The mechanism employed by Him to bring His new plan to the attention of the order supplied another almost miraculous coincidence. A member of the national Cabinet, Mr. Dennett by name, made a trip to England. When he returned he brought the news that a Commercial Travelers' Christian Association had been working in Great Britain for forty-two years, placing Bibles in hotel rooms. Mr. Dennett exhibited a sample Bible, and added the information that the slow-going Britishers had succeeded in distributing only 17,000 volumes in the long period of their activity. The Cabinet, to which Mr. Dennett imparted his news, promptly dispatched a resolution of congratulation to the newly discovered English colleagues, and just as promptly decided that the Lord quite plainly intended that the idea should be borrowed.

A committee was at once appointed to arrange for purchasing the Bibles from the manufacturers. When the committee reported that favorable terms could be secured, the 1908 national convention formally adopted the new objective. In 1909 the Heaven-led Mr. Henderson put



his hand to the plow. He placed twenty-seven thousand Bibles in the first year of his labor, and seventy-three thousand in the second year.

A pastor named the Rev. E. R. Burkhalter was an important instrument chosen of God to assist in getting the Bibles into hotels. After the new objective had been announced, Dr. Burkhalter exhibited a desire to have them placed in the hotels of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he was then pastoring. But who could pay for so many? Certainly not the Gideons, who had difficulty paying their own officers. So Dr. Burkhalter went before the Ministers' Union of Cedar Rapids, and persuaded his colleagues of the cloth to collect the money from their parishioners. They found that the church members responded generously to the novel appeal. The money was turned over to the Gideons, who then installed the books amid proper jubilation. The Gideons found this plan so satisfactory that they have used it ever since. The church members of the cities where Bibles are installed pay for the books and get the satisfaction of doing a good deed; the traveling men get their souls saved; the Gideons get the credit, the publicity, and the incidental profits. Mr. Henderson thus found a neat plan ready to his hand, and the records contain no trace of his ever having complained of its operation.

The office to which Mr. Henderson was elected was that of national secretary, a salaried job whose duties consisted largely of routine clerical work in the Chicago headquarters. But soon after his election he turned over both the clerical work and the salary to an inside man, and went bravely into the field alone, unprovided with salary or expense account, trusting to the good cause to keep him from starving. The Lord did not exactly send ravens to feed this latter-day prophet, but the Bible usufructs served just as nicely. The official history of the Gideons ungrudgingly admits that it was Mr. Henderson who "put the Bible work on the map, so to speak, in the matter of publicity."

The Bible work was his special interest, and being a great Bible student himself, and having committed to memory such a large part of the precious word so he could recite it verbatim and make it a prominent part of his frequent addresses, he won a fine coöperation wherever he worked.

The biggest chunk of bacon Mr. Henderson ever brought home was an order for 25,000 Bibles, to supply the hotels of California. He sold this order early in 1911. He was able to deliver the books in a dramatic manner. An international convention of Sunday-school workers met in San Francisco in June, 1911, and he timed the shipment of Bibles to arrive during this meeting. Getting the coöperation of the convention officials, he staged a real show. Twenty-five thousand adult-class members paraded the streets of the city, each with a Bible in his hand. At the conclusion of the big parade, each member deposited his Bible in a pyramid on the platform of the convention hall, where the huge stack remained during the meeting as an object lesson. Later the books were distributed to the hotels of the coast cities. The show was so successful, and attracted so much publicity, that to this day, when Bibles are placed in a new hotel, they are first exhibited in a pile in the hotel lobby.

Another large order sold by Mr. Henderson was for the hotels of the city of Boston. *Harper's Weekly*, then under the sprightly editorship of Col. George B. M. Harvey, spoke somewhat jocosely of Boston's need for Bibles in its May 11, 1911, issue:

There are several Bibles in Boston now—one in the Public Library for use, one in the Harvard College Library that belonged to Increase Mather, and some more in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, but when the Gideons get through with Boston in May every guest in every hotel who goes to bed in good order will be able to read a verse before he turns out the light.

The writer went on:

Of course it isn't a new thing to have Bibles in the hotel bedrooms. The hotels used to have them, but the hotels of twenty-five years ago are mostly gone, and their Bibles with them; and in the new hotels that give you hot and cold everything, telephone, press the button twice for Martini and three times for Manhattan, and all

that, we don't remember to have noticed much provision of Bibles. So the work of the Gideons is timely.

Since Mr. Henderson's time the Bibling work has gone forward with the impressive gait of a snow-ball rolling down a hill, each year's accumulated total growing larger and larger. In 1914, when Mr. Henderson resigned, 237,000 Bibles were in place. During the present month, the Gideons hope to complete their first million.

Curiously, the membership of the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association has decreased instead of increasing since the revelation and adoption of the Bibling programme. This shrinkage is the more surprising when one considers that the Gideons have memberships to fit every purse. Any Christian drummer can purchase a regular membership for five dollars, but he must pay this amount annually to retain his status. If, however, he will contribute ten dollars he can become a sustaining member, and not be bothered with annual dues. Occasionally the agents of the Association find a big business executive who is willing to buy a membership; they usually try to sell him a life membership for one hundred dollars. A man who cannot qualify either as a Christian or as a traveler can still enjoy Gideon privileges by paying five dollars or more annually for an associate membership. Business firms, Sunday-school classes, and other organizations are eligible for associate memberships also. The Gideons pass along a gentle hint to Big Business:

Some firms, employers of commercial travelers, give us \$50 per year, in appreciation of what our work has done to make their travelers more profitable to them.

Certain captious critics have blamed Mr. Henderson for the falling off in membership, claiming that he devoted himself too narrowly to selling Bibles, and that he neglected the slogan of the order: "Winning Commercial Traveling Men For Christ." But Mr. Henderson ignored this destructive criticism, and later national officers have

followed his example. They rarely mention the fact that "in no one year have more than 2,500 [members] paid their dues," preferring instead to point with pride to the number of Bibles distributed. After all, the criticism is largely academic. The national officers are satisfied with their jobs; the State officers are not dissatisfied with their 20% commission on the funds which they collect; and the members have registered no protest serious enough to worry the officers. The State officers did kick a little when, in 1919, the national officers cut their rate of commission from 40% to 20%. But when they realized that the cut was necessary for the good of the cause, and that if they did not like it they could get out, they complained no more.

## V

After the World War the Gideons conceived the scheme of a million dollar endowment fund, to be contributed by their well-wishers. The interest from the endowment fund would have eliminated almost all of the irksome necessity of appealing for funds. The hotel rooms of the country, by that time, were practically saturated with Bibles. A few books each year to replace worn-out copies and to supply occasional new hotels were all that were needed. These the endowment and the regular Bible Fund would have cared for easily, besides paying all salaries and traveling expenses. It was a lofty dream, that endowment fund. But it did not materialize. Every other organization in the country was putting on a drive at the same time. Churches, colleges, missionary societies, organized charities, and Y. M. C. A.'s. all sent out canvassers and mailed expensively printed appeals for aid. More drives went whizzing down the national pike in the period from 1921 to 1925 than in any other era of the world's history. The Gideons got lost in the shuffle; a measly \$30,000 was all they could garner. Still, \$30,000 is better than nothing.

In 1927 they received the shock of their

lives. The American Anti-Bible Society announced its organization for the purpose of "discrediting the Bible," and "dislodging it from guest rooms in hotels." Shocked though the Gideons were, they were not alarmed. The mere announcement of such an evil purpose, they realized, would bring the good people of the country scurrying to the defense of the Book. Hopefully they scanned the newspapers for signs of the alarm which all citizens must surely feel at this foul threat to revealed religion. But the public was curiously apathetic; it did not seem to care whether the Gideons had Bibles in the hotels or not. A Mr. E. H. Hornbostel, of Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote a letter to the *Herald Tribune* about the matter. The New York *Sun* published a short editorial, and the *Herald Tribune* followed suit, mildly chastizing the atheists. The Philadelphia *Record's* paragrapher aired his feelings on the subject. The *Literary Digest* ran a short résumé of the affair. But these defenses were all that the Gideons could find.

It must be added that they were as much horrified by the kind of defense made by these papers as they were by the attacks of the Anti-Bible Society. The old whoopee about the Bulwark of Civilization, the Foundation of the State, and the Hope of Salvation was strangely missing. How the editors of 1909 would have hurled those good old phrases, had the atheists dared attack them, thought the Gideons! But the comments of the 1927 editors were unbelievably mild. The comfort to be obtained from the Bible "may be purely literary, for there is no better writing to be found anywhere," observed the Philadelphia *Record*. The Bible offers "a liberal education," added the *Herald Tribune*. The Gideons could hardly believe that God would let such indifference continue unchecked. They wailed for "Financial Assistance In Protest," but the next day's mail contained no staggering load of checks. The great American people seemed to have lost their faith in the Bible. But the Gideons did not worry too much. They were well provided,

and any "Financial Assistance In Protest" they might have received would have been just like money picked up in the road.

In the early days of the present century, when the Gideons were getting started, the great masses of the American people still believed, among other things, that the Bible possessed an occult talismanic virtue which would protect them from harm. This virtue was something entirely apart from the meaning of the contents of the Book. It was supposed to work in about the same way that a rabbit-foot operates in bringing its wearer good luck, or in the way that a pin cures warts if the afflicted one scratches the wart with the pin and then throws it over his left shoulder.

The American Christians of that guileless age believed that one could foretell the future by dipping into the Bible—that is, by opening the good Book at random and reading the verse upon which the finger touched. The verse thus designated, they believed, would invariably apply to the problem then confronting the dipper. This belief in the occult power of the Bible was nothing new. Bibliomancy, or soothsaying by means of the Word, was a custom borrowed by the primitive Christians from the Greeks and Romans, who dipped in the same fashion into the books of Homer and Virgil. In the Middle Ages it was believed that a Christian who was beset by fleshly lusts was enabled to resist temptation by having the Gospels hung upon his neck by a cord. St. Augustine himself believed that the Gospel of John would cure all manner of fever if placed upon the head of the sufferer. The Encyclopedia of Ethics and Religion condemns such bibliolatry as the sign of a low level of religious development. Whatever the fact, it is true that much of the old belief in the occult power of the Book has passed out. The Gideons are discovering this to their loss and sorrow. Even the Y. M. C. A. now speaks slightly of "the limp-back Bible period," when the evidence of a secretary's godliness was his ability to

spout from memory whole chapters of the Holy Word.

The Gideons themselves still have faith in the power of dipping to guide the conduct of believers, and in their literature they print authentic accounts of how men and women have been guided in a great crisis by opening the Book at random and accepting what they first saw as a divine revelation. But since this is a busy world, and many people do not have time to do their own dipping, the Gideons have helpfully done it for them. In the front lining page of each Gideon Bible is pasted a label setting forth what passages are especially helpful in certain circumstances:

If lonesome or blue and friends untrue, read Psalms xxiii and xxvii. Luke xv.

If trade is poor, read Psalm xxxvii. John xv.

If you are all out of sorts, read Hebrews xii.

If very prosperous, read I Cor. x, 12-13.

The weary traveling man who comes to his room at night feeling lonesome and blue and turns to the appropriate reference, Luke xv, will be comforted with the parable of the lost sheep, which concludes,

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

and includes also the famous story about the Prodigal Son and the stay-at-home brother who was annoyed by the killing of the fatted calf.

For the drummer whose commissions are shrinking the Gideons advise:

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against workers for iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb.

"If you are all out of sorts" you will find in Hebrews xii the encouraging statement:

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

And those afflicted with too much prosperity learn, in I Corinthians x, 12-13:

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

On the label in each Gideon Bible there are thirty references, each one as pat and to the point as the samples quoted.

But these thirty references, it seems to me, do not begin to exhaust the possibilities of helpfulness which the Bible contains. Indeed, a searcher with an itch for Service could easily compile a list to fit practically every predicament into which a traveling man might fall. For instance, what drummer in a poorly heated hotel room would not be cheered by this: "If your bed is cold and your feet are frigid, read I Kings 1: 1-4." And of what inestimable comfort would this passage be to an elderly traveling man troubled with thinning hair: "If your hair is falling out, or your poll is bald, read II Kings 11, 23-4!"



# AMERICANA

## ARKANSAS

THE American spirit in the rising town of Searcy, as reported by the Associated Press:

A new technique for settling basket-ball games was introduced by Carl Moore, a player, who last night bit off the end of the time-keeper's nose in exchange for an unfavorable decision. Not to be outdone, the time-keeper, Prince Byrd, bit deep into his assailant's thumb and was attempting to gouge out an eye when dragged off by spectators, officers said. In addition to his nose, Byrd lost a finger-nail, also bitten off.

News item in the *Scott County News* of the town of Waldron:

The lady who had her husband accidentally killed on Ross creek a few days ago and who also got her house burned is in need, and anyone who can help her either with clothes that she or her children can wear, food, or can give her work it will be much appreciated.

## CALIFORNIA

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Dr. Horace S. Cushing, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Inglewood:

Playing Golf with God

A MINNESOTA savant gets a characteristic California welcome from the editor of the *Perris Progress*:

The Rev. Jacob Berger, of Faribault, Minn., famed mineralogist and inventor of the Berger divining rod, was a guest the past week at the James Coburn home on East Fourth street. Mr. Berger has been on the Minnesota iron range and in the Texas oil fields and has affidavits from men who accompanied him on his trips that show he has never been known to fail in locating oil.

While visiting his friends here, Mr. Berger was driven over the valley by Mr. Coburn's daughter, Mrs. R. W. Michler, and a number of places were visited where Mr. Berger stated oil could be found. In fact he said there were innumerable pools where wells could be drilled without a doubt of success in producing oil or gas. Mr. Berger not only locates oil and gas but also tells how deep to drill and at what depths the sands lie and their thickness.

THE HON. JOHN F. YOUTSEY, a Lazarus of Riverside, testifies to the potency of Truth in the eminent *Christian Science Sentinel*:

I was healed of profanity, insomnia, and the drug habit in one treatment. . . . Chronic bowel trouble of twenty years' standing was met in about ten days. Hemorrhoids from childhood, supposedly inherited, yielded to the power of God, good, in a very short time. Broken bones were entirely healed in four days without the fingers of a surgeon; pneumonia, in which I was bleeding from both lungs, quickly yielded to the power of Truth. Influenza was completely eradicated in four hours; pleuro-pneumonia of both lungs yielded in less than a week's time; teeth have been extracted without pain; and recently a cancer was completely healed in less than four months. Burns, cuts, bruises, and a weak heart were healed promptly through this loving ministry, and broken arches in a very short time.

HAPPY news from the fortunate town of San Anselmo, dug up by the enterprising local correspondent of the *San Rafael Independent*:

Past President Dr. Edward Wicher of the San Anselmo Rotary Club has received his official appointment as the representative of Rotary International, to organize a Rotary Club at Jerusalem.

WOODLAWN dispatch to the celebrated *San Francisco Chronicle*:

At the Don Huff ranch yesterday Huff's champion Duroc-Jersey boar ate out of a trough in the same room with the Woodland Rotary Club.

CULTURAL notice in the illustrious *Los Angeles Times*:

TO THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY AND FRIENDS OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood has had three most memorable opening night events, brilliant dedications and spectacular premières.

We believe, in fact we know, that these openings have inspired keenest interest, not only in Los Angeles, but throughout the entire United States.

And we shall go as far as to state that even the great cities of Europe have been intrigued

by the first nights at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood.

The spotlight is now being focussed on a new, a still greater, an even more spectacular première, more gorgeous and more endowed with scintillating grandeur than any of its predecessors in Greater Hollywood.

On Monday evening, this marvelous event will occur with the initial presentation of

#### "THE TRAIL OF '98"

a production epic representing two solid years of preparation on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Mr. Clarence Brown, director of this, probably without doubt the greatest cinematic achievement of the last decade, has not only done an outstanding piece of work, but he is destined to go down in history as one of the greatest of all directors.

Statistics carefully compiled at one of the Grauman Chinese Theatre openings brought forth the facts that 77% of the opera chairs were occupied by featured film stars, directors, and producers, and 23% by the socially élite of California aristocracy, and Eastern visitors of note.

This announcement is made so that you may purchase, if you have not already done so, seats for this momentous occasion.

*Cordially yours,*

SID GRAUMAN

*For the première \$5.50, inc. tax, regular Grauman Chinese prices thereafter—on sale Owl Drug, 6th and Broadway, or Chinese Theatre pagoda box office. Phone Gladstone 5184.*

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. COLE L. BLEASE, of South Carolina, favors his colleagues in the Senate with a treatise on Southern ethics:

There are not enough marines in or outside of the United States Army and Navy, in Nicaragua, and all combined, to make us associate with niggers. We never expect to. We never have; but we treat them fairly. If you promise one of them \$5 for a day's work, if he does the day's work, I believe you should pay him.

THE United Press sends out a gloss on recent dispatches from Nicaragua:

Lieut. Com. M. M. Witherspoon, Navy chaplain, believes the U. S. Marines are following in the footsteps of the Galilean. In a sermon Sunday night he said: "The men of the Marine Corps walk in the way first laid out by Christ. They are two-fisted fighting men, as He was. They have courage, as He had. They serve their fellowmen, as He did."

#### FLORIDA

A JAPANESE-AMERICAN unbosoms himself in the celebrated Daytona Beach *Times*:

Once someone said that the School, Church and Society, is the only thing we can depend

on as a great guidance of the human life, if it is making substantial progress in its effort to correct the evils, and safeguard our young people.

But, I have seen enough of it from year to year, it become difficult with peculiar sort of situation, meanwhile, it growth more serious condition in the country while a great many laws of land are enacted and enforcing the laws of their country.

Casually, increasing the crime, violence, corruption, and habitual lewdness, has been widespread among the young generation everywhere in the world.

"Why do you consider every man and woman who are well educated would do nothing but good?"

"All right then, if you are so sure, what does the world to have so full of young students criminal?" they are evidently well educated and member of a Church.

"That's just I said if the learned man begin to despoiled, there can be no other way than to see the world become uncontrollable situation and I don't mean maybe."

Well, one day last week I stood around and listened about a man's argument: "Doggone it," complained a man at beginning with a cunning smile.

"The strangest coincidence I ever heard of!" a stranger pointed his finger at my face as he started to say, perhaps you, too, suffer from restless night, and worried about harassed days, but as we look back over the past about couple dozen of years ago, there was hardly any violators of law among the real Florida Crackers, especially in the old Daytona, he said.

It is true, I lived here long enough to know all about it, I, too, remember it perfectly, indeed, it looked as though the whole Daytona was very quiet, I thought it was wonderful.

In those days, Mr. Zuber, was only man who had appointed as a Police man, and that One man's Police force wearing no uniform, and without a gun. And even so he didn't have much to do.

I now begin to realize that the history of Daytona, is really interesting. "Yes, it was funny there was very seldom to hear of criminal case, however, in the Negro section they usually had some cutting and shooting once in a while.

At that time, Eighteenth Amendment has nothing to do with the local Police-man. But now the most active duty.

During the last several years the city of Daytona Beach has been rapidly growth and become a famous play ground of all nations in the world.

Isn't it wonderful? In the meantime, we have seen enough of violators, of course the fact somewhat this cannot be helped, but what I want to say now is no matter how humblest or destitute of knowledge on which the things are going on in this moderated world; if a man's conduct are fitted for human society he is much better quality of man than educated criminal.

THOMAS OYAMA

**THE progress of the uplift in the grand city of Tampa:**

Courage Hall, where moods of discouragement and perplexity will be changed to cheerful, active thought, will open tonight at 312 Plant avenue under the direction of Wesley Roberts and a committee of sixty women members of Hyde Park churches, headed by Mrs. J. C. McKay. At eight o'clock, persons in despondent moods will be entertained with music, humorous readings, and refreshments and then offered advice and encouragement by Mr. Roberts and his associates. The establishment of Courage Hall has been in charge of the Wesley Workers, an organization of church women. It is a branch of the League of Encouragers, a national organization with headquarters in New York.

### GEORGIA

**PUBLIC notice in the celebrated Dahlonga Nugget:**

#### TO 'PHONE DEAD BEATS

Dahlonga telephone rates are made low with the understanding that the 'phones in residences are for the use only of the people living therein, and others using them are simply deadbeating the company for service which belongs to those who pay. It is just as dishonest as covering children from the railroad conductor to save your fare. If you have to save the price of a telephone be honest enough to carry your messages or mail them at one cent each. However, you will have to pay for the stamp. If you are a pauper and will show that you need a 'phone in your business we will contribute one to save our regular subscribers being bothered. Borrowing 'phone service is somewhat similar to a borrowed newspaper. Both after being loaned may need laundering. But it can't be done. Pay for your talk or walk.

DAHLONGA TELEPHONE COMPANY

**FROM a reader of the eminent Macon Telegraph:**

In Georgia, thank God for its orthodoxy, the leprosy of infidelity has been largely kept out in the past; may she not lower her banner and permit German or other infidelity to come as a hand down from cursed Northern universities and roost in our bounds as buzzards, where the dove of purity has hovered heretofore with its olive branch of truth brought by our sacrificing ancestors who suffered to give us truth. Let us not now be traitors to them, ourselves and to God and His word.

### ILLINOIS

**THE sublime process of lawmaking under Prohibition, as reported from Chicago by the Associated Press:**

The word *brew* must enter the lost lexicon, E. C. Yellowley, Prohibition administrator ruled Saturday. Owners of soft-drink parlors and restaurants were visited by a squad of Prohibition

agents and ordered to remove immediately all signs containing the word.

**How laws are enforced in the grand old town of Litchfield, as described by the Chicago Tribune:**

Professional courtesy was extended today to Judge Fred Rents by Judge W. N. Morris, who gave the former a \$3 fine instead of the usual \$5 fine on a drunkenness charge. "You might be brought before me sometime and I can treat you likewise," was the plea of Judge Rents in asking special treatment.

**RABBI W. WILLNER, in the Lion, national organ of the Lions Clubs:**

I submit that if there is any society among the angels and archangels, even divine beings, it is the Lions Club.

### KANSAS

**FROM the letter column of the world-famous Emporia Gazette:**

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

To the Editor of The Gazette,

Sir: Emporia Christians are grateful to the Baptists for supplying the City Club's demonstration home with a Bible. No home can really be a home without a Bible, no matter how many electric appliances it has. And now I want to know who is responsible for putting a magazine called THE AMERICAN MERCURY on the table next to this Bible. In looking through this magazine, I noticed it was filled with nasty atheistic attacks on the Methodists and Baptists, and on all religion. Is this the kind of home which the City Club thinks we should strive to copy?

Respectfully,

AN AMERICAN MOTHER

### KENTUCKY

**News of the strenuous life in Hodgenville, as reported by the New York World:**

A. G. Bush, veteran engineer on the Hodgenville and Elizabethtown Railroad, had just started on his run from Hodgenville for Elizabethtown, twenty miles away, yesterday when he leaned out of his cab and sneezed. He hurled his false teeth into a ditch beside the track. The train ran nearly a half mile before he could recover from his surprise, reverse his engine and back to the scene of the misfortune. Both crew and passengers joined vainly in the search. Bush climbed into his cab and started again. Looking backward to where a local searching party still was active he saw some one waving to him. He backed up, recovered his teeth, restored them to their place amid applause of the passengers and resumed the journey.

### LOUISIANA

**ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the Eagle Dispatch,**

leading religious organ of the Aframericans of Baton Rouge:

**CHICKEN SERMON TO BE SERVED BATON ROUGE**  
The Rev. A. A. Hebert, evangelist from Beaumont, Texas will deliver a series of sermons on a chicken with four legs.

### MARYLAND FREE STATE

AN ADVERTISER in the *Bel Air Times* pays his respects to Law Enforcement:

#### \$50 REWARD

I will offer the above reward for definite evidence as to the party or parties who circulated the report that I am a Revenue Officer.

R. L. MONKS

### MICHIGAN

WANT ADVERTISEMENT in the *Detroit News*:

TWO MEN, experienced sewer diggers who can play banjo or violin in spare time. Euclid 0836.

FROM the catalogue of Battle Creek College:

#### ARISTOCRACY

A new secret organization is being formed on the campus. The purpose of this society is to further the ideals of Race Betterment. Only such persons will be admitted as are known to follow in their own lives the practices and rules of good health. Persons qualifying must also be fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, physically, mentally and morally. Special privileges will be offered to those who qualify for membership, and who are actively promoting the cause of Race Betterment.

### NEW JERSEY

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Weehawken:

A case against Babe Ruth for speeding has been quashed. Chief Doland explains why: "Babe Ruth is the greatest baseball player in the world. And he's a friend of mine."

### NEW MEXICO

WANT advertisement in the *Las Vegas Daily Optic*:

If the party who carried off my trousers and what was in the pockets will bring them back and slip into my room, I will split up with him and no questions asked and he can go to Hell. CHARLES CHAPMAN, *Eldorado Hotel*

### NEW YORK

THE REV. JOHN BERNARD KELLY, of the Catholic Writers' Guild, speaking before the Fenelon, a celebrated Catholic cultural

organization of Manhattan, as reported by the *Times*:

Christ was the author and founder of big business. . . . God was the wealthiest big business man of all time.

FROM the questions and answers department of the *Watchword*, national organ of Christian Endeavor:

**Question:** Do you think it is wrong to dance, or to go to dances, if they are carried on in a good manner?

**Answer:** Dancing is a dangerous pastime always. Modern dances particularly are suggestive and lead to temptations to which nobody has any business exposing themselves. However, it is nonsense to denounce everybody that dances as depraved and immoral. Many fine young people, because of their early training, never think of dancing as sinful. Certain sincere young folks, who would never think of patronizing a public dance hall, where promiscuous dancing is the vogue, see no harm in private dances among close friends and acquaintances.

A girl of my acquaintance was accustomed to dance with a select group of old friends. She was absolutely straight, and had no thought of harm. One evening she and her friends were dancing in a familiar room. They did not notice a new picture which hung on the wall. Suddenly, as this girl danced her startled eyes caught sight of this new picture. It was an artist's interpretation of Christ in Gethsemane. Only a picture it was, to be sure, but as she gazed at it Christ himself looked into her soul. She danced no more that night in that room!

Could you be happy dancing in the same room with Jesus? That is the ultimate test, isn't it?

WHAT it means to live in the metropolis of a great free nation, as reported by the *Times*:

Charles O'Brien, fifty-four years old, of 307 East Tenth street, Manhattan, self-styled representative of the Proletarian Party, was held in \$500 bail in Fifth Avenue Court, Brooklyn, on the complaint of James J. Donovan, Bay Ridge real estate dealer, who alleged that during an outdoor meeting at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, O'Brien made remarks derogatory to the late President Woodrow Wilson.

According to Donovan, who lives at 348 Sixtieth street, O'Brien said: "President Wilson sent his right bower, Colonel House, to Sweden to hold meetings with the Crown Prince of Germany while the United States soldiers were fighting in the trenches, and those meetings were attended by European capitalists."

Donovan called Patrolman George Dailey of the Fourth Avenue precinct and caused the arrest of O'Brien. At the arraignment Donovan asked Magistrate Rudich to delay the case long enough to permit him to ask the immigration



authorities to deport O'Brien to Canada. The specific charge against O'Brien is disorderly conduct.

### NORTH CAROLINA

DISPATCH to the eminent Baltimore *Evening Sun* from the Christian town of Salisbury:

A few minutes after delivering a Prohibition lecture in which he berated Al Smith for his wet stand, the Rev. Arthur Talmadge Abernathy, militant Prohibitionist, eminent Methodist and candidate for Congress on a bone-dry platform, was arrested here on a charge of driving while drunk. He pleaded guilty, paid a fine of \$100 and lost his operator's license. Mr. Abernathy said he had become fatigued while delivering his temperance lecture and felt the need of something stimulating.

### OHIO

THE celebrated Cincinnati *Enquirer* on the late Frank Bartlette Willis, A.B., A.M., LL.D., Senator in Congress, candidate for the Presidency, agent of the Anti-Saloon League, and author of the dictum that the Hon. Harry Daugherty was and is "as clean as a hound's tooth":

Ohio has looked into the soul of Frank Willis, and found that he was clean. Through long observation the discerning people of this State had come to be impressed deeply with his sterling character. Thus the late United States Senator, former Governor, former Congressman, former State representative, teacher, and lawyer, has come now to take his place with the cherished political household memories of Buck-eyedom.

### PENNSYLVANIA

LIFE among the swells of Philadelphia, as described by the illustrious *Inquirer*:

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Racquet Club was held last Tuesday at the club house on Sixteenth street. President Robert K. Cassatt presided and for the first time in many years announced that the club had been able to set aside from earnings a substantial sum for emergencies. A recent instalment is the electric sunlight room, which has become decidedly popular. Laboratory tests have shown that, under this light, hens will lay more eggs than under any other conditions. Its benefits are becoming widely recognized. There are five cots and an average of about fifty-five a day are using the room.

THE learned and alert editor of the *Weekly Advertiser*, of the great town of Royersford:

The greatest business man of all times was Christ, who did everything in a big way. He relied on faith instead of relying on personal cleverness to put over His big deals. When He

was in the healing business He healed any disease and even restored life. When He was in the catering business He served five thousand people from five loaves of bread and two fishes, and the serving was in a big manner. He not only satisfied their hunger, but there were twelve basketfuls left over. When He was in the teaching business His teachings were not confined to a few, but He taught thousands of persons from all walks of life. His teachings went over big—in fact so big that for these 1900 and more of years no business has ever found a satisfactory imitation, and the Golden Rule was no doubt the first slogan ever adopted by any business.

PHILOSOPHICAL advice by the resident Pestalozzi of the up and coming town of Homestead, handed out to all high-school students in his domain:

#### OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

A good student

does not like to day dream  
does not care to own a revolver  
does not care to become an aviator  
likes to study  
thinks that rules should not be broken under any circumstances  
thinks that a passing mark should be a requirement for eligibility on a varsity team  
does not care to visit a mountain moonshine still  
does not care to become a short-story writer  
does not care to own poker chips  
does not care to have a wild time in general  
does not believe in betting  
does not care to own a bull dog  
does not care to own a cigarette lighter  
would like to attend a lecture on travel  
does not like auto speeding  
does not want to forget school  
does not care to play poker  
does not care to own a set of dice  
does not want to become an actor  
does not care to become a football coach  
thinks it wrong to display "nerve"  
does not care to own a rifle  
would like to own a set of golf clubs  
does not care to be chased by a traffic policeman  
does not care to walk out on the edge of a cliff  
does not care to become an athletic coach  
does not care to go to the city to "knock around"  
does not care to stay out late at night  
thinks that it is wrong to shoot craps  
does not care to own a pack of cards  
does not care to own a bicycle  
is not interested in beating another fellow in some way  
does not care to become a professional baseball player  
does not care to go to the races  
does not care to listen to smutty stories

would like to visit an art museum does not care to go to a good burlesque show prefers a good education to wealth

PORT ECKLES

*Superintendent of Schools*

### SOUTH CAROLINA

THE HON. COLE L. BLEASE, Senator in Congress from this great State, tells his fellow Senators about the wonders of Law Enforcement within its Christian borders:

A man told me at home the other day, when I said, "It is a wonder that they had not got you before now, boy," "I got the law bought." He told me that on Friday last, right on the streets of Columbia. I said, "How have you got the law bought?" And he named the man that he was paying the money to. He said he had immunity. That is the kind of officers that have been sent down there in my section of the country to enforce the law. They seize a man's automobile, take the best parts of it off, and put them on their automobile, take the old, worn-out car into town, and sell it; they seize his liquor, take it to their rooms, and sell it instead of turning it in as they ought to do.

### TEXAS

FROM the *Lions' Weekly*, organ of the Lions' Club of San Antonio:

At our recent meeting a vote of appreciation was extended to our esteemed Lion members, Col. W. G. Higgins and Judge W. A. Wurzbach, for their untiring and successful efforts in putting over two events of interest and benefit to the community as a whole—the Chicago Grand Opera, and the International Live Stock Exposition, respectively.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the town of Eastland, the pride and glory of this Christian State:

Humanely inclined Eastland citizens obtained a court order today against the sealing of a horned toad in the cornerstone of the new court-house and the toad, placed in the stone Saturday, was released, none the worse for its 48-hour entombment. Protests calling for the reptile's release "out of respect for Christianity and the humane citizenship of Texas," moved the commissioners' court to order the stone unsealed and the subject of the experiment liberated.

CAPTAIN C. C. INGRAM, World War veteran, speaking before the Houston Lions Club, as reported by the *Post-Dispatch*:

History bears me out that the pendulum of advancement always swings back when a civilization is at its highest. I am wondering if the pendulum is ready to swing back and all the arts and sciences again be buried in oblivion. If the Lions Club keeps up its work of enlightening the world, and teaching unselfishness, the pendulum will not swing back.

### WASHINGTON

NEWS item in the *Spokane Daily Press*:

Mrs. Walter Grob, of Rocklyn, was elected queen to represent Davenport at the Harrington Mule Show. Mrs. Walter Harms, of Larene, will act as her attendant.

### WISCONSIN

THE HON. ALBERT R. CURTIS, star poet of Milwaukee, discourses on his art in the *Journal*:

My poems now come just like water out of a faucet. I merely put down the first line and the rest comes right along. I write on any subject, humorous or pathetic, with equal ease. Some of my verses are being widely published. One of the best, I think, was "Be Kind to My Pal, the Dog," which the Wisconsin Humane Society immediately took up and printed in its bulletins. That poem is being read in public schools all over the State and I think it will do a lot of good.

### PERU

BUSINESS advertisement in *El Comercio*, of Lima:

#### THE AMERICAN EVENT OF THE YEAR

##### TOMORROW EVENING

We cordially invite to every american residing at Lima, and seashores, to the meeting that is going to be held at the

##### THEATRE "COLON"

##### FRIDAY EVENING

in order to signify with its presence, and as a testimony of sympathy to the Universal Pictures Corporation, for his magnificent production.

##### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

(Titles in english and spanish)

which just reaches its *fifteenth* consecutive show. Not a single amecan should miss this opportunity.

##### THE COMMITTEE

Tickets on sale at the Theatre:

BOXES: \$10      Orchestra 2

# RESURGAM!

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

**M**Y RESPECT for all drys is zero. My respect for nearly all wets is zero minus. A dry and his friend, the bootlegger, know exactly what they want, and they belch it out. But nearly all the so-called wets I have met have a sneaking suspicion that Prohibition is a "little bit right." Their very souls blush guiltily at the word saloon. They stand aghast at the idea of the complete repeal of the Amendment and the Volstead Act. "There may be something sinful about rum, after all!" they murmur to themselves.

The vision of the saloon wide open again is so pleasurable to them that, like the sound Christians that they are, they feel it is a sin even to dwell on't. This is in line with American psychology: anything that is free-and-easy, that is unrestricted, that can make you unrestrainedly happy is somehow wrong. A hatred and a fear of freedom are inherent in all the descendants of the original squatters in this Land of the Free. The unblended American wet is inevitably tainted with such qualms. Visions of Joe Morgan spending his last cent in Simon Slade's bar-room flittingly pursue him and "Frank Slade, you have killed your father!" booms dramatically down the corridors of his timid soul whenever his mind dallies with the programme of the only real wets: A saloon for every block!

And by the saloon I do not mean just a beer-saloon. To put this country back on a civilized basis, to bring back happiness and adventure, romance and forgetfulness, to restore the democracy of wit, good humor and equality between Mike and Fritz, to reduce crime, to destroy the hip-pocket

flask, to provide comfort-stations for man, woman and child, to strike a death-blow at the universal corruption caused by Prohibition, to provide again free-lunches to the unemployed and the financially embarrassed, to set up clubs for home-sickened men, to give the Boy Scouts ocular and gustatorial proof that all the heroes they reverence were nursed on bottled fire and that the greatness of Our Country rose to the song of ten-bottle men—to do this the saloon must, will and *is* coming back in full canonicals: beer, whiskey, gin, cocktails, brandy, wines and Mamie Taylors.

The saloon is coming back because it is an organic necessity. It is essentially and peculiarly American. It was born of our hurry, our hatred of leisure, our disdain of elegancies, manners, table-cloths. In Europe the people from time immemorial have sat down to drink; they have made of it a sacrament to go with leisurely eating. But "Sacrament be damned!" said the early men of the Republic, "I want five fingers quick—and then another!" Europe sips her drinks. We sip nothing. We throw in a whiskey, a beer, a cocktail, just as we gulp down Haiti, Cuba, the Philippines, Nicaragua, a World War, all the great musicians of Europe, Proust, Trader Horn, fifty million automobiles a year, and four or five new religions.

The saloon was thus a healthy growth, a normal growth, an organic extension of our healthy gullets and bellies. "This is hell!" said a four-generation American friend of mine when he first hit Paris. "I've got to sit down to get drunk! Where's that American Bar I heard about?" An Ameri-

can seeing the word Bar in any quarter of the globe immediately returns to his tribe. His eye dances, his mouth waters, his spine runs up the Stars and Stripes. In going toward that sign, he is going home. He'll see Chicago Jim or Bowery Pete behind the long mahogany. He'll stand before a bottle and a glass, and with his foot on a shining rail he'll salute with loving thought the spirits of Andy Jackson, Kit Carson and General Grant—all grand American bar-flies in their day. You can no more ultimately disserve a real American from the saloon than you can part Herbert Hoover from his decorations.

## II

The saloon-root in the American soul was never better exemplified, I think, than in the following incident. It is all the more significant in that I had never considered myself a patriot—until what I am to tell revealed to me that patriotism lies deeper than reason, and that wherever there's a bar there's at least one wandering, erring American who will come home to the bosom of Old Abe.

I went to the City of Mexico when Porfirio Diaz, the most prolific founder of cemeteries that the Western World has begotten, was in power. I arrived in the city without knowing anybody, without knowing the language, and without even being able to read the signs. I saw *cantinas* and *pulquerias* without number, and terraces where dull-eyed Latins and Indians sipped their drinks while staring at the gutter. I was lost, depressed, home-sick. I thought of ending it, like Empedocles, by plunging into the crater of Popocatepetl. Then, suddenly, on the third day, turning a corner in my melancholy walk, I saw a tremendous sign, "Coney Island." *Te Deum Laudamus!* It was an American saloon, run by Carl Spitzer, a German-American from our own Coney Island! Swinging-doors, sanded floor, white apron, brass-rail, spittoons, and everything, including a pyramid of bottles behind Carl

labelled Old Crow, Belle of Nelson, Trimble, Wilson, Black Label and Holland Gin!

My loneliness was over. This God-sent saloon, where Carl provided all the paraphernalia of a regular Sixth avenue free-lunch, persuaded me to remain in Mexico. Everything about the man became of profound interest to me—his modest birth in the great city of Brooklyn, his matriculation at Val Schmidt's booze Mahal just over the bridge, his babies that he had left behind, and—when did your hair begin to fall out, Carl? Carl's only regret was that he could not let his patrons have Ehret's beer. (Mexican beer is very fine, and mostly made by Germans.) But the point is this: "Coney Island" made me a red-hot American while I was in Mexico. I understood for the first time the profound affinity between the saloon and My Country.

It is because of this adventure that I believe the one way to destroy radicalism in America and calm the fluttering hearts of the D. A. R.'s is to reopen the saloons with their whole pharmacopœia of infallible cure-alls. I can promise the Ohio, the Indiana and the Pennsylvania Gangs that they can get away with anything in Washington and no one will care a damn if they put a saloon on every corner in every city throughout the Republic. It should be done forcibly as a patriotic act, to silence those of us—millions—who have a grouch against "the way things is goin'." At bottom, none of us cares a boot-legger's oath who gets away with anything. Our howling assumptions of rectitude are merely defence mechanisms to hide—"light wines and beer" hypocrites, hear! hear!—our firm determination to bring back the saloon, which we are going to do—if the spirits of Jackson, Webster, Grant and the other great American patron saints of the brass-rail do not fail us—if it takes the rest of our lives!

In the olden days when My Country was really true to the thirst of the Fathers any one who desired could die a drunkard's



death, the best, the most painless of all deaths, seeing that most of us have to die of something terrible. But today one cannot even die a decent drunkard's death. Instead, millions of us are being slowly poisoned and our entrails are slowly rotting because of the liquids administered to us by the Volstead Borgias. The restored saloon—cheap pure whiskeys, gins, beers, cocktails, brandies and absinthe drips—at least will allow us to go to Heaven or Hell in our own way, a fundamental constitutional guarantee.

The saloon is, again, necessary for a revival of the humanities of Our Country. For eight years there has gone on a steady commercialization and standardization of good fellowship in the form of Rotary clubs and other such mechanical pumpers-up of almost-dead instincts. The saloon in its palmyest days came nearer to realizing the Brotherhood of Man ideal in its most natural and masculine form than any other institution which the Christian era has littered. If among the millions who assembled before Mike and Heinie year in and year out there were some who would knock that ideal into a cocked hat, or even a cock-eye, by "offering to clean out the ranch," they were quickly brought to terms by the Presiding Bishop, who, quickly divesting himself of his canonical apron, took a miraculous leap over the bar and propelled the misguided brother through the door in less time than it took to change water into wine at Cana.

At the moment of entering a saloon one immediately became flooded with the Christmas spirit. Pockets, hearts and lips opened and poured out their treasures on a brother, on all the assembled brothers at times, while Bishop Mike or Bishop Fritz, his face melted to that of a beneficent Allah, pontificated with the waters of life. "Ruined homes!" the Salvation Army used to tom-tom in the streets, showing us decayed exhibits of "saved" pseudo-human beings who would have made better looking whiskey corpses. Ruined homes! All homes are now in ruins from

the Salvation Army's point of view. Every kitchen is a gin-mill and the decencies of the old saloon are put to shame.

Before I describe some of these delightful American sanctuaries so that the rising generation, and especially the ecclesiastically captained Boy Scouts, will know what their manhood will miss unless they throw off the yoke of the Methodist-Baptist speak-easies—before I show the post-war generation something of the glory that has passed away, but which must return as surely as God made us primarily to sin and transgress, I will recall the loveliness of New York after sunset when the lights from fifteen thousand saloons on twelve thousand corners threw their fires like guiding beacons into the dark streets and lit the way to spirituous redemption from the day's cares, worries and grouches of a million tired business men, solitary hall-bedroom thinkers and the gnarled and twisted men with the hoe, shovel, pick and spade, not to mention the day-weary proofreaders, watchcase engravers and cloak-stitchers (there was the redemptive Family Entrance for drooping corset-models, sales-girls and actresses who supported John MacCullough). On cold, snowy evenings, when the streets were deserted, these brilliantly lighted saloons made a veritable fairy-spectacle set in the midst of a dark and deserted world. Merely to look at them glimmering and gleaming down Sixth avenue or Broadway after all unnecessary lights had been turned off evoked a warmth of soul and a promise of joy that must have lured, alas! I know not how many good men of the cloth on their belated errands of spiritual comfort to the joyous damnation of their souls.

### III

Some men's first memories of the happy, unbuttoned life of the appetites may go back to grandma's puddings, others to the first little girls they kissed behind the sofa, while still others may remember

their birth in sin as a surreptitious pull at father's pipe while the old man was frisking a drink of whiskey out of the medicine-closet. My own first memory of the Larger Life is on a more nearly epical scale. It is of Pop Ziegler's saloon at Eighth and Berks streets, in Philadelphia. At the age of five we moved to within three doors of this great neighborhood amusement cathedral (for there were no motion pictures, uptown theatres, radios or jazz parlors in those days, and any one who possessed even a telephone or a typewriter was what Pop called a *Grossmaul*). He kept a real, old-fashioned lager-beer saloon. In Summer (he was a tremendous, be-whiskered beer-barrel of a Fafner) he used to run his establishment openly and himself unashamedly, for he never had any glazed windows and he always appeared in nothing more than an old pair of trousers and an undershirt which never had any buttons.

In cataleptic awe, I used to stand at the door and watch Pop lining up hundreds of handles of beer. The foam from the glasses ran over everything, for he would have nothing to do with the new-fangled sud-shavers that were coming into use in the aristocratic downtown saloons. As a result, his bar was a Bridal Veil Falls. Pop himself was an eclectic. From seven in the morning until midnight he drank beer, whiskey and brandy. I used to watch him from the street doing his colossal stunts with the Twentieth Ward Falstaffs that lined his bar. That was my movie, and I dreamed of the day—and it came, for I lived on the block for fifteen years—when I could stand before this mighty, good-natured god and laugh and spit without let or hindrance just as he did.

Ziegler was one of those gorgeous ancients who lived without thought of the morrow, whose today was a seventeen-hour feast in honor of Gambrinus and Barleycorn, and whose yesterdays went into oblivion through his nether waste-pipes. On a stove at the back of his saloon he cooked meat-balls, fish-balls and corn

on the cob. We boys used to run in the back way from the alley once in a while and filch a meat-ball from the stove. This amused Pop immensely—and it all came back to him in family orders for bottled beer and from alley growler runners. I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of a fight in Pop's place. It was one of hundreds of thousands of similar shrines throughout the country. Chester A. Arthur, with a full cellar, was in the White House, Grover Cleveland was putting away the stuff in Albany. All was well with Our Country.

Ah! the delicious odor of tripe and pigs' feet that greeted one on entering Gus and Frank's Old Halfway House, in West Thirty-fifth street, New York! This was one of the middle-of-the block saloons that held their own for decades against the cloak-and-suit invasion. Drinkers came from many blocks around to Gus and Frank's sawdust-and-sand arena. Gus was tall and looked something like the late Dan Daly, while Frank was a fat, happy pate. Schooners were a nickel, and good, healthy red-eye was a dime. Pigs' knuckles, sauerkraut and immense hot dogs were served all day at ten cents a plate. Between the whiskey bottles at the back there stood for some years a photograph of a soldier in the blue of the Union Army. It was Papa Frank (neither Gus nor Frank had a last name that I can now recall), "who fought mit Sigel." My whole being drips with mnemonic rapture over the pickles that Gus and Frank gave away. Gigantic, succulent Zeppelins lifted out of a tub of ice-water! A mouthful of beer and then a bite, another mouthful and then another bite, and so on, until my whole internal being became so highly and poignantly ecstasized, my esophagus became such a Ninth Symphony of fleshly hallelujahs, that I am sure I must have lost my place in line at the Second Advent.

A type of saloon which all Broadway will remember with purling gullets was the so-called business men's lunch. It began at the Battery and punctuated every

block to Twenty-third street. Outside of these places there generally dangled a big slate. Chalked on it were sausages, krauts, stews, soups, rare cuts, and other lures to the bar, where one sat on a high stool and for ten to twenty cents got one's fill of business men's food (a little tougher than Olympian guttle) and all the drinks one could carry for a nickel or a dime apiece. There were about forty such places from the Battery to Twenty-third street, and I was sib and hep to about ten of them, the best being Solly's, somewhere near Reade street. To describe the mosaics of beer, whiskey and twelve different kinds of foods that I have inlaid at noon or as the shades of e'en-tide fell while a-squat on one of Solly's leather-capped stools would require a miraculous upswirl of my early dithyrambic style, which deserted me when Holy Man Bryan successfully walked the sea of grape-juice in 1920. Solly himself was of the old school. He did his own bar-tending and food-digging, and with meticulous conscientiousness. He was always shaved and groomed to a whisper, his big black mustache lolling all over his lower face. I have never seen such politeness and *savoir-faire*, even in movie European drawing-rooms.

In the financial district the aristocratic sideboard bar flourished. A single small sideboard—often of rare wood—was all there was to it. A butler of stern phiz and in demi-evening clothes opened mysterious doors for your special label. He made your favorite cocktail with the concentration and seriousness of an idealist confecting a new republic. He never spoke unless he was spoken to, and then with a high-class accent and a Ward McAllister smile. I regret the passage of these sideboard bars, for I always patronized them on the days that I was a gentleman. They, too, will return with the Renaissance, I hope.

Lipton's saloon, at Park Row and Nassau street under the old *Times* Building, was a famous newspaper hang-out until the very year that the Blue-Nozzle Curse fell on us. This eminent saloon

formed an arcade from Nassau street to Park Row and was presided over by Pat Croley, who could tell the city editors of the *World*, the *Sun*, the *Press*, the *Times* and the *Tribune* just what their reporters and copy-readers were doing—just how much and far they were doing it, too—at any hour of the day. It was a House of Call. When we got tired of standing at the bar we used to put our drinks on the floor and sit on the bar-rail. There were booths with victuals for the newspaper intelligentsia, but these were patronized only by Don Marquis, Frank O'Malley and other such three-figure check men.

A homey saloon on the Bowery was Pat Farley's place at Canal street. Pat's theory was that nobody could possibly make a whiskey that was worth fifteen cents. He was an Irishman of parts, would tolerate no obscenities or the use of the Saviour's name in his place, and always passed around five-cent Henry George cigars after the third round with a "Have one on the house, gentlemen." When the day approached the vespers hour Irish stews appeared mysteriously from under the bar and a dainty fishball was aimed at you on a fork. The place was secretly open all night for newspaper men, politicians and the quieter sort of Bowery actors. I never saw a disturbance there, and I was actually present when Pat quietly asked Big Jack Zelig to take his trade elsewhere.

#### IV

If I could transport some millions of the adolescent generation back to those gorgeous all-mirror, circular-bar palaces they would, in mere æsthetic frenzy, decree the instant return of the saloon when they came to exercise the inalienable right of every American pussy-head. For those of us who couldn't do Europe such establishments were the Versailles Hall of Mirrors and the Crystal Palace. Their great virtue was that they drove men from home. From mud-colored wallpaper and Brussels car-

pets made up-State, with their holes and baby-spots, to Jerry Donohue's marble floor, glistening mirrors, shining rose-wood and impeccable glasses in pyramids, cones and squares—that was many a man's retreat from the thought of murder or suicide. I do not speak of the bars in the big hotels, generally frequented by Westerners and Southerners who came to New York to get bawling, crawling drunk and then return to their Methodist lairs with tales of the wicked Sodom-on-Hudson. Such bars never belonged, not even the one at the Knickerbocker or that at the Imperial. They had an alien air.

Thousands will no doubt recall two of the most celebrated all-night saloons in New York. They both operated under the ten-dollar all-night license, which I hope to see come back also with the return of the saloon. One of these places was Furthmann's, at the corner of Forty-second street and Seventh avenue. The bar was circular. I have done a total revolution around it in two hours, dragging my satellic drinks with me. When the place was packed the motion was slower; it then took three hours for a normally laden planet to demonstrate that Galileo was right after all. I have seen a gorgeous necklace of jewelled drinks around Furthmann's bar—rainbow-tinct poussé-café, cardinal Manhattans, amber Ehrets, opalescent absinthe frappés, heart-bleeding clarets, saffron highballs, incarnadine Bourbons,—with the lights beating down so fiercely that you could see all the freckles on the brain of Pat the bartender.

The other place was Tim Shine's, at the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, opposite James Gordon Bennett's daily ship-news bulletin, the New York *Herald*, whose proprietor, be it said in reverence to his shade, never discouraged drink in himself or others. We inmates of the *Herald* worked exclusively and in twenty-four shifts for Bennett and Tim. The corner was famous for forty years. The

saloon was originally the lair of Paddy the Pig (né O'Brien), whose Negro bartender, Bob, was a continuous commuter between the bar and Blackwell's Island. Tim took over the place after Paddy and Bob went a-frisking for the watches and gold cigarette-cases of the angels, tore it out, threw on the lights (Paddy, like all deep, brooding thinkers, liked drawn curtains day and night) and made it the most famous corner *salon de joie* in New York. It was in Tim's, one morning, that Corse Payton, who by his own confession is America's best bad actor, swapped a pup and his pants belt for a collection of South American postage stamps.

Nor will the old-timers ever forget Andy Horn's place at the New York entrance to Brooklyn Bridge. Andy's bar never closed except for a few hours on Sunday morning (a slight but well-meant tribute to God), when he put everybody upstairs. Straight drinks here, no lunch of any kind, and mind your own business! The Bridge crooks were always out in force around Andy's place. This gave it a tang. Nothing, to me at least, is more pleasurable than to have a small slant on and know that murder or a dirty deed is in the atmosphere. To be on the *qui vive*, to suspect the guy standing next to you at the bar, to know that one word may cause an explosion—those great days are gone. Now, our lives are so safe that life is hardly worth living. Murders and accidents today are drab. The saloon was Expectancy. It was Adventure. It was the Unknown. It was the romance of everyday. And until Eggnog Monday, the bock-beer signs, the May-wine cards and the swinging doors are seen again in the land, we shall drift lower and lower in the stews of peace.

But the saloon is coming back. It was prophesied of old in the Blessed Book, Psalm II, 1:

"Why do the nunkey-donkeys rage and their leaders imagine a vain thing like Prohibition in New York?"



## GENTLEMEN OF THE ENSEMBLE

BY DUFF GILFOND

IN SOME TOWNS of our America, when the movie-vaudeville show has been seen twice, time hangs heavy on the hands of the patriot seeking entertainment. But in Washington, at least during a large part of the year, there is a new performance every day in the House of Representatives. Up to date the windy Mr. Blanton, of Texas, is the only actor in that super-vaudeville who has achieved national fame, but with all due respect to his genius there are many stars, lesser perhaps, yet just as amusing, who deserve to share his glory.

For example, the Hon. Louis C. Cramton, LL.B., of Lapeer, Mich., leader of the dries in the House. Unlike most of his colleagues of the Methodist-Baptist *bloc*, this distinguished gentleman does not have to act. Just as we know by simply looking at some women that they are good, so it is unmistakable from Mr. Cramton's mien that he is dry. Not only his face, but even his doleful voice is suited to the part. When he rises to defend his benefactor, the Anti-Saloon League, there is always the fear among his listeners that he will burst into sobs.

But recently even such conscientious dries as Mr. Cramton have come to doubt the goodness of God. It must be that He, too, has been bamboozled by the unscrupulous wets, for three of the strongest sponsors of Prohibition have been betrayed in their own houses. The son of Senator Alben William Barkley, A.B., of Kentucky, the step-son of Congressman Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania, and the son of Congressman O. J. Kvale, of Minnesota, elected on a "Dryer than Volstead" platform, strayed far enough from the paternal fold to be

annoyed by the Capital police. And the Hon. Mr. Cramton, though his family remained loyal, was outraged by a neighbor, who was caught bootlegging. One cannot be too careful in Washington. Wasn't the Hon. Mr. Lankford, of Christian Georgia, found typing in his office on a Sunday after clamoring to make the District blue?

Many Congressmen are still unknown because their contributions to the legislative process have been outshone by their other activities. I point to the Hon. Fred. A. Britten of Illinois, and the Hon. Henry R. Rathbone, B.A., LL.D., of the same great State. Mr. Britten should grab a seat among the immortals as the best dressed member and Dr. Rathbone for his devotion to Lincoln. Born of the couple who sat in Lincoln's box on the night he was shot, this agreeable gentleman has given himself to a lifelong study of the Emancipator. He has four Lincoln bills pending now. In fact, so intimate have the Congressman and the Emancipator been in spirit, that Dr. Rathbone has come to resemble his hero. Then there is the Hon. Brooks Fletcher, of Marion, Ohio. His office is stacked with works on psychology, and he has been eloquently selling the principles of success for many years. His mail is laden, not with the usual requests for canning recipes or funeral orations, but with momentous questions about the development of personality. His most noteworthy contribution to the *Congressional Record* is called "The Tragedy of Misunderstood Youth."

The Hon. John N. Tillman, LL.D., of Arkansas, should join the immortals for his courageous denunciation of necking in

a depraved age and by him should sit the handsome Hon. Thomas Webber Wilson, LL.B., of Mississippi, who once shook the House by denouncing garters on magazine covers. And perhaps one should also include the Hon. C. R. Chindblom, A.M., LL.B., of Illinois, who can say foolish things with all the impressiveness of a Delphic oracle; the Hon. Charles L. Abernethy, of North Carolina, for his attempt to be a Blanton despite a handicapping intelligence; the Hon. A. L. Bulwinkle, of the same State, for his gift for making roaring speeches before one or two people; the Hon. Robert Alexis Green, of Florida, the Hon. Otis Wingo, of Arkansas, for their assiduous attentiveness to the gallery. Speaking of his youth, Mr. Wingo always refers to himself as "that handsome brute" and even today, at middle age, he can wave to more ladies in Admiration Row than any of his colleagues. Big, blond Mr. Schafer, of Wisconsin, formerly a locomotive engineer, came to Congress to fight for justice and can't be disillusioned. Egged on by his colleagues in quest of amusement, he invariably succumbs, protruding his strong chin and shaking his manly pompadour. When he dictates a letter the House Office Building vibrates.

The most versatile member is probably the Hon. William Irving Sirovich, A.B., M.D., a new Congressman from the city of New York. Beside his distinction as a surgeon, he makes classical speeches and writes bad plays. His campaign was conducted on such original lines that even Mayor Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, could have learned something from it. Notes were dropped from an airplane soaring the East Side, which, when unfolded, revealed a coin and the following message:

A gift from heaven:

He has the patriotism of a Washington,  
The love of human rights of a Lincoln,  
The courage of a Roosevelt,  
The mentality of a Wilson.

Who is it?

William Irving Sirovich!

The battle between Dr. Sirovich and the Hon. Nathan D. Perlman, LL.B., his pred-

ecessor, became so bitter that public issues were abandoned. The story goes in Washington that the Hon. Mr. Perlman hit below the belt first. Said he of his opponent: "Sirovich is not a good Jew. I have a good Jewish wife and a good Jewish boy. Where's his wife? Where's his boy?" Dr. Sirovich had neither, and his followers became alarmed. Who had ever heard of a good Jew who was a bachelor? But the clever doctor was not daunted. "Perlman says I'm not a good Jew," he retorted. "What has he done in Washington for the Jews? Not a thing! Now when I get there, on Friday night at five o'clock not only will I stop my work and pray, but the whole Congress will bow their heads in prayer."

## II

There are at least four men in the House who prove that even in an age of standardization all the color has not yet been washed out of Congress. The first is the Hon. Edgar Howard, of Nebraska, newspaper editor, feeless lawyer and gentleman.

As Mr. Howard enters the chamber to mingle with his colleagues in true democratic spirit there is a stir in the gallery. The vulgar say, "Look what the wind blew in," but the discriminating see a figure out of the romantic past. The faded frock coat, the baby ribbon black bow tie, the coarse grey locks reaching to the shoulders, and the spectacles picked up at a country jeweler's immediately mark a character born after his time.

In the midst of the legislative hullabaloo, in the chaotic chamber where the Speaker's gavel comes down ruthlessly in the middle of the orator's noblest sentence, Mr. Howard's slow, piping drawl, whose source seems to be a distant tomb, comes out in strange heedlessness of clocks and hostile Congressmen. "Let me plead in my gentle Quaker way," he beseeches. No clamor can shake him out of his languor or dam his even flow. Although he frequently resorts to sarcasm, being a wit, the Hon. Mr. Howard is never bitter. His door

in the House Office Building is always open and whether he be dictating a letter as one would sing a requiem, or writing one of his daily editorials, (he owns a paper out in Columbus, Neb.) anybody is free to drop in. He is so gallant that when he was introduced to a Hawaiian lady, he surprised his colleagues by kissing her hand.

Discussing Prohibition, he never abuses the wets in the usual boozy dry fashion. On the contrary, he recites one of his poems. Even the most hard-boiled and atheistic wets were impressed when he once told them, in his weird way, of his visit to the land of the dead. There he heard a beautiful voice announce the death of John Barleycorn. It was the voice, it appeared, of the Constitution of the United States. On the envelopes Mr. Howard mailed to his constituents, containing the speech, large black letters said: "John Barleycorn is Dead!" His poem for the occasion follows:

There's a language of the lowly and a language  
of the great;  
There's a language of the diplomat to conceal  
affairs of state;  
There's a language of the heart and a language  
of the head;  
But the queerest tongue e'er spoken is the lan-  
guage of the dead.

Men may not learn that language in any earthly  
school;  
It's a language never spoken by any man-made  
rule;  
But it is the tongue of Dreamland where John  
Barleycorn lies sleeping;  
Where the legions of John Philip [Hill] their  
faithful watch are keeping.

Another time he tickled his colleagues by setting his thoughts to music. He had been listening in at the Senate hearing on the Pennsylvania campaign slush fund. Obtaining the floor in the House, he drew some bills from his threadbare trousers, and imitating an evangelist at a revival meeting, paraphrased "Abide With Me" in a high key:

Change and decay in all around I see;  
Take this ten dollars, friend, and vote for me!

The wicked laugh at the Hon. Mr. Howard, but it is by such stunts that he gets the attention and good-will of his otherwise

heedless colleagues, and as a result, obtains what he's after. At a night session in June, 1926, the members were debating an amendment to the Rivers and Harbors Bill. Mr. Howard was very eager to have the amendment passed, but it was growing late and his opponents remained firm. Suddenly a happy idea struck him. "I had a dream last night," he drawled in his far-away voice, "and little Bishop Sunbeams said if you dreamed anything hard enough it would come true." To corroborate the Bishop he gave the instance of his coiffure. For many years, he said, he had been pointed to with ridicule because he wore his hair long. But he clung to his fashion, dreaming all the while that some day it would be acceptable. And had not his dream been realized? Indicating the gallery, he said, "You see, gentlemen, every well-regulated woman in all America has adopted my style of wearing her hair." As you may have guessed, his dream of the preceding night had been that the members had passed the amendment—and they did.

The Hon. Mr. Howard, as he informs us in the Congressional Directory, was born just before the war—he doesn't say which. A tramp printer for many years, he wound up as the editor of a country newspaper. So proud is he of this profession that in his biography, after describing himself as a member of the Nebraska Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor, he adds, "holding contemporaneously the higher office of editor of a country newspaper, and still in that estate." He says also that he was married at a "lawful age," and, with his tongue in his faded cheek, that he is "still married."

He calls himself a "free Democrat." At a Democratic convention in Omaha he opened the keynote speech by saying: "I've been mingling with sweet spirits of Democracy all night." Another time, as president of the State Senate, upon hearing of the chaplain's indisposition, he left a festive session with the boys in the cloak-room to lead the legislators in the most eloquent prayer they ever heard.

He has his value in the House. In spite of his boast that he was once secretary to William Jennings Bryan, he is one of the most liberal of members. Moreover, he can always relieve a tense situation with a quaint remark. Congressman Upshaw, the Anti-Saloon League ballyhoo-man, once sought permission to insert in the *Record* a speech he had made in Nebraska. Mr. Berger of Wisconsin objected, saying that Upshaw spoke enough on the floor. But this privilege of abusing the *Record* is usually extended to members, and so Upshaw grew angry and the feeling between the two men became bitter. Immediately Mr. Howard rose and with all solemnity informed the House that Upshaw had referred to him "as an angel with four wings" in that speech, and that he would like them to read about him. The objection was then withdrawn.

The old gentleman's mellowness is evidenced, not only by his votes on legislation and his popularity in the House, but by the flowery bits of sentiment he circulates privately. These include odes to dogs, flowers and sunsets. For Mother's Day he wrote: "I do not surely know, but often I half-way believe, that the mothers who live away up there beyond the star-line may be listening-in at some angel radio station, and happily hearing the message of love I am speaking this Mothers' Day in tones of white from the breasts of multitudes of remembering sons and daughters."

His most famous effusion was on the oxblood rose. He was scheduled to address a gathering on Prohibition one night when he was feeling very unsteady. His friends helped him into a taxi but they were worried that he might not come through. Their fears, however, were in vain, for despite his indisposition he thrilled his audience with the story of the oxblood rose. He saw a multitude of roses on a huge estate, he said, the reddest roses he had ever beheld. They were so red that he was fascinated and stopped to inquire about them. Alas! this gorgeous garden belonged to a distiller, and now he knew why the

roses were so red. They contained the blood that had dripped out of the anguished hearts of the wives and mothers of guzzling men! It was from the blood of these suffering women that distillers made their fortunes!

### III

In contrast to the light-hearted Howard, ambling blithely about the House chamber, is the earnest Percy Edwards Quin, of McComb City, Miss., who, day in and day out, leans forward tensely in his seat to guard the farmer from the tricks of urban legislators. Although he shaves his head rather than his face, the Hon. Mr. Percy cannot be as easily spotted from the gallery as the antiquated Howard. One must hear him speak to recognize his distinctiveness. When he takes the floor, the offices and cloakrooms are deserted, the galleries fill, and a deafening outburst of cheers resounds in the chamber. "Hooray! Hooray for Percy!" the boys yell, and a most remarkable performance is begun.

He not only uses his voice until it becomes hoarse, but every muscle of his great body. He beats his chest, shakes his fists, rocks backward and forward, crouches, mops himself vigorously, and prances about. When he refers to the toiling farmer he goes through the motions of ploughing, and when he speaks of a coon dog he sniffs and snarls. He refuses to yield the floor to a colleague for even a second; in fact, he starts by saying he must not be interrupted. In his rolling Mississippi patois he hammers away, a little hard on grammar and logic, but always vivid and vitriolic. "The thieving Fordney-McCumber bill!" he shouts. "The nasty Esch-Cummins bill! . . . Rough-house Tincher who eats cyclones and tornadoes for dinner! . . . Dr. Kincheloe's gall!" He delights his colleagues by referring to them as "Doctor," and he relieved the tensivity of the farm-relief debate by his cry that "there comes a time in the life of every statesman when he must rise above principle." At the bang of



the gavel, silencing him, cheers break loose, drowning out his further roars as he plods exultingly up the aisle.

The denizens of Mississippi are as proud of him as he is of them. When they receive reprints of his speeches, interspersed with "cheers," "laughter" and "applause," they boast they have one of the few statesmen in Congress who can get the ear of his colleagues. Moreover, they appreciate his modesty in the face of success. "Same old Percy!" a constituent visiting the Capital told me, worshipfully. "Not one bit different since the day he come here. Why, when he walks along the street nobody would believe he's Congressman Quin. 'That Congressman Quin?' I hear them say. 'You're crazy! That's a tramp!'"

"I believe that every farmer in this country deserves to ride in a Cadillac," he once thundered. He says that he would vote for the farmers if he had to act against every other constituent in his district. Alarm for his safety, however, is unnecessary, since his constituency is wholly bucolic. "Farmers," he once said, "are the salt of the earth. They generally have some good old hymn-books, and they sing the songs of God. The oldtime religion is good enough for me!"

Not susceptible to newfangled notions, nor dazzled by the rhetoric of the boys from the city, Percy has clung faithfully to his old corn-cob pipe, his old clothes, his dangling locket, his Baptist idea of Hell, and the old-fashioned bewhiskered Fundamentalist God. On the subject of flood control he roared:

Prosperity continued to be the case until this great river which God Almighty in His wisdom put near the middle of the United States, was interfered with by man. God in Heaven, in my judgment, is the greatest engineer of the whole universe, and yet the War Department had engineers who said we can improve on God's work, and the natural outlets God had placed there were closed up.

Percy's value in the House today, as monitor over the extravagant city Congressmen, is the result of his hard early training. A poor boy, he worked on a farm when he was five years old, not six or

eight hours a day, but, as he poetically tells us in the *Record*, "from the early dawning of the morning light until the sun went down in the west and darkness covered the face of the earth." A lucrative law practice in McComb City and shrewd investments subsequently swelled his income but not his head. During the war, while the profiteers held the country by the throat, he defied them, toting his lunch to the Capitol and wearing collars that could be laundered with a pencil eraser.

He was violently patriotic in those days. Addressing a gathering in Mississippi at the outbreak of the war, he was interrupted by a pacifist (even in Mississippi!) who naïvely inquired why we didn't wait for Germany to attack us before we went to fight. Percy was so enraged by this evidence of disloyalty that in his antics he overturned a pitcher of water at his elbow, and splashed several ministers on the platform. He apologized to the dripping clergy, explaining that when he was confronted by such a question, he simply could not control himself.

He is, nevertheless, very cunning, and knows Mississippi. Attempting to ingratiate himself with his constituents after a family quarrel, he flashed a newspaper before them with Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia's name in a headline. "See this name!" he bellowed. "I defy anybody here to pronounce it. It is not an American name. I am protecting you against these foreigners in Congress." Immediately all the hundred percenters of the Mississippi swamps rallied to his support.

Proud as he is of his ancestry, birth and rearing, Percy recently felt the need for travel. But the homage that foreigners paid to a distinguished American did not weaken his allegiance to Mississippi. "The Japs are ignorant," he told the home folks after his return. "It is a weak nation because of its low average intelligence and prosperity. It cannot be considered a serious enemy to the United States." Speaking of China he said: "I feel sorry for China. China does not know where she is or

where she's going. The Chinese are lazy."

Thus, simply, Percy Quin carries on year after year for his people in the great republic of Mississippi. Neither position, wealth nor travel, nor even his wife's admission into the D. A. R., can affect his homely ways. Pounding a table one day as he halted a raid on the Treasury, he was interrupted by a colleague who said: "Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield, I wish to state to him that he is in imminent danger of losing his chewing-gum." The quid had been unloosed from its moorings on the table by the thumping!

#### IV

Percy Quin is a great man, but it is likely that there are replicas of him in Mississippi. One could hardly duplicate Edgar Howard in Nebraska today, but it would not have been at all impossible in the Victorian era. The Hon. George Holden Tinkham, A.B. (Harvard), of Massachusetts, however, was never tried before and will probably never be repeated. He is the sort of thing that happens only once in human history. Let the people who believe that picturesque statesmen are of the past, behold, with amazement, the Hon. Mr. Tinkham.

It is, unfortunately, only on rare occasions that he may be enjoyed, for he is not fond of Congress and seldom appears in the chamber. But when he does he cannot be overlooked. The gallery wants to know, not only who he is, but what: Balkan diplomat, rabbi, one of the Smith brothers, or brownie. A long, untrimmed dark beard, an unpressed suit, a funereal tie and down-at-the-heel shoes are hardly the conventional earmarks of a Congressman from the swell and sniffish Boston Back Bay district.

The enigma has never been solved. Though the hon. gentleman is worth millions and has the largest bathroom in Washington, his beard frequently reaches to his waist and it is evident that he chews his cigars. Though all Congressional business bores him, save Prohibition, of which he is the arch foe, he is returned repeatedly,

the last time by both parties. A scholar and an art patron, a widely read and traveled man, he will describe to the minutest detail and to the extent of three hours how he shot down a tiger. Though proud of his physique, which is ruddy and robust, he will not lift a finger to make himself presentable. "I've tried to fall for him for years," a Washington lady told me, "but it is impossible."

His fur-lined coat flaps around his ankles and if handy, may be worn in June as well as in December. His soft, floppy hat, slapped on at a rakish angle, is as shapeless as the fashionable boyish figure. His suits, made by the smartest tailor in Boston, usually come out of a drawer, and his ties are all black. He won't replace a hat until he loses it. He once showed one of his secretaries a sample of material for a new suit.

"Oh, I like that," she said. "That's really pretty, Mr. Tinkham."

"Fine," he rejoined. "I just ordered six."

A wealthy child, of *Mayflower* descent, and the only boy in his family, George presumably had his own way. If he did not feel like washing his neck he defied his nurse, and if he did not care for Aunt Letty I should guess he said so. Hence, his strong individualism today. Nobody can tell him what to drink, but neither can he be coaxed to trim his beard. Able and well-informed, he cannot, however, work with other men. He has his own methods, good enough but slow. He would rather talk than listen and so avoids the House.

At Harvard he prepared to be a college professor, for which profession he is sufficiently studious and absent-minded. But an uncle dragged him into politics and now nobody can defeat him. It's his luck. He is always falling heir to another legacy and everything he touches turns to gold. Even his hotel apartment, resembling a zoo, is now worth many times the rental under his lease. Angling for prestige for his hotel, then new, the owner offered half the first floor for an absurdly low sum.

Tinkham demanded a lease "for the duration of his service." A new Congressman, and such a strange one, he procured it, much to the proprietor's subsequent regret. Anxious now to substitute profit for prestige, he has despairingly seen Tinkham return six times! Tink's cellar is the most famous in Washington and as legal as marriage, having been magnificently stocked at the advent of Prohibition.

He is a good hater. He started the hullabaloo against the Anti-Saloon League, accusing it, amidst great opposition, of financing his colleagues and buying legislation. He demanded the resignation of Volstead from the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee because he had been elected by the League. The House was so indignant at the request that the whole affair was expunged from the *Record*. "There are three things I won't discuss with my friends," he once exclaimed, "woman suffrage, Prohibition and Teddy Roosevelt." The late Wayne B. Wheeler was high on Tinkham's taboo list. Not only did he say that Wheeler's "very presence in the Capitol is an offense against decency," but he also christened the head of the stupid hartebeest, lunging out of his office wall, after the great League chief.

In spite of his ability and earnestness, the members of the House are not inclined to take him seriously. Which is hardly to his discredit, considering that they take Calvin Coolidge that way. But he does pull some queer stunts. He appeared at a formal dinner without his necktie and after his return from the jungles he gave an exhibit, in the lobby of the House Office Building, of specimens and pictures, taken from various angles, of his captures. In Boston on personal business he telegraphed his colleagues, who did not even suspect his absence, that he would be back when they took up a certain matter. He is a good fellow. He will return to say good-by ten minutes after he has left you if he forgot the first time.

Luck is always playing into his hands. "I attacked Volstead," he once said, with

a twinkle in his eyes, "and he was licked. I attacked Upshaw and he was licked. I attacked Wheeler and he died. Watch out for me!"

## V

As the grim Percy Quin contrasts with the facetious Edgar Howard, so the Hon. Sol Bloom, the dapper member from New York, presents marked differences from the neglectful Tinkham. Peering down at him from the gallery, the spectator can hardly be surprised that the beaming gentleman below, in his immaculate white vest, his breast kerchief matching his tie and the stripe in his suit, his patent leather shoes well polished and his pince-nez dangling on a black silk ribbon—that this shining gentleman has dazzled Capital society. Sol has. Almost every evening his gorgeous home, for the decoration of whose kitchen a Bohemian painter was imported, is the scene of a banquet to the diplomats. The Washington society columns are always carrying descriptions of the costumes of Mrs. Bloom and their daughter, to whom Sol proudly refers as "the well-known writer, Vera Bloom."

The other members of the New York delegation turn as green as emeralds when Sol's automobile, toting the most eminent Republican leaders, purrs by. "Ha! there goes the gentleman-in-waiting to the Republican bosses in his fire-engine!" says one, scornful with envy. "Yeh, and when he invites an Ambassador he entertains an attaché," says another. The Tammany boys are resentful that Sol, who was once only a poor, unschooled lad, should have completely outshone them. When he was recently defrauded of \$600 for a fake "Who's Who" some of them actually roared.

They are even inclined to belittle his friendship with Mussolini. One day, when the Dictator was attacked in the House, Sol held aloft two of Vera's articles on Il Duce. Vera has had seven interviews with him, but Sol announced that he would in-

sert only one in the *Record*: the one which would be most helpful to the members in understanding the Dictator. Instead of appreciating the sacrifice the Hon. Mr. Boylan of New York twitted Sol about it. "But the other articles are invaluable, are they not?" he persisted. Sol agreed they were, but unlike most of his colleagues, he refused to clog the *Record*.

He can well afford to disregard the pettiness of the House boys. After all, he has built some of Broadway's most famous theaters and as he tells us in the Directory, he was once known throughout the country as "the music man." Moreover, his interest in his duties crowds out all trivial considerations. "I'll be a hell of a guy or nothing," he proclaimed, as a candidate for office. A few days after election he announced that "the responsibilities of a New York Congressman are serious." Unlike the single-tracked Tinkham, he is concerned with all kinds of legislation. One of his bills requires civilians to salute the flag when it is shown on parade.

The most amiable of men, Sol could not feel bitterly toward anybody. In committee, when his arms wave wildly and his agreeable voice rises to a shout, he is readily placated by a "Come on, Sol, calm down!" He takes the House page boys to New York, finds jobs for veterans, and is

generous to the tenants in his houses. In fact, he is so gracious that when his guests are Catholic he hides Mussolini's picture and displays one of the Pope.

But the nicest thing about Sol, as about Percy Quin, is that he is not spoiled, even by his social success. He is as simple and friendly today as before he feted the Tilsons and the Purnells. And difficult as it may be to believe, as good a Jew. His dictation ceases and his cigar is snuffed out at twilight on Friday. "Put R. S. V. P. on your wedding invitations," he told his secretary, "it means Real Silver Wedding Presents." When Henry Ford charged that "the international Jew is in direct control of the United States Federal Reserve System," he said, with heat:

If he has any proof that any voice but an American voice, the voice of a Jew or a non-Jew, has a controlling influence in shaping the financial policies of the government of the country which has favored him so highly, it is treason for him to withhold it.

His rise has been magnificent, save to one occasion. When the Hon. Mr. Blanton, the Texas wind-machine, attacked him at a committee hearing he failed to retaliate. "If he had only socked Blanton in the jaw," said the sparkling little Loring Black of Brooklyn, "he would now be mayor of New York!"



# THE DAWN OF A NEW SCIENCE

BY ARLINGTON J. STONE

WHEN, in 1881, after considerable coaxing by the provost of the University of Pennsylvania, the Hon. Joseph Wharton, a wealthy member of the Philadelphia *noblesse*, handed over a large enough bagful of cash to found the first American college of business, he was inspired by high as well as sensible ideals. All that he desired—beside having his name properly inscribed on all the buildings of the new school—was that it should "provide training suitable for those who intend to engage in business." In those dark days opportunities for such training were as undiscovered as drug-store lunches and trans-oceanic flyers. The correspondence shrines were still in their teething period, and even the elementary business "colleges" found in every up-and-coming American town today were shamefully scarce. So the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania, originating with a sensible purpose at a propitious moment, actually started its career with a real reason for being.

But it wasn't long before the provost of Pennsylvania forgot all about his benefactor's simple and laudable plan, and proceeded to bawl for a Bigger and Better College, one that, as he suggested, would not only prepare its students for the great profession of business, but would also transform them into trained scientists on a par with the medicoes and the pedagogues. This suggestion met with ready approval, and has since been adopted by virtually all the intellectual rolling mills that have business schools. Today business is taught as a science at California, Chi-

cago, Dartmouth, New York, Boston, Harvard, Northwestern, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Ohio State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Stanford, and countless others.

The main pride of these seminaries, indeed, is their scientific method. It is applied both in the lecture-room and in the laboratories of their high-powered Bureaux of Business Research. Some of the more advanced plants, such as Harvard, Dartmouth and the Ohio State, even print scientific journals, wherein they chronicle in detail, with formidable graphs and statistics, all their latest findings. And so great is the new demand for scientific business training that most of them now operate in two shifts, day and night. In fact, the volume of business they do is so large that even the most go-getting dean now finds difficulty in handling his job single-handed. Consequently, such offices as assistant and associate deanships of business administration are not at all rare. All of these shrines of scientific business seem to be making money. Indeed, next to football teams and schools of education, they are probably the biggest money-getters in the world of the intellect. At some places, as at N. Y. U. for example, it's only the takings of the School of Commerce that enable the Chancellor to pay the university's bills.

Most of these roaring mills of the new learning manufacture their own brands of degrees. The favored one at the moment is that of Bachelor of Business Administration (B.B.A.). This is annually bestowed by such eminent Sorbonnes as Boston, Tulane, Oregon, Washington, and Texas. The next highest in demand are

those of Bachelor of Commercial Science (B.C.S.), and Bachelor of Science in Commerce (B.S.C.). For the requisite research and tuition these may be obtained at N. Y. U., Denver, Georgia, Virginia, and the Southern Methodist. Some of the more conservative houses still stick to the old-fashioned B.A., or even the Ph.B., as at Chicago and the John B. Stetson University at Deland, Fla. Harvard hands out only graduate degrees, such as that of Master of Business Administration (M.B.A.) and that of Doctor of Commercial Science (D.C.S.). The latter, according to some of its holders, is more difficult to obtain than the degree of *Docteur ès Lettres* at the original Sorbonne in Paris. A few institutions, such as Stanford and Syracuse, under certain favorable conditions, now crown the business scientist with the standard Ph.D. Besides these decorations there are rafts of others, such as the B.S. in C. and F. and the M.S. in C. and F. at Minnesota, the B.S.E. at Pennsylvania, the B.S. in B.A. at Nebraska, the M.C.S. at Washington, and finally, the C.E., or Commercial Engineer, at up-to-date Cincinnati.

## II

Curiously enough, the modest ideals of John Wharton are not altogether extinct. To find them, however, one must search, not at the big universities, but at the lesser one-building temples of culture, flung about the rural fastnesses of the Republic. These schools, realizing that education in business has a real reason for being, have pinned it to their curricula in a small way, and so dispense it in the simple, original Wharton manner. No attempt is made to polish up the business course as a course in science, for which research must be done, a thesis tossed off, and an M.B.A. or even a Ph.D. received. Nor is any effort made to teach more than the business fundamentals.

A shining example of this unfortunately obsolescent type of business training is that

offered by the John B. Stetson University, situated, as I have said, in the heart of the Bryan Belt in Florida. Stetson, unlike ambitious N. Y. U. with its brand-new eleven story School of Commerce, is satisfied to give its business training in "an area of ten thousand square feet." Here the undergraduate Stetsonian learns all about bookkeeping, stenography, penmanship, and spelling. Arithmetic is still taught at Stetson, for the "business men of today want employes who are rapid and accurate in their work." Penmanship, passed over as puerile at Harvard and Stanford, receives due justice in Florida, for

If two bookkeepers of equal ability in all lines apply for the same position, the better penman of the two will get the position every time. We teach a plain hand which is neat and easily read. . . . How often our time is taken up and patience tried trying to decipher some almost illegible scrawl!

Nor is spelling forgotten:

Spelling is one of the most important subjects, yet one that is most often neglected. It is required of everyone unless marked proficiency is shown. A poor speller stands no chance in a modern business office; this applies alike to bookkeepers and stenographers.

This simple and primitive sort of business training is, of course, not offered in any of the high-powered and highly scientific seminaries. Indeed, it is actually made sport of. Standing out in sharp contrast to it is the course at Northwestern. The following is a partial check-list of its offerings during 1927-1928:

- Accounting Seminar (for the master's degree)
- Principles of Public Utility Accounting
- Capital Assets
- C. P. A. Review
- Federal Income Taxes
- Bank Practice and Policy
- Seminar in Finance (for students preparing theses)
- Money Market and Security Prices
- Analysis of Financial Reports
- Business Barometers
- Research Methodology
- Fire Insurance Schedules
- Land Planning
- Economics of Mineral and Water Power Resources
- Business Organization and Field Trips
- Business Organization and Management
- Seminar in Organization (methods of constructive research)

Salesmanship  
 Principles of Salesmanship  
 Sales Administration  
 Advanced Problems in Sales Administration  
 Research in Marketing and Sales Administration  
 (open to graduate students only)  
 Foreign Sales  
 Oriental Trade  
 Latin-American Trade  
 Advertising  
 Advertising Principles  
 Direct by Mail Selling  
 Advanced Copy-Writing  
 Psychology of Business Relations  
 Business Concepts  
 Persuasion  
 Modern Opinion  
 Business Letter-Writing  
 Public Relations

Numerous other equally appetizing morsels of knowledge are to be had at other great universities. Thus, Cornell lists Hotel Supervision, and Syracuse bills Hotel Management, Store Management, and Practical Table Service. Columbia offers Bond Salesmanship, the New York Money Market, and the Business of the Theatre. Southern California reveals the mysteries of Apartment House Management, Traffic Management, and Real Estate Advertising, with special highly scientific lectures on Billboards, Trips to Property, Golf Links, Country Clubs, and Model Homes. Virginia's contribution is in the science of Follow-up Methods. Under Business Administration Wisconsin teaches Business Ethics, the Law of Sales, Livestock Management, and Cafeteria Management, the latter being split into Large Quantity Cooking and Institutional Dietaries, and Catering. Illinois has a special course in Business Practice for Dentists. But as usual, N. Y. U. leads the pack. Besides its famous Oil Executives' Course and its scientific research in Restaurant, Tea Room, and Cafeteria Organization, it also has the following on draft:

47. *Principles of Dress.* The aim of this course is not to give fashion hints or notes on the latest mode, but to arrive at an understanding of the essentials of taste through the study of the principles of all art in their relation to the special art of dress.

54. *Hosiery and Underwear.* This course is for the training of buyers and executives.

64. *Window Display.* This course aims to assist those who are at present decorating windows.

Of necessity a certain amount of similarity exists among all the scientific business colleges. But there is also a great deal of individuality. Each, it appears, is striving to be a scientific specialist, offering some leading attraction with which the general academic trade cannot compete. At the University of Cincinnati this specialty happens to be the whole business course put together, which, as I have said, makes of the Cincinnati business *studiosus* a Commercial Engineer (C.E.). The following official explanation may perhaps make the nature of this title somewhat clearer:

The work in commercial subjects is accompanied by a considerable amount of instruction in the sciences upon which engineering is based, and the relation between the two is emphasized.

For a long time the Cincinnati Commercial Engineer was unique, but now Dartmouth, too, has discovered that "the business man is an engineer." Cincinnati, however, has other cards up its sleeve. It employs practically the complete Northwestern List, but it also has a few specialties of its own, as witness:

Secretarial Science  
 Commercial Applications of English  
 Advanced Traffic Management  
 Graphic Methods  
 Pistol Marksmanship  
 The Handling of Explosives

The most original touch, however, appears in Packing House Operations. Divided into two sections, known as Pork Operations and Beef Operations, this new science is given by the Cincinnati professors with the help of *intelligenza* lent by the Institute of the American Meat Packers and the Association of Cincinnati Meat Packers. Finally, there is also a course in Coöperative System in Engineering and Commerce. By putting himself down for this the future Commercial Engineer (C.E.) is given a chance to earn some extra cash at times when he isn't doing his homework in Pistol Marksmanship or Pork Operations, for he naturally gets paid for this coöperative engineering:

The rate of beginners in track work is 30 cents an hour; in switch and signal work, 35 cents an hour; in paving 30 cents an hour; in car-barn work 30 cents an hour; and so on.

Unfortunately, however, "the university makes no guarantee as to wages."

Not as scintillating as Cincinnati, but in some ways none the less unique, is the College of Business Administration of Syracuse University, once the citadel of Chancellor Day. Syracuse, besides being the only place in the nation where one may become a Doctor of Business Administration (D.B.A.), is also the sole major university with an Office Appliance Laboratory. A regular part of its four-year course in Secretarial Science, the Office Appliance Laboratory dispenses information "on the history of office appliances and the influence of office machinery on management." Prerequisite to registration is an understanding of "Bus. Math. 1 and all the required courses in Stenography and Typewriting." This laboratory work is charged with the scientific spirit. Indeed, the whole Syracuse College of Business Administration is filled with that spirit. "Business practice," says its catalogue, "has become a science." The purpose of Syracuse is not merely to flood the world with business scientists, but also to "dignify the business career as a profession." To reach these goals, three things are emphasized, *viz.*, Specialization, Laboratory Method, and Advice and Aid to the Graduate. Research, of course, is also boomed:

Each candidate in Business . . . must submit to his major department a formal typewritten thesis embodying the results of his independent investigation.

All this research is carried on day and night, and when the student has finally completed his "independent investigation," he is awarded either the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business (B.S.B.) or that of Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Science (B.S.S.S.), and is ready to go on for the Ph.D. or the D.B.A. He is also ready to receive help from the University Appointment Office "in obtaining profitable and congenial employment."

### III

Out at Lincoln, in the University of Nebraska, the discovery has also been made that

business is now . . . as much a learned profession as theology, law, medicine, engineering, agriculture, and other difficult and complicated arts, and demands from those who would rise from the ranks a thorough, scientific . . . training.

There is the usual emphasis upon Business Research, with the proviso, however, that this work had better be done only "by senior students and graduates," and that it should always be performed under the watching eyes of the chairman of the Committee on Business Research. The leading attraction at Nebraska is the work in Professional Specialization. The most popular offering in this field is the Chamber of Commerce Secretarial Service Course, which converts the nascent business engineer into a Trained Organizer, capable of helping the "Chamber of Commerce secretary in coping with the many complicated problems that are presented to him for solution."

Up at Hanover, N. H., is the Dartmouth business seminary, known officially as the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance. This, it appears from its catalogue, "has the status of a graduate department and . . . the standards of a professional school." Open only to *bona fide* baccalaureates, the Dartmouth business administration course is crowned with the degree of a Master of Commercial Science (M.C.S.). All the standard Northwestern stock is on tap, but Scientific Management is the specialty. This, as brewed at Dartmouth, concerns itself primarily with the doings of the scientific Efficiency Engineer. Every once in so often, when the snows have melted sufficiently to permit traffic, a conference is summoned at the Amos Tuck School to report on the latest discoveries in the new science. The first of these gatherings was in 1912. It considered such subjects as Academic Efficiency, Shoe Industry Efficiency, and the Opportunity



of Labor under Scientific Management. From Syracuse, Dartmouth has learned the importance of dealing in the business sciences primarily "through laboratory exercises." Like its competitor again, it also demands a dissertation "representing original work in the investigation, analysis, and proposed solution of a business problem."

South of the Potomac the new science of Business Administration is best taught at Alabama and North Carolina. At the former seminary success has come largely through the personal efforts of the great Alabama president, George H. Denny, A.M. (Hampden-Sidney), Ph.D. (Virginia), who has never been too proud to go out to Rotary and Kiwanis to appeal for funds. Every undergraduate business student at Alabama must take a Research Seminar, which is the latest word in advanced accounting. The star offerings, however, are Salesmanship and Salesmanagement and the new science of Land Economics. The latter term is clear evidence of Alabama's progress, for even such an up-to-the-minute school as Harvard still advertises Land Economics simply as Real Estate. To do its work in Land Economics as scientifically as possible, Alabama very wisely has added "a number of prominent realtors" to its scholarly faculty. In Salesmanship, the Alabama professors consider first of all "its laws."

The various steps in a sale—the study of a product, the pre-approach, the introduction, the demonstration, the close, and the get-away—are studied in detail. Each student is required to sell a certain article or service.

The instructor in this art and science is Thomas J. Hammer, B.S. But Alabama approaches business not only from the scientific standpoint, but also from the cultural. By its course in Advanced Business Writing, under the guidance again of Instructor Hammer, it seeks to awaken in the student

his imagination, so that he may find new interest in the commonplace things he may sell, and show him the relation between reading good literature and success in business writing.

North Carolina has virtually everything in stock that Alabama has, with one or two extras—for example, a Special Director of Research. This office is not duplicated even by the otherwise completely equipped N. Y. U. It is the Research Director's job to bring out in the student "his initiative, his analytical and creative powers, his quality of persistence." North Carolina not only teaches Salesmanship, but also has a research course in Sales Relations. These courses provide a "scientific analysis of the sale." They contain all of the approved Alabama steps—except the get-away. For the latter there has been substituted a "laboratory fee, \$1."

#### IV

As in many other matters, however, one must trek to Chicago to find the really lively things in Business Engineering. Chicago, as everyone who reads the magazine ads must know, is the home town of La Salle Extension University, a famous correspondence school, and a hot competitor of the universities. The town is also the habitat of the celebrated Chicago University, and one of the two spheres of activity of Northwestern. The unusually complete curriculum of the business college of the latter has already been mentioned. Not only is Northwestern a standard for quantity, but it also takes first prize for quality. To show what it offers, I append a few samples, selected at random:

C-17. *Business Concepts*—A course especially designed to teach the student to think. . . . With this sure grasp upon and efficiency in the use of business ideas, the student is equipped for a much better understanding of all other courses in the school as well as of actual business when he shall have entered upon it.

B-9. *Sport Writing*—Lectures and discussions on the technique of writing and editing the sport pages of daily newspapers. . . . Talks at intervals by sport writers on Chicago newspapers.

B-20. *Public Relations*—A lecture and laboratory course in methods of obtaining favorable attention from the public for individuals, individual businesses, trade associations, universities, churches and other organizations. The case method is followed throughout. . . . Sound and unsound methods are clearly distinguished.

All this work, of course, is minutely scientific. Indeed, the greater part of it is actually done under the direction of the University Bureau of Business Research, an integral part of the school. In several cases, too, the work turned out bears the *imprimatur* of such learned bodies as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries, the American Trade Association Executives, the National Association of Retail Clothiers, and the Meat Retailers and Packers. With the help of the last-named the Northwestern men of learning recently "made a special study of 143 meat-stores," and with the retail clothiers they analyzed the national cloak and suit industry "in six large volumes." The same scientific passion permeates all the hundreds of theses annually tossed off by the Northwestern *Kandidaten* in Business Administration. In 1926, for example, at the same commencement at which the President of Northwestern handed President Glenn Frank of Wisconsin an LL.D., and a few moments later converted Francis Dunlap Gamewell, "a Christian minister and missionary to China," into a D.D., the investigators of the following subjects were likewise crowned with academic bays:

The Finances of Peoria  
Costing Beef  
Accounting for Depletion of Oil Lands  
The Financial Study of the Central Leather Co.  
Office Space as a Merchandise Service  
The Church and its Publicity Problems

The University of Chicago lacks the complete and standard stock of courses offered by Northwestern, but this weakness is more than made up in other ways. For one thing, Chicago was endowed by the immortal John D. Rockefeller. For another thing, its business school actually applies its laboratory theory in practice by advertising its wares in the daily journals and some of the monthlies. Its special claim to pedagogic fame, however, rests in the fact that among the great American universities it was the first to adopt the corre-

spondence method of teaching. This started as early as October, 1892, "when the university first opened its doors and announced that teaching by correspondence was to be an integral part of its programme." This branch of its work has risen to great heights. In its vaults the university has many thousands of effervescent epistles from contented alumni. I quote one in part:

It affords me satisfaction to say that I enjoyed the course in Proofreading, and that I feel as though I have profited more from having studied it than from any other course I have taken. . . . I have learned English as well as the art of observing. It is indeed a broadening study.

Boston may be on its last legs in literature and art, but in the science of commercial engineering it is certainly alive and kicking. Indeed, in many respects the well-known College of Business Administration at Boston University towers above all its competitors. Certainly B. U. has one of the greatest business administration deans in the Republic. I refer, of course, to the gifted Everett William Lord, A.M., Ph.D. Not only is Dr. Lord a business scientist and administrator of the first rank, but he is also an ardent disciple of culture. In fact, he is one of the few scientists left who still has time now and then to dash off a lyric. I present here a few of his dithyrambs:

Hear the legend of the Admen  
Ere they conquered all creation.

In the Prophylactic forest,  
On the shores of Coca Cola  
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwams—  
Old Sapolio, the chieftain,  
Pebecco, the grizzled prophet,  
And the warriors, young and eager.

In the lodge of the old chieftain  
With Uneeda, more than mother,  
And Victrola, old and feeble,  
Lived the warmest of the maidens,  
Musterole, Sapolio's daughter—  
Musterole, the Sunkist Chiclet.

\* \* \*

To him Musterole aquirer,  
Listened and her heart gave answer.  
All the warmth of love she gave him,  
Gave her Rubberset affection,  
Gave her heart to Instant Postum,  
Thus he won her—thus he took her.

Passed the years in quick succession  
 Little Fairies came to bless them—  
 Gold Dust twins and bright BVD  
 Little Beechnut, Wrigley's Spearmint,  
 Vici Kid and Pluto Water  
 Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

So they lived in happy union  
 Safe in peace and strong in warfare,  
 And their progeny continues,  
 Finds a place in town and hamlet—  
 Known and loved by every mortal—  
 All the tribes are held in honor.

This legend I have told you.

The teaching of business science at B. U. is "at once technical, liberal, and ethical." Its prime aim is "to aid students in preparing for responsible executive positions." Boston is the only great house of learning in America which has a system of government "modeled upon the plan of the Federal Government of the United States."

The Chief Executive is the Dean of the College. His cabinet is composed of students appointed by the Executive with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Senate consists of the Faculty. The House of Representatives is made up of students elected by each class—twelve by the Seniors; twelve by the Juniors; eight by the Sophomores; and eight by the Freshmen. The Supreme Court is represented by the Trustees of the University. . . . Bills originate in either House . . . and when passed are submitted to the Dean for his approval.

A regular bit of research is required, even in the Evening Section. It must be of "business nature, scholarly, and original." With many important variations and additions, the standard Northwestern stock is sold also at B. U. Here I list two of the more glittering gems:

BC-131 *Hotel Operation and Management*.—Subjects taken up include hotel organization and problems; . . . restaurant and cafeteria operation; . . . attracting new guests; securing conventions; . . . keeping the guests satisfied; . . . dances, tea-rooms, and parties.

BC-83 *Retail Selling Methods*.—The retail approach; . . . talking points of the merchandise; closing the sale; increasing the sale, suggestion, quantity sales. The principle of service; . . . sales efficiency. . . .

In the following course the cultural influence of Dean Lord seems to be visible:

E-27 *The Dramatist's Interpretation of Business*. . . . A study of the ideals, motives, and problems of business life, as analyzed by the best modern play writers. Reading and analysis of modern

plays having a business setting and motif. Discussions of various problems, such as the types of American business men, the ethical problems of big business, the comedy and tragedy of life as seen in the business world.

This interesting course begins with the plays of Shakespeare.

The B. U. business engineer is also given a chance to engorge the latest scientific data about Easter gifts, indelible ink, lubricating oil, tooth-powder, soap-powder, automobiles, men's furnishings, celluloid novelties, pianos, theatrical productions, perfumery, and confectionery. Finally, he may ponder over Introductory Esperanto, of which he is given a generous dose of "about one thousand root meanings to enable him to build a vocabulary of about six thousand usual words." On approval of the dean or assistant dean he may study instead such subjects as Commercial German, Commercial Italian, or Commercial Portuguese.

## V

Only a few hours from the fading Athens of Massachusetts is the great city of New York, with its unending opportunities in the New Business Training. Here one finds even more competition than at Chicago. There is not only the incomparable N. Y. U., but also Columbia, Fordham, City College, and Hunter College for women. All of these have specialties, but the glitter of the rest is perforce dimmed by the incandescence of N. Y. U. It boasts of the largest plant in the country. The main building is the much-advertised eleven-story, seven-elevator skyscraper for undergraduates. It also has up-and-doing branches at University Heights, at a Wall Street Division, at the Graduate School of Business Administration, and at the School of Retailing. Next in importance to its gargantuan dimensions, are its special lectures, of which I list a few, plucked from the regular Commerce catalogue:

*Publicity—What It Is and What It Is Not*, by Ivy L. Lee, counsel in public relations for the Standard Oil Company, the Bethlehem Steel Company, etc.

*Putting Over the Difficult Interview*, by Marlen E. Pew, editor of the *Editor and Publisher*.  
*Scientific Laundering*, by John R. Mitchell, of the John R. Mitchell & Co.  
*Equipping the Kitchen*, by Edward Brown, of Duparquet, Huot & Moneuse.  
*Filing Department Methods*, by Miss Ethel Scholfield, filing specialist.

In addition to broadcasting all this wisdom, N. Y. U. is daily becoming more and more famous for its highly scientific *Journal of Retailing*. I append a few of the more important contents:

Fashions in Men's Underwear  
 New Ford Publicity  
 Radio Publicity  
 Merchandising in India  
 Sectionalizing Apparel Departments  
 Service in Catering to Boys  
 The Quest for Beauty  
 Artistic Advertising Results in Artistic Merchandise  
 Over-the-Counter Selling by Mail-Order Houses  
 Requisite for Continued Success

Here is a detail concerning Art as Applied to Style Merchandising:

Turn another page. Here is a modern Jell-o ad which simply sparkles with the brilliancy of a bowl of the jelly itself. The verse and jolly picture of Old King Cole would fix itself in the heart of any child, and no doubt, also in the consciousness of the mother when she next calls the grocer. . . . How superior in art quality!

Not content with all this, the N. Y. U. chain of business engineering mills also boasts of a great faculty, many of whom are trained accountants, vocational guides, or national advertisers. Chancellor Brown is proud of these men, and only a short time ago sent them all a form letter, wherein he politely requested them to tack the good name of N. Y. U. after their own cognomens in all their public writings, talks, and appearances.

The N. Y. U. School of Commerce boasts of a branch of the Sons of Out-of-Town Rotarians, and of a busy life insurance course, whose members during the past year are said to have sold more than three million dollars' worth of insurance. Two of the N. Y. U. alumni are J. P. Morgan, *filis*, and the late Judge Elbert Henry Gary. Both of these eminent men are down on the university roll-books as Doctors of Commercial Science (D.C.S.).

That the N. Y. U. school of business engineering is not the very greatest of its kind in the Republic is due to no fault of its own, but rather to the high standards of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Much of the Harvard supremacy is due to its dean, Dr. Wallace Brett Donham, A.B., LL.D., a pioneer in the New Scientific Business Education, and the peer even of Dr. Lord of B. U. It was largely through Dr. Donham's foresight that Harvard became the first out-and-out Business Graduate School, doing mostly research work and giving only graduate degrees. It was through his keen vision, too, that the Harvard Bureau of Business Research came into being. Here is an example of its work:

The Harvard Bureau of Business Research with the coöperation of the National Drygoods Association found that rentals for 340 department stores during 1922 were 2.3% of the sales. . . . In the case of department stores with sales of \$1,000,000 to \$3,999,000 the rent was 3.2%. In those of \$10,000,000 or over the rent was 3.5%.

Similar scientific data are available on the Wholesale Grocery Business, Operating Expenses in Retail Hardware Stores, the Harvard System of Accounts for Shoe Wholesalers, the International Comparison of Prices of Cotton Cloth, and Methods of Paying Salesmen in the Retail Grocery Business.

Perhaps another reason why Harvard tops the list in the field of the Higher Business Training is its quarterly *Harvard Business Review*, a scientific journal which prints not only a great deal of the results of the researches made by the Bureau of Business Research, but also presents lighter material of the sort found in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, and of interest, of course, to all virile business men. But despite the appeal of these articles, the *Journal*, being mostly scholarly, is not making money for its editors.

Harvard, as is well known, is a protagonist of the case system in education. Here are a few of the questions evolving from a year of this pedagogical method:



Should the Glen Collar & Shirt Company continue its present policy of using suggestive copy or should it change to argumentative copy? Outline in detail how a *scientific* investigation of this problem should be made.

Should the Chandler Shirt & Collar Company use large space infrequently or small space frequently? Give full analysis of facts, including general *experimental* and *statistical* data. . . .

At what price should the Royal Chocolate Company plan to sell Milkolate to wholesalers?

Construct a layout for an advertisement 168 lines by 2 columns wide.

In 1915 you incurred a \$150 debt to your doctor. You have been hard-up for several years. In 1922 you paid the doctor \$50 on account of his debt. The Statute of Limitations in the State where you and the doctor live and where he rendered his services is six years. Can the doctor in 1923 recover the \$100 balance on this bill?

Advance suggestions which would be helpful to the foreman dealing with carelessness on the part of some of his workmen.

What is a secret reserve?

Outline a system for control of traveling salesmen.

For many years the Harvard leadership among the business schools went unchallenged. Then one day in 1925 the tom-toms began to beat far out in California and the news was flashed back to Cambridge that Stanford University had "opened the first Graduate School of Business in the West." At the outset this Pacific threat didn't bother Harvard. Why should it? Had it not withstood competition in the past? Had not Yale once tried the same sort of thing, and hadn't the Bulldog been trampled on? Obviously, Harvard had no cause to worry. Indeed, its man of action and learning, the eminent Dean Donham, even traveled all the way across the continent, just to shake the new Stanford business dean's good right hand, and to tell him and his backers that "we in Cambridge are pleased with the institution of this course at Stanford University. . . . There is a very real reason for insistence in this country on more strict graduate instruction in business."

But soon thereafter the Stanford Graduate School of Business began to grab so much publicity that even Dean Donham, no doubt, began to scratch his head. As early as 1925 it announced that under certain conditions it would be able to reward its students of the new science with full-

fledged, solid gold, 14-carat Ph.D's. In the same year, too, the new seminary was able to hold the First Stanford Conference on Business Education, at which were assembled many of the high dignitaries of both Advanced Business and the Higher Learning. Drs. Herbert Hoover and Owen D. Young were specially invited, but they sent telegrams instead of attending in person. This was the occasion when Dr. Donham told Stanford straight from the shoulder that he "was a little disturbed."

But today all this excitement is over, and Harvard is once more on top, and again it's due to its Dean of Business Administration. Soon after he returned to Cambridge from the coast, he announced that if Harvard was to continue to be a leader in scientific business education it would perforce need more money. The usual campaign was launched. It was so successful that in 1926 George Fisher Baker was moved to contribute \$6,000,000. The actual ceremonies of handing it over took place a year later at a great celebration, with Dr. Owen D. Young present in the flesh, and making the dedicatory address. Here is the peroration of the learned doctor's lengthy harangue:

Today the profession of business at Harvard formally makes its bow to its older brothers and holds its head high with the faith of youth. Today we light the fires in the temple which it is the trust of Harvard to maintain and from which may be renewed through generation after generation the high ideals, the sound principles, the glorious traditions which make a profession.

Mr. Baker then rose and said to President Lowell: "Mr. President, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the keys to these buildings." To which modest sentence Dean Donham replied:

Mr. Baker, on behalf of the faculty of Business Administration, and especially on my own behalf, may I thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the deeply felt responsibility you have placed, and may we renew once again the pledge we know you wish from us, that we will so far as lies within our capacities advance the intellectual basis of this new profession of business, thereby fulfilling your generous gifts and carrying on as lesser men your lifelong example?

## VI

Less than a year passed before Harvard had a chance to advance the intellectual basis of the new profession. This came in 1927, when a course in Motion Pictures was added to the curriculum, and the faculty was augmented by such men of learning as the Hon. Jesse L. Lasky, the Hon. Cecil B. De Mille, the Hon. Adolph Zukor, the Hon. Marcus Loew, the Hon. Samuel Katz, the Hon. William Fox, and Elder Will H. Hays. That some of the less keensighted Harvard *studiosi* might not become suspicious, their good dean hastened to assure them:

It must be remembered that to the student this story is quite as full of business case material as

it is of human interest. . . . The student must dig deeper and discover underlying principles of general application in the business world.

With the dean's reassurance, much work has been done in the new course. The keynote of it all was sounded by Elder Hays when in the Harvard *aula* he told his eager student-listeners that the movies "contain a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul whose progeny they are." Also that the new Hollywood additions to the Harvard business faculty "realize that they are the responsible custodians not only of one of the greatest industries in the world, but of a most potent instrument for moral influence, inspiration, and education." And finally that "in no other commercial activity is there such conclusive demonstration that honesty is the best policy."

# THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

## Psychology

### HUMAN INSTINCTS

BY GRACE ADAMS

TO LIMIT a discussion of instincts to psychology, and principally to American psychology, may seem arbitrary. The term "instinct" was not invented by psychologists. It received scant attention in the older scholastic psychologies. Indeed, the term was first used seriously by the biologists of the Nineteenth Century. Spencer and Darwin employed it to designate inherited traits. They were more interested in the instincts of the lower animals, and in their development, than in the study of the instinctive nature of man; and Darwin held that man had fewer and simpler instincts than any other animal. But both men did speak of, and in a very general and empirical way describe, the human instincts. In this manner the word found its way into psychology.

As soon as the biologists and physiologists had placed their subjects on a scientific footing, the psychologists sought to emulate them. The psychology of Germany patterned itself after the sense-physiology then predominant in that country and was chiefly concerned with describing the mental experiences conditioned by known neural processes. But English psychology had broader and less exact traditions. The aim of the association psychology of Berkeley and Hume had been to explain mental life rather than to describe the human mind. And an explanation of human conduct became the goal of American psychology, just as it is now the object of psycho-analysis. Biology was already in its ascendancy when psychology was introduced into America; and the typically American psychology, or functionalism, while holding to the

explanatory ideals of English associationism, took biology as its scientific model. It proved to be rather unobservant of its exemplar. It was not the method of biology, then becoming more and more critical and experimental, which it adopted; but rather its early terminology, which was broad and of necessity a little vague. As "instinct" already had psychological connotations, it was natural that it should be one of the first words taken over by the new science of psychology. But when it was taken over it had to be redefined, and it was in the redefining that psychology, especially American psychology, laid its grasp on the human instincts and claimed them for its own.

The term is still to be found in biology. But its meaning for that science has been gradually curtailed. Loeb definitely identified instincts with tropisms and held that it was "certain that neither experience nor volition play any part in these processes." And in the opinion of the majority of biologists instincts are purely mechanical processes and lie completely outside the province of consciousness. Yet when, in 1890, James wrote his "Principles of Psychology," consciousness was considered the only subject suitable for psychological treatment. There was no Freudianism or Behaviorism then. The sixth-sevenths of the mind, assumed to be submerged in unconsciousness, were left undisturbed; and Watson was still placidly absorbing the tenets of Functionalism. In view of the eruptions of psychology since 1900 it is important to note that ten years before that date James was able to state complacently that there was agreement among his contemporaries that the human instincts were: sucking, biting, chewing, grinding the teeth, licking, making gri-

maces, spitting, claspings, grasping, pointing, making sounds of expressive desire, carrying to the mouth, the function of alimentation, crying, smiling, protrusion of the lips, turning the head aside, holding the head erect, sitting up, standing, locomotion, vocalization, imitation, emulation or rivalry, pugnacity, anger, resentment, sympathy, the hunting instinct, fear, appropriation or acquisitiveness, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability and shyness, secretiveness, cleanliness, modesty and shame, love, the anti-sexual instincts, jealousy, and parental love.

By describing these more or less complicated movements as instinctive and yet treating them from a psychological point of view James definitely placed instincts within the scope of psychology. When he did this he admitted that "instinct is usually defined as the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance"; therefore, that knowledge does not enter into its makeup. At the same time James himself held that even so simple a thing as a sensation was really a "bit of knowledge." To get around the difficulty of making a process which was by definition not consciously a suitable subject for a theory of knowledge, James called into play a device that has always aided psychologists in times of need—logical argument. An instinct may be originally blind, he agreed, but even so it is an impulse, and every impulse, once it has been yielded to, is "thereafter felt in connection with a *foresight* of its result." So it was obvious, to him at least, "that every instinctive act, in an animal with memory, must cease to be 'blind' after being once repeated." In this way, according to James, an instinct could become not only conscious but capable of modification and conscious direction and change.

James could hardly have foreseen the far-reaching consequences of thus reasoning a new psychological meaning on to an old biological term, and it would not

be fair to lay the blame for all the subsequent controversy over instincts to him. Still, when the evidence for accepting a group of phenomena into a science is based not on experimental data but on logic, there is no guarantee that this logic will be continually persuasive or that its interpretation will always be the same. And we find disagreement even among James' most immediate followers, Angell and Thorndike. Angell, accepting James' argument that instincts once yielded to are thereafter felt in connection with the foresight of their ends, expands this idea into the statement that "instincts, in the higher animals, at all events, appear always to involve consciousness." And he makes consciousness the essential element of instincts. Thorndike, on the other hand, remembers James' admission that instincts are originally blind and maintains that "all original tendencies are aimless in the sense that foresight of the consequences does not effect the response." For him the only necessary components of an instinct are "the ability to be sensitive to a certain situation, the ability to make a certain response, and the existence of a bond or connection whereby that response is made to that situation."

While the ideas of neither Angell nor Thorndike are actually inconsistent with James' two-fold definition of an instinct, they lead to very different lists of instincts. Angell, by making consciousness the mark that distinguishes an instinct from a reflex, has to narrow the number of instincts to fear, anger, shyness, curiosity, sympathy, modesty (?), affection, sexual love, jealousy and envy, rivalry, sociability, play, imitation, constructiveness, secretiveness and acquisitiveness. But Thorndike admits no gap between reflexes and instincts, so he must both expand and subdivide James' list. He does this in a two hundred page inventory which he regrets is incomplete. He adds such activities as teasing, tormenting, bullying, sulkiness, grieving, the horse-play of youths, the cooing and gurgling of infants and their satisfaction



at being held, cuddled and carried, attention-getting, responses to approving behavior, responses to scornful behavior, responses by approving behavior, responses by scornful behavior, the instinct of multi-form physical activity, and the instinct of multi-form mental activity.

The "so-called instinct of fear" he analyzes into the instinct of escape from restraint, the instinct of overcoming a moving obstacle, the instinct of counter-attack, the instinct of irrational response to pain, the instinct to combat in rivalry, and the threatening or attacking movements with which the human male tends to react to the mere presence of a male of the same species during acts of courtship. Curiosity he reduces to still more numerous and specific responses. Even the apparently simple process of reaching he considers not one instinct but three. To any human being who doubts his ability to have so many instincts Thorndike offers the comforting thought that many inherited tendencies are transitory and that possibly no one man possesses all of them.

The task of defining and enumerating the possible human instincts is not a task confined to psychologists more or less in the tradition of James. For many years the iconoclastic Watson strove to explain instincts in suitably behavioristic terms. But neither his definition nor his classification need concern us now, for in 1924 Watson repudiated everything he had previously said about them by declaring that "there are no instincts," and furthermore, that "there is no such thing as an inheritance of capacity, talent, temperament, mental constitution and characteristics." With these two statements Watson cast aside the biological as well as the psychological notion of mental inheritance. Still it is noteworthy that "instinct" was one of the few terms of traditional psychology that he did not throw overboard as soon as he adopted his behavioristic platform.

The advocates of the *Gestalt-Psychologie* also consider that a new definition of instincts is in order. Koffka thinks that a

real understanding of the *Gestalt* will clear up all the confusion about instincts, but he does not give a classification of them which will fit his theory. But in America where the enumeration of the human instincts has become almost the duty of anyone writing a text-book of psychology, Prof. R. M. Ogden has been able to add "communism" and "integration" to the more conventional instincts. As to a description of instincts in terms of *Gestalt*, he feels that "all we can say is that the situation seems to emerge as a patterned and somehow articulate whole within its less articulate surroundings, and that this 'emergence' involves a corresponding pattern of behavior attuned to the situation and varying with its variation until what is unrolled in time and space rolls itself up again in the completion of the act."

From this puzzling description of instincts, and from Watson's recent repudiation of all that he has said about them, and Thorndike's uncertainty about the distinction of instincts and his confessed inability to include all of them in his long inventory, it is a relief to turn to McDougall, who feels that "lightly to postulate an indefinite number and variety of instincts is a cheap and easy way to solve psychological problems, and is an error hardly less serious . . . than the opposite error of ignoring all instincts." McDougall is not worried by the lack of experimental data which all other psychologists deplore, for he has evolved seven "usual marks" by which he, single-handed, can detect an instinct. A reaction is instinctive, according to him, if it is unquestionably inborn, common to all members of the species, actuated by a felt impulse, elicited through the intellectual appreciation of a complex situation, accompanied by a peculiar emotional experience, and if it also tends to inhibit all other bodily and mental activities and to produce a specific change in the circumstances which provoke it.

It would seem difficult to discover many processes which would fit all seven of these requirements, especially after we

learn that McDougall finds instincts in their purest form among animals very low in the scale of intelligence. But he has been persistent in his search for human instincts. Twenty years ago, he could recognize with certainty only the following: the principal instincts of flight, repulsion, curiosity, pugnacity, self-abasement, self-assertion and the parental instinct; the less important instincts of sexual reproduction, acquisition, construction and gregariousness; and the minor instincts which prompt to crawling and walking. Since that time, however, he has not been idle and now he is inclined to include "laughter" among the major instincts and to class as expressions of very simple instincts: the tendency to scratch an itching spot, coughing, sneezing, yawning, urination and defecation, and perhaps an instinct to relaxation, rest and sleep. Unfortunately, this continual adding to his list seems to McDougall's critics to resemble a light postulation of an indefinite number and variety of instincts.

The descriptions of instincts which we have thus far considered have all come from systematic psychologists. Every one of these men has tried to define instinct so that it will fit logically into his particular system. If logic has led them, paradoxically, into contradictions of one another, it has also served to keep their lists of instincts somewhat within the bounds of common sense. But the educational psychologists are not so docile before the strictures of the logical. Set over against the pedagogical ideas of man's original nature, the systematic psychologists' instincts, even McDougall's self-abasement, seem sordid. For Colvin and Bagly the chief essential of instincts is that "they are directed toward some end that is *useful*." But they do not mean useful in a selfish or materialistic sense, for they are able to describe an *altruistic* instinct which is as real to them as the *predatory* instinct. And Kirkpatrick conceives of man being by native endowment even more noble. Indeed he credits to the

human being a regulative instinct "which exists in the *moral* tendency to conform to law and to act for the good of others as well as self, and in the *religious* tendency to regard a Higher Power."

The psycho-analysts, on the other hand, must have things less noble and much simpler. So we find Brill, following Freud, declaring that "everything in life may be reduced to two fundamental instincts: hunger and love; they are the supreme rulers of the world."

Thus it appears, turning from one authority to another, that there are no human instincts, that there are two fundamental instincts, that there are eight principal instincts and many minor ones, that there are sixteen (unclassified), that there are forty-two; . . . or more than can be counted. According to which authority is accepted, these instincts are: common to all men or never duplicated; transitory or permanent; indistinguishable from simple reflexes or complex mental processes; aimless or consciously purposeful. The chief cause of such disparity lies, of course, in the fact that the logical argument which introduced instincts into psychology has never surrendered its place to experimental data; and one man's reasoning is as good as another's.

Still, it is surprising that experimental psychologists willingly continue to base their definitions and elaborate classifications of instincts on evidence which they are forced to brand as empirical. This is even stranger when we realize how important they consider a true knowledge of man's native endowment. McDougall thinks "the recognition of the full scope and function of the human instincts will appear to those who come after us as the most important advance made by psychology in our time." And Thorndike points out that a complete inventory of man's original nature is needed not only as a basis of education but for economic, political, ethical and religious theories.

It would be unfair to give the impression that all psychologists have this unbounded

faith in instincts and that every one who writes a textbook manufactures a new definition and compiles a novel list. This does appear to be the usual procedure, but there are notable exceptions. Titchener considered instinct one of the catchwords of popular psychology which did scientific harm, and thought that, until there was more factual data on the subject, there could be no acceptable definition or classification of instincts. The opinions of Dunlap and Yerkes are especially worthy of attention because they have both worked experimentally with animals and have had ample opportunity to observe "instinctive" action where it is neither moral,

æsthetic nor religious. Their remarks make valid criticism of their colleagues. Yerkes says that "instinct is one of those historical concepts which has been overgrown by meaning. It is so incrustated with traditional significance that it is almost impossible to use it for the exact descriptive purpose of science." And Dunlap points out the results of this traditional significance.

Practically, we use the term instinctive reaction to designate any reaction whose antecedents we do not care, at the time, to inquire into; by acquired reaction, on the other hand, we mean those reactions whose antecedents we intend to give some account. But let us beware of founding a psychology, social, general, or individual, on such a definition.

## Ethics

### THE PROBLEM OF MOTIVE

By H. M. PARSHLEY

THE behavioristic psychology seems to me to fail at an important point, salutary as it is in its insistence upon objective, unbiassed observation. Whether we can ever penetrate the consciousness of another or not, we certainly have to deal with our own private awareness; and it is difficult to see how any psychology can be complete or even passably satisfactory which fails to derive its data from introspection as well as from observation. Ethics certainly involves the consideration of motives, values, and ideals; and a scientific ethics requires genuine knowledge about these elusive matters. The primary facts in this field are the subjective feelings and ideas of which we are directly conscious; they belong to a realm of being which many philosophers are prone to regard as distinct in character from the material and therefore beyond apprehension by the method of science. But it is unnecessary to adopt this pessimistic belief. If behaviorism is really unable and unwilling to dig out and give us real knowledge about subjective things, there may well be other psychological methods that can do so.

It seems to me important to get this

idea out into the light and have its implications clearly understood, for, in my opinion, the chief support of obscurantism at this moment is the notion that motives, values, and ideals, unlike material things, are beyond the range of scientific study, and thus afford a free and exclusive field in which religion and philosophy may disport themselves authoritatively without challenge. If you don't go to church, listen to some Modernist clergyman broadcasting his sermon over the radio. The chances are very good that you will hear him say that we must accept science in its proper sphere and believe nothing that is in plain contravention of scientific knowledge in any sphere. "But," he will go on to say, "today as never before the world needs spiritual guidance. At a time when standards are falling all about us, when vice and crime are rampant and nothing seems to be held sacred, at this time when the old sanctions and the old taboos have lost their force, we can be rescued from a hopeless materialism only through motivation by faith in the values and ideals of religion."

Very good; values and ideals are important elements in human conduct. But which religion shall it be? Christianity? No doubt. But shall it be the values and

ideals expressed by Jesus in the New Testament or those taught by some modern branch of the church? Shall we sell all and give to the poor, turn the other cheek, and take no thought for the morrow, or shall we be prosperous Episcopalians? Religion gives too many, too diverse, and too arbitrary answers to command our respect and confidence. The old sanctions and taboos are losing their force. Motives, values and ideals are sensed as matters of feeling for the most part; but I venture to maintain that they grow out of the fundamental urges by way of human needs, desires and aims, and that therefore they can be studied, controlled, and judged by their fruits—scientifically, like other items of behavior. To set them apart in some vague and inaccessible realm of the spirit is simply to erase them from rational thought. To give them over into the keeping of priests and philosophers whose competence we distrust is to obscure the way to truth about them.

But beyond question the scientific study of these matters is peculiarly difficult, although I see no reason to agree with those who pronounce it impossible. We cannot lay a motive upon the dissecting table or fix it under the lenses of a microscope, to be sure; but neither can we treat electricity or life in that fashion. Nevertheless, we understand a good deal about these forces, and we can manage them pretty much as we will—better than a witch doctor, at least. So with the mental forces that undeniably influence a good deal of our behavior. It is certainly possible to study the facts about their occurrence and propagation and note the results that they produce. I consider it nonsense to say, as is the fashion even among scientists, that science consists in measurement, understood in the narrow sense—"the recording of pointer settings." The discovery and statement of facts, if only it be thorough and honest, may also take the form of description, or narration, or homology, or introspection, and all these are more important than the measurement that

sometimes serves to make a scientific description more precise than it would otherwise be. It is well to view with suspicion those who so eagerly advance to limit the scope of scientific curiosity. It may well be that *their* motives need careful investigation.

We have been led to suppose that acts should be judged not only by their consequences but also by the motive that lies behind them. Murder for gain is regarded as worse than murder for infidelity; and premeditated murder is held to be worse than murder in the heat of anger. This attitude seems to me to be based upon two assumptions, of which the first is safer than the second. We assume, first, that it is possible to determine motivation, and, second, that the person acting exercises free will, and may sometimes choose deliberately to do wrong in conscious defiance of certain fixed community standards. The result of our entertaining these assumptions is expressed in our legal punishments. Society visits the most severe penalties upon those who seem to violate its rules with malice aforethought, and such penalties are always tinged with the color of revenge. But if we believe that the culprit fell from grace by accident and under the compulsion of forces beyond his control, we are less disturbed by envy, disgust, anger, or disapproval, and are thus willing to forego the pleasures of vengeance, in a measure.

Now, the biological reason for law in some form is the necessity for social cohesion with its accompanying restrictions on individual freedom. And punishments, in the case of a foresighted and habit-forming animal, most certainly tend to discourage infraction of the rules. That this should be questioned seems absurd enough in view of the methods of the lion tamer and the football coach. I believe that envy, jealousy, and revenge are almost unmitigated evils, and hold that they have no proper place in a rational penology; but if they were totally eliminated there would still remain the necessity for punishment.



For punishment simply serves to substitute a motive for socially desirable action in place of one that leads to undesirable deeds. The chain of cause and effect remains complete, though a new link, a new cause, has been introduced. Punishment, foreseen in imagination, is a compelling motive that unquestionably affects behavior. It causes an individual to act in a manner that suits his fellows and prevents him from causing injury. It certainly deters every one of us from numerous small infractions, even though we may not be among those who would run amuck and do promiscuous rape and murder except for the fear of the law.

There is, however, some reason for the current debate over the efficacy of, say, capital punishment. In times when execution was a common penalty for petty crimes, it is said that pickpockets were wont to practice their art in the crowd that gathered under the very shadow of the gallows; and there is general agreement that unusual mental abnormality may drive certain types of humanity to commit offenses with a force that is quite beyond control by any fear of punishment. But in such cases there are obviously many other factors to be considered. An ignorant and squalid populace is always on the verge of disorder, and severe punishment is but another drop of misery in a cup already full; while a people that lives in comfort is much more likely to appreciate both the advantages of regular behavior and the discomforts of the dungeon or the noose.

In the matter of abnormality we admittedly have to do with exceptional circumstances, and here the gravest questions arise when border-line cases have to be dealt with. How shall we regard the motives of a man who may be slightly insane, who is perhaps perverted, who seems to labor under a special psychological compulsion that leaves most of his behavior untouched? Here it is obvious that science is our only hope. If psychiatrists are competent (even within present limita-

tions) and employed as neutral and unbiassed observers (not in our present ridiculous fashion as special advocates of one side or the other!), they, and they alone, are able to tell us the truth in this important department of ethics.

Motive is a difficult subject, and psychology has a great deal to discover about it; but I think that there is a simple way to view the whole question, for those who wish to maintain a scientific attitude. We can regard motive as the immediate cause of an act, the last link in the chain; and where, as is often the case, it is possible to ascertain our motives, simple scientific honesty requires that they be taken into account. We are interested in consequences, and while several acts may be of the same nature, it often happens that the consequences, near and remote, may be quite different in the various cases. If a man in the delirium of fever reaches out and strangles his nurse, society need not fear the decimation of a valued profession, once he is cured of his malady. But if an ignorant father kills the doctor because his son dies of typhoid fever, society may well detain the offender until his educational defects have been remedied. Again, if an obviously intelligent and well-favored individual shoots his neighbor because he comes home and finds the neighbor making a friendly call, no one's life is safe while the marksman is at large, and he must be shut up where unsentimental warders will curb his urge for reform.

This difference in consequences corresponds to a difference in motives, and the detection of correspondences is characteristic of the method by which science seeks the truth. Those who hold this view of motive are not under the necessity of determining once for all, here and now, the validity of the second assumption—that free will is a reality; while waiting for evidence on this question, they can be content to leave it temporarily as a subject for the harmless exercises of creative thinkers.

## A PASTOR'S DAUGHTER

BY ETHEL BROWN

THE way of the transgressor is proverbially hard; but the way of the transgressor who is a Baptist preacher's daughter is well-nigh unbearable. In my case the Mendelian structure was not right for the job. My mother, who had danced her way through a carefree girlhood among the hedonists of her Southern State straight into the responsibilities which residence in a parsonage entails, painted for me glamorous pictures of her girlhood, and then became a little distressed when the consecrated life was not to my liking. A bit of the pride, a deal of the unbridled spirits, and much of the love of gaiety which were her family's dominant characteristics entered into me, and made the standards set up in the South for Baptist clergymen's children hard for me to attain.

As I think back now over the first decade of my life, it seems that the tragedy of those years can be summed up in my unachieved ambition to possess a floppy silk hat lined with pink satin, an accordion-plaited pink dress, and slippers strapped about the ankles with pink ribbons. That costume was the symbol of the things I missed in childhood because I was a Baptist preacher's daughter. It was worn every Saturday afternoon by the Episcopal children who attended the classes of an Episcopal dancing instructor who taught each Saturday afternoon in Hibernian Hall. Of course, I could not have clothes like that! As my father pointed out with much kindness and sound logic, there was no place for me to wear them. I had very nice Sunday dresses—a brown serge for Winter with perfectly fitting brown kid

gloves, brown shoes, and a little brown velvet hat piped with blue; white lawns for Summer, equipped with either pink or blue sashes—and my school dresses were plentiful, with never a button missing or a snag unmended. But how I did long for that floppy hat and that dress of plaited silk!

The longing was not so much for the fluffy clothes as for the pleasures that seemed to fill to overflowing the lives of the Episcopalian children. First through chance and later through choice, my playmates did not come from Baptist homes. My mother did not avail herself of the free instruction she might have had for her daughter, but contributed through my tuition to the support of a Victorian lady who, with the help of her sisters, conducted a select school where girls were taught as much of the three R's as ladies were then thought likely to need, a language that passed for French—for "the French of Paris was to her unknown," and much about good manners and the absurdity of crediting the rumor that the North had been victorious in the skirmish of the sixties erroneously called the Civil War. The pupils were preponderantly Episcopalian. These children were my friends. We played together; we studied together. On Saturday afternoons I was desolated when they went to dancing-school, wearing floppy hats, plaited silk dresses, and slippers strapped with ribbons about their ankles.

They invited me to their parties, of course. I went—dressed in one of the white lawn Summer dresses and pink or blue sashes; but I never had any parties of my

own. How could I? My father's congregation numbered a thousand members and their crimes did not include race-suicide. There were hundreds of children I should have had to invite had I been allowed to give a party. So at birthdays my parents showered presents upon me in a pathetic effort to make up to me what I was missing.

In my childhood there was never a Christmas tree in my home. I always went to the church celebration, where a resplendent tree was hung with ten-cent store presents. There, when my name was called, I marched forward to receive a stiff little doll sewed to the bottom of a brown box. I think I never once loosened the stitches, for I did not play with dolls—not even with the ornate China creations my grandmother used to send me. I remember leaving the Christmas parties of my friends with a sick little feeling in the pit of my stomach. At home I should find not even a wreath or a red candle, and of course no tree sending its lights through the parlor window. My mother did not have time for Christmas decorations at home—she was far too busy working to make the church tree successful!

Then, too, the children who wore the floppy hats and plaited dresses went to the *matinée* whenever anything good came to our far Southern city. They always came to school the next day agog with the wonder of the things they had seen and heard. How I longed for a glimpse into the enchantments and mysteries of the theatre! But in that day Baptists listed theatre-going among the deadly sins. My mother used to tell me, while my eyes were wide with wonder and my whole being ablaze with envy and resentment, of the plays she had seen in her idyllic girlhood. She had even taken "dramatics" in the fashionable school that "finished" her, and had played Juliet before a large audience. A picture of her taken by Romeo's side thrilled me at the same time that it intensified my sense of being cheated out of a pleasure that was rightfully mine.

I must have been about ten when I saw my first play. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came to our city. Mother made all arrangements for a friend of hers to take me, suggesting that it would be just as well not to mention the matter to Father, since it was Saturday and sermons had to be delivered on Sunday. Sitting through the enactment of Cedric's angelic childhood, I tried to discover in what the wickedness of the theatre consisted. Failing, of course, I came away hopelessly stage-struck. The ambition to play Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" was about as long-lived as any of the many others that flickered across the horizon of my youth and adolescence.

A hope that I might produce "Ivanhoe" with myself as heroine as well as stage manager and give the play in our drawing-room some Saturday night was quickly dissipated when I remembered that there could be no confusion toward the end of the week because my father needed quiet for final work upon his sermons. The enforced calm of Friday and Saturday—the only times when children are free to have the gang about—is a theme upon which some minister's son or daughter could produce a great tragedy of childhood. The pathos of the situation consists in the hopelessness of finding a solution. A man who has two sermons to deliver on Sunday, and sometimes three, needs to be undisturbed. And no matter how desperately children may desire to be gay on holidays, they must conform to the requirements of the adult members of the household.

## II

The childhood of an evangelical pastor's daughter, however, is not so trying as adolescence. My first decade, despite the floppy hat and plaited skirt repression, was not unhappy. There were always peaks that rose quickly out of the valleys. My father and I were the most congenial companions. I shall always remember the thrill of the stories he used to tell me as we sat out under the stars, to which we

had given fantastic names unknown to the astronomers. As we carried a fictitious Johnny and Mary through an eventful childhood and a romantic maturity, my delight was not diminished by its vicarious quality. Much more real to me than my own experiences were those my pretty mother re-created from her past. What a magical story-teller and incomparable actress she has always been! Her world is a stage whereon she has played excellently all the parts assigned to her.

It was, I feel sure, her histrionic ability that enabled her to act the minister's wife to the Queen's taste. Having accepted the rôle, she played it with all the fervor demanded of her. Yet she really lived in memory of the part in which she had first been cast. All the actors that crowded her entrances and exits she made as vivid for me as though I had seen and heard them, repeating their lines and never omitting a gesture. The great *début* ball that brought the drama to a climax dazzled me with its splendor whenever its enactment was accomplished in the presence of the cedar-scented dress of cut velvet with the paniered skirt and the tiny puffed sleeves of real lace.

Four years ago my grandmother's funeral took me back to the old home of my mother's people. It was as though I had lived there always, where life flows to the rhythm of swift-footed horses, while gallant men, whose eloquence is enhanced by good liquor, pay court to what seem to me to be the most beautiful women in the world. Perhaps I am richer in the possession of dreams in place of a reality that might yield its disappointments! In retrospect the importance of the floppy hat tends to grow.

Adolescence introduced new problems. When I was half-way through boarding-school, to which I had gone absurdly young, my father left the pastorate he had held for fifteen years. So one dreary Christmas I came home to a strange city where I found neither old friends nor a chance of making new ones acceptable to fastidi-

ous fifteen. I thought then that the vacation was hard only for me. I know now that it must have been vastly harder for the two people who loved me and who were powerless to alleviate the unhappiness I made no attempt to conceal.

The day of my arrival the new church gave us what was called in that region a Christmas pounding. It left me as sore spiritually as pounding with a blackjack would have left me sore physically. Early in the evening two members came to call—to make sure that none of our family would escape the ordeal in store for us. At eight o'clock the rest of the congregation stormed the house. They didn't bring pounds of food—they brought tons. Barrels of sugar, corn meal, and flour were wheeled across my mother's pretty rugs. Hams, butter, cheeses, cakes, turkeys, chickens, preserves, and dozens of other things were piled on my mother's nice dining-room table. Then the chairman of the deacons made a speech to which I tried not to listen. My father replied, speaking with his usual ease.

I honestly thought I should die if those people did not leave the house. When at last they had gone, a squeal descended the stairs. My little brother, who had been awakened by the hubbub, was leaning over the banisters, bursting with curiosity. When my father invited him down, he came, ran into the dining-room, looked about dazed, and then, standing on his head, waved his little bare feet in the air.

"Lemme eat," followed the first part of the demonstration.

"At this hour?" gasped my mother.

"Oh, it won't hurt the boy," my father interceded.

So the youngster ate, while I looked on with no appetite for anything.

"My daughter, what's the matter?" Father asked kindly.

I told him just how I felt about being an object of charity and appealed to my mother for support in my rebellion. She said little, but I could see that she had no great relish for poundings.



"It's that family pride of yours," my father said sadly. "You and the child should cultivate Christian humility."

"If it's Christian humility that your son is showing now," I said saucily, "excuse me!"

I expected a rebuke. Instead, my father laughed and fed my little brother a slice of fruit cake from which the family was to hear later in the night.

All the first years of my life had been spent in a pastorate where the congregation presented their minister with a silver service, a clock, a serving tray of silver, or something of the kind whenever they felt moved to show their affection. I wondered hopelessly if during the rest of my dependent years I should have to endure annual poundings. As for Christian humility, I didn't want it. Starvation seemed greatly preferable to being fed by the multitude.

How I longed that Christmas for the friends I had left behind me! Indeed I was as cut off from social intercourse as Gulliver on the days that he first met the Brobdingnagians or the Lilliputians. What a pitiable, uncoöperative little prig I must have been! I am ashamed now to recall my aloof behavior at the one dinner I condescended to attend. When I saw the table at our host's home, I shared the agony attributed to the groaning board. Everybody but me was in a tremendously good humor. The head of the house joked boorishly about the serving. The eldest son was cordial to the extent of trying to hold my hand and later to kiss me. Yet, ingrate that I was, I refused to be entertained.

After that I went no more to Christmas parties. I told my parents to decline for me on the ground that I had some studying to do. Then, to keep a lie from lips unaccustomed to breaking the unwritten commandment, I did study a good deal. Though when away I was always homesick for the companionship of my family, I was not sorry when the time came to go back to boarding-school.

### III

Through the four years that followed I did not make friends among the membership of the new congregation—and there was little opportunity to meet other people. Superficially I did my duty, however. Sundays, during the next two vacations and the two years that I attended the Baptist college in the city where we were living, were arduous experiences. I taught a class of girls at Sunday-school; I attended the morning church service, every fourth Sunday remaining for communion; at three I presided over the Girls' Auxiliary and frequently delivered dissertations on missions in foreign fields; at seven I was among those present at the B. Y. P. U., sometimes to the extent of taking part in the programme; and at eight I sat in the minister's pew to listen to the evening sermon. In my senior year at college, when I was captain of the girls' basket-ball team, co-ed editor of both the annual and the monthly magazine and president of the literary society, there was no relaxing of the routine established for my only day of rest.

But attendance upon the Wednesday night prayer-meeting was the most distressing of all experiences. My father used to begin on Wednesday morning to groan for fear there would not be a crowd; and he groaned all Thursday because there hadn't been. I remarked once in family conclave that a failure might as well be admitted and abandoned for something that might prove successful. Father, looking pained, replied that he was worried merely because only the saints came to pray. I was concerned, however, to see that religion produced such sad saints. The mid-week service was held in a room as gloomy as death—a basement, damp and musty. The assembled saints sat all bent over precisely as though they had pains in their stomachs. They sang doleful hymns with cracked voices emitted through their noses. My father talked and then the brethren talked. The sisters, obeying Saint

Paul, kept silent in the church. That always made me mad on principle, though I didn't yearn to hear any of those pitiable creatures tell how good the Lord had been to them. Of course the prayer-meetings were never junked. Like the poor that attend them, they will probably be with the Baptist church always.

During adolescence the denominational prohibition of dancing reduced my social activities to a minimum only slightly forecast in childhood, when I had other opportunities to make friends. In the city to which the new pastorate brought us there were two girls I had known at boarding-school. Both included me in their party lists until they found that I could not accept their invitations, since dancing or cards always constituted the entertainment. Though resenting the restriction, I knew that my father had no alternative but to refuse to let me dance or play cards. He could not risk loss of influence with the vinegar-dipped sisters and the dill-pickled brothers, whether or not he condemned the forms of amusement prevailing among the younger generation.

Even at the college I attended there was a dancing crowd, which seemed the only one it was desirable to know. The fraternity men they were, who had dug a gulf between themselves and the ministerial students, whom they opprobriously nicknamed and openly scorned. The college dances were, of course, not given on the campus, for the denomination could countenance no such immoral proceedings. They were held in hotels—an arrangement entirely satisfactory to the boys, since it involved less chaperonage. How often the brethren's pious precautions served as a boomerang! At first I was invited many times to these fraternity parties. Finally, however, when the boys learned that there would be no special dispensation for me, the invitations ceased to come. The adolescent girl who does not run with the gang soon feels herself an outcast. Though I had during those two busy years, when I attended college as a day student, enough

individual dates, I was a dodo bird with no kind to flock with—a state surely not pleasing in the gregarious 'teens.

There were interludes when I had my little fling—visits to friends far from the watchful eye of the congregation. Invariably, however, came a sorrowful aftermath. One glorious month, for instance, was spent at the Summer home of a friend I had met at boarding-school. With an Annapolis midshipman who wore his uniform by request I danced myself into giddy delight. Yet the next Spring, when a bid came for June Week at Annapolis, I had to decline. The papers would have carried the names of the girls who attended, and our congregation would have been scandalized. Later, when my life was mine, quite free from obligation to a constituency, I danced to my feet's discomfort—but only at eighteen or thereabouts can come the thrill of June Week at Annapolis!

Vaguely at first, then definitely and violently, I resented throughout childhood and adolescence the necessity to answer to a public for all my acts. A Baptist minister's family has about as much private life as a bunch of monkeys in the zoo. Frequently it's damned if you do and damned if you don't. One half the congregation wants a "stylish" pastoral family; while the other half believes you should walk humbly before the Lord and among men. So long, however, as we did not violate the Mosaic commandments and those framed by the Southern Baptist Convention, my father was content. Thank heavens, we did not appear ministerial!

My parents were saved from much of the interference that comes to other members of their profession by personal magnetism and good looks. They were simply not the sort that invited face-to-face criticism, and they held their heads too high to sense the other kind. I think, moreover, that the plainest members of the congregations took vicarious pleasure in seeing their minister ride each afternoon on the spirited Kentucky saddle horse that was always among our Lares and Penates.

My mother was exquisite in the dresses created by a modiste and made possible because of a small patrimony that supplemented my father's salary—until she trusted her investments to a deacon whose business sagacity and honesty she thought she had no right to question.

When I saw my father and mother walking together to church Sunday mornings, six feet and five feet-five of physical perfection, it seemed to me tragic that so much beauty should be wasted upon a Baptist congregation. Perhaps our catering to the denomination was not so great as that of other minister's families, but it existed nevertheless and perforce. I used to think that much of the members' inclination to criticize was diverted from my parents and focused upon me. I was supposed to give heed and improve my manners accordingly. There were always well-meaning sisters who in "all kindness" reported my waywardness to parental headquarters. Apologizing to members of the congregation, terrific at first, became a routine matter that I could turn off with the skill of a trained mechanic. Because a substitute school teacher, whom all the children hated, was a member of our church I must not join in the criticism of her, must silently accept her injustices. To the visitors who came to our home I had to be polite at all times, answering questions no one had a right to ask and giving a general account of myself and my doings.

It is not strange that many of us with histrionic tendencies should become exhibitionists: we might as well give an expectant public their money's worth! Since small misdemeanors are shocking,

how much better to bring forth crimes commensurate with the amount of conversation any straying from the straight and narrow path elicits! If repressions and restrictions tend to produce juvenile delinquency, the wonder is not that minister's children are naughty, but that there is any good to be found in them at all.

But with the perspective provided by the early thirties, I can see that I was far better off than most minister's daughters. The heredity that made conformance to Baptist standards difficult provided me with a means of escape. The tenacity that held my parents to the life work they had chosen passed on to me in smaller measure, and served as a tool for prying my way out. The spirit of self-abnegation, which did not descend to the second generation but which actuated my parents in working for the church they loved, also motivated the sacrifices they made to give me more educational opportunities than they could afford. Such unselfishness as prompts a man who might have achieved success in a number of other fields to sink himself in the ministry is an excellent quality in a father. Sympathy at home, my parents' tolerance of convictions they could not share, their efforts to understand ambitions and desires that must have been alien to them have compensated for the hardships imposed upon me by the denomination in which fate decreed that I be reared.

But I wonder sometimes what complexes afflict other minister's daughters, who lack my compensating parents. Surely those complexes are more serious than any which have to do with floppy hats and plaited silk dresses!

## HALF COCKED

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

CHASE WAS the butt of the campus in the late Autumn days of 1918, for even the S. A. T. C. wouldn't take him. Listed as unfit for the Boy Scout maneuvers that were staged daily under ribbon-clerk lieutenants, he wandered beneath slouched, self-conscious shoulders from classroom to classroom, trying, as he explained it, to major in English literature. Fraternity boys wearing khaki or the navy blue—some of them got naval training, six hundred miles from water deep enough to float a sub-chaser—yelled "Slacker," after him under the elms, and some patriot once sent him a set of French postcards showing the amorous enterprise of *le poilu*.

I had spoken to Chase only casually in class until one day, meaning to congratulate him on a wisp of verse he had written for the university weekly, I halted him in a corridor. I faced a youth so physically repulsive that he might have been a lump of garbage come to life. Blackheads studded his face, an ugly mask of a mug that could easily have been putty, the corners of his wide mouth were crusted with tobacco and the remains of his lunch, and there was an appalling stench of dog about him. His clothes, worn so long as to resemble a plaster cast in dirty gray, were covered with white dog hairs. He shoved out a package of cigarettes, mumbled something about appreciation without looking me in the face, and edged off crabwise down the corridor while I lit my smoke.

Two days afterward he accosted me, and I suggested that we repair to Jake's, a saloon just off the campus, for beer. When he stood up in front of the bar his attempt to be a regular guy was pathetic. The way

he goggled and hesitated about picking up his beer change from the mahogany touched me, and by way of easing him I ordered highballs.

Bewildered when he was served, he drank his whiskey straight from the pony glass that was handed him with the tall one, and then fell to sipping his unspiked ginger ale. Only the fact that my grandfather had sung in Jake's männerchor saved my queer friend from scorn. But when his bowels warmed with the whiskey Chase became more human. He was, he told me, very much interested in dogs, and owned a couple of wire-haired fox-terriers.

"Always plucking at 'em," he confided. "Hair has to be plucked out according to pattern or the judges won't look at 'em in the show ring. A damn nuisance, but the long hair hides the dogs' bad points and the judges won't stand for it. And a bum one well plucked often beats a good dog that's out of shape. That's what dog handlers are for."

He gabbled on, and we drank more. Chase was an orphan, he said. He held mortgages left by his father on two old rookeries in the city's bawdy quarter, and the income from these paid the registrar and bought dog biscuit, and books. Remembering his verse, I turned the talk to poets. Amy Lowell he liked, Swinburne left him cold, and then he got to squalling about Max Eastman and what a martyr he was. Fear of an espionage trial and Leavenworth made me shut him up and lead him to a table. There we ordered more drinks, and suddenly Chase blurted out that he liked me. He liked few other people: a professor or two not yet gone mad, a girl



whom somebody else kept, and an aunt with whom he lived. He wrote little verses to ease his soul, he said, and dogs were his obsession. He declared that if he ever were cruel to a dog he would kill himself.

The free will of the animal, its absolute lack of any consciousness of self, fascinated him. The dog, he said, was above the horse in intelligence. He told me that merely watching his dogs in their kennel gave him the utmost pleasure. Perhaps giving him credit for too great an understanding, I mentioned vivisection.

He foamed at me like a mad creature. I never saw a man in such a rage of maudlin indignation. Hogs, crooks, torturers, fiends! How'd I like to have my sister or mother strapped on a board and sawed open without an anæsthetic, just to give a lazy doctor a chance to discover a cure for something? I finally mollified him by starting a song and putting kummel into his beer. Toward dinner time Jake told us we'd have to leave, and I helped Chase into a taxi.

I went to his house once after that and met his aunt, a dull, half-crazy old woman who was then reading Sir Oliver Lodge's delvings into spiritualism. Before she retired she brought into the living-room a mouse inside a trap, for Chase to kill. He gibbered and shuddered at the suggestion, and I offered to drown the little beast. He was annoyed. Ignoring me as a surgeon would snub a waggish interne in the operating room, he fetched a bottle of ether, an empty cigarette can, and a small paper bag. Opening the trap, he dumped the mouse inside the bag. This he quickly twisted up and placed on the bottom of the can. He poured a few tablespoonsful of ether on top of it, put on the lid, and went outside. I followed and saw him take a stick, dig a hole, and bury the can. Then he began wringing his hands and muttering. Soon he said:

"It was just like going to sleep, for that mouse." I left him early, without seeing the dogs.

A year afterward I went to a German

shepherd-dog specialty show in New York and saw Chase gawking at a beautiful wolf-gray animal from the edge of the judging ring. His nostrils were quivering and tear drops hung on his eyelids. I avoided him.

I learned several months later that he had gone back to the university town, had married, and was working on a newspaper of yellow reputation. In the throes of newspaper work myself, I forgot him until one day an itinerant copy-reader brought word of him.

He told me that Chase, after waylaying and beating a man who sold laboratory animals by the bagful to the university medical school, had freed a dozen dogs and cats on a busy corner and got himself arrested. Again I forgot him. Then, in the Summer of 1927, I read a telegraph sob story saying a big-hearted reporter named Chase had hanged himself because he let a dog die at the bottom of a well. I remembered his vaporings over the beer at Jake's, and thought what an ass he must have been. Back in the home-town for vacation two months afterward I talked to Chase's widow and his aunt. The old woman gave me a note he had left addressed to me in her care, and from it and their conversation I pieced together the circumstances that preceded his taking-off.

## II

On the morning of the day Chase killed himself his wife heard him scream: "Oh Christ! Can it get any hotter?" He was shingling his new kennel house that a saw-and-hatchet carpenter had slapped together. Two months before he had sold his mortgages and bought a place in the country, so he could raise more dogs than the city ordinances permitted. What he got was two acres of mud and wild dewberry plants, a jerry-built Dutch colonial house and a garage in the middle of it, and a shallow well under the back porch.

Lucky his wife had made the real estate man guarantee an adequate supply of run-

ning water, for the well went dry in two weeks and a pipe had to be sunk a hundred feet deeper before water came. The dry well filled up again, around the pipe. A hick carpenter replaced the porch over the well at a dozen crazy angles, and it irked Chase, along with the well-digger's mud and rock, and the heap of cinders from the drill engine that were still in the way. He'd never be able to clean up the damned place and paint the house.

And that driveway! The previous occupant of the place had worn two roads over the ragged lawn, and then started a third which Chase tried to improve. He carried topsoil from the woods to cover the ingrown cinders of the first, and hired a farmhand to plow away the ugliness of the second. The hayseed hadn't shown up, and on the third driveway Chase broke a borrowed sledge trying to crack rock, so he quit. He tried to console himself with the thought of a truckload of cinders in the Fall, when he could afford it. And he'd have the whole place plowed and harrowed for grass too.

Beating away the flies from his head, he ran to the house for a cigarette. He ran all the time now, with one week of his vacation already gone. He'd got into the habit of hurry to get over the anxious feeling that always hit him when he thought of the dogs, cooped up inside the kennel and the sun beating on it. There were no wire pens for the dogs to run in outside, because he couldn't pay a carpenter, and he was afraid of botching the job by himself.

His wife let the dogs out to run twice a day. She had to watch them every second for fear of strays coming up the lane; the thought of distemper and rabies terrorized Chase, and there was no place in the weekly budget for a fence around the place until September.

First the woman turned out a grave old Airedale bitch they had bought, just as a companion, when they were married. Then a runty little fox-terrier they had got stung on by a kennel in New Jersey, but had come

to like so for her beady eyes and meddlesome nature that they wouldn't sell her. Daisy, a wire fox-terrier brood bitch, came out next, and last her four cobby pups.

Daisy, to a dog nut like Chase, was royalty. He had starved himself at lunch times the Winter before so he could buy her. For the price he paid the sales kennel threw in a service to a champion sire, who was in turn son to an international champion. Daisy herself was a champion's daughter, and she had won firsts at Cleveland and small-town dog shows in the State. Chase, in his suicide note, described her as "a bit overlong for the standard of her breed. She has a splendid head, a narrow chest, small well-set ears, and eyes of the deepest darkness from which she defies the world with what I call the eagle look. She seems to have no feet, but merely knuckles, and she walks with the mincing dainty gait that only first-rate dogs and women possess. I love her for a hellion. She tore a nostril off my Airedale the minute I uncraated her. But gentle with people? Jesus Christ—I!"

When her pups were born in "black-berry Winter," a late Spring throw-back to cold weather when the fruit bushes were in bloom, Chase slaved beside the bitch a whole night, helping her whelp. Next day, when she began providing the pups with food, he tested her milk with litmus and found it acid, and he began the long ordeal of pumping her breasts dry. Meanwhile his wife kept the puppies alive for three days with artificial feedings from an eyedropper, until finally the bitch's milk tested alkaline, and the pups were put to her.

The firstborn puppy was the best of the four. Chase called him Cocky Cossack, with Trigger as an everyday kennel name. The dog stood with head erect and tail flying—both ends up, Chase called it—, bore a wealth of whisker and a hard coat, and in motion suggested a gay and impudent horseman. A black splotch around one eye and a ring at the root of his tail accentuated his cockiness. He buffaloed

the other pups like a corporal, and was always on the lookout for a fight. A kennel man saw Trigger and offered three hundred dollars for him. Chase, after long pondering, decided to keep the puppy, sell the other three at four months, and use the cash to turn Trigger into a stud dog.

### III

The other dogs had been exercised, and it was time to let the pups out now, to run. He called his wife, and watched the four go tumbling after her down the hill. Back to his shingles and litter of chips again. He lit a cigarette, but it turned vile under the sun. Chase spat and ground the butt out with his foot. The flies grew worse; he found a tick crawling up his shirt. A shingle-nail went through his rubber-soled basketball shoe. "Like me," he frowned, "to wear things like these and get lock-jaw!"

A brat on the adjoining place began inanely to call, "Hello, Mister Chase! Hello, Mister Chase!" with cruel regularity. Rage and exasperation seized him. He'd kill her if she was his kid, by God! If he ever had any, he'd send 'em away to school and keep 'em out of sight forever.

The dogs inside the kennel, panting hot, saw the pups in the distance playing about Mrs. Chase and set up a jealous howling. Sweat oozed through Chase's shoes, it trickled down his arms and soaked the imitation leather strap of his wrist-watch. He stood off from the job and saw his whole last row of shingles nailed up out of true. Never able to do things right! He tore and clawed at the shingles until he had the whole row down in splinters. He wanted to tear his hair and bite himself, but the neighbor brat'd think he was crazy. He ran into the house. His wife came in and tried to soothe him.

"It's twelve," she said. "Have a glass of iced tea and a sandwich. No use punishing yourself out there. I'll let the pups play outside till after lunch."

Damn it, he didn't want iced tea; he

wanted beer. They'd been weeks making it for weather like this. He cracked ice, and poured warm beer over it into a pitcher. At table he fumed over his blundering carpentry. The beer he gulped didn't take the edge off as it did when he was tired out from the office.

"Goddam, look at us!" he moaned. "I get a jay carpenter to put up a kennel out of a hundred different kinds of scraps, and then we have to waste money on shingles to hide the holes and keep the dogs from freezing next Winter. There's not a damn joist or plank in the whole place that's square, and when I slam the door the whole cockeyed dumpshakes. It's lousy. My God, I wonder if anybody else gets swindled the way we do."

He stamped his feet under the table. A crazy impulse to kiss his wife seized him. He was sorry for his raving. He'd have to quit letting himself go like this, or he'd get nutty. After all, there were hundreds of places like his that looked worse; just give him time and he'd get it planted with flowers, and hang up a kennel sign on that post he'd bought at the roadhouse foreclosure, and Trigger would be a champion, and the stud fees would help pay for the raw meat and dog biscuit that now cut up his salary.

When he acted like this he knew his wife thought he was a fool. Still, she knew he was just a kid, barely out of college when she married him. She knew he had ambitions and didn't know how to realize them. He was clumsy and impractical, and didn't know how to take care of himself as a man. He was always doing things half cocked. Sometimes he acted so funny he was inhuman. And he seemed to make enemies of people instead of friends. He was too suspicious of everybody, that was it. Maybe it was New York that got him that way, broke and out of a job and knowing nobody. Haunting newspaper offices and publishing houses, getting promises and "Have a cigarette?", but never the work in the big town that he wanted. Still, it was all over; he had a fairly good

job. Why the hell couldn't he feel safe and easy? He was raving again, about dirty chinwhiskered yokels.

"There's the clown who was going to fix my road. He never came 'round again. Old Man Jensen brought the lumber for the bookshelves in April, and we haven't seen him since. That sap Dutchwoman never came back to help you wash the woodwork. It's hot as hammered hell, and the house is full of flies, and I can't finish the screens because that other dumb rube didn't bring back my tools. If it wasn't for the dogs and the mortgages and forfeiting the down payment on the place I'd go back to town."

These country yaps got him wild. On the other side of the big road people had no trouble getting help because they had money. And most of the big houses had English or Jap servants. Over here it was different; the jays stagnated on their dirt plots, and there were no coons. There were half-witted boys from the asylum, but they usually worked a half-hour and then ran off. Why, a man had to live out here a lifetime to get any work done. The hell with 'em all! He'd show the world if he ever got money enough to hire a German.

A low moaning, as if from far off, struck him suddenly dumb. Why hadn't he had sense enough to shut up? Every time he got to yelling about his luck something awful happened. Chase kicked his chair back and ran to the porch. The moaning came from beneath him. The well!

Over against the kennel were three heat-weary pups trying to find shade. Only three: the lanky one called Parson, the little bitch pup, and the fat one. Chase went sick as death. Trigger, king of them all, his pup with the makings of a champion, his dog who'd make the ringside thrill at a hundred shows, gone from the sunlight and its thousand adventures, and drowning at the bottom of a goddam hick well!

Chase kicked over the box that hid the electric pump, and snatched away the loose

boards that covered a hole big enough to let a man go through. The moans came stronger now; Trigger was getting over the shock of cold water. Chase could hear him paddling about. His wife hovered near, babbling. Chase menaced her with a board:

"Take the others inside the kennel. Wanta lose them too?"

He let himself through the hole. Rocks too slippery on the well sides. He ran for a flashlight. No good; all he could see was a tiny square of sunlight reflected in a black pool. Trigger began yelping, conscious that Chase was near.

"Keep up, old kid! We'll buck the swine yet," he called to the pup, and raced for a ball of chalkline he had been using at his shingling. He tied the line to a scrub bucket, and let it down. The line, rotten from lying in the sun and rain, broke. Chase banged at his temples with his fists.

"Trigger, Trigger, Trigger!" he cried, like a madman. Then a thought struck him. The hayseed firemen! They could get him out. He bawled at his wife. She fetched keys, got out their flivver, and sputtered off down the lane to the village.

Chase sprang inside the house and up to his room, where he grabbed a cluster of neckties. Back down to knot them together and tie them to a preserve kettle. He found a rock and beat a hole in the kettle's bottom, then lowered it into the well. The crazy knots of the neckties parted, and the kettle bumped, splashed, and sank. The yelping stopped, but the sound of paddling still came up.

Chase chilled despite the hot sun, and hugged himself. What the hell could he do now? He began to feel calm. Back on the next place an invalid sat under a wagon umbrella, watching him curiously. From the main highway a mile off came the subdued roar of trucks and tourist autos. Chase's calm gave way to grief. Fifty people, a hundred, maybe, but they couldn't help him. It'd take an hour to explain to the fools first. He hadn't felt this way even when his father died. The



old man had clutched at life too, but it was his time to go. The pup didn't have to go, but there wasn't half a chance for him now. Trigger yelped once, there was a glugging of water, and then quiet. Chase sat down.

## IV

The firemen came up the lane, with louts streaking after on bicycles and in flivvers. Chase went around front and beckoned listlessly. His wife came breathless and expectant up the drive.

"He's gone," said Chase, "but we'll have to get him out."

A ladder was made ready, and let through the well hole on a rope. Men held it while a garage mechanic clung to the rungs and was lowered. He called back for a hook, and said he saw the pup on the bottom. A rake was sent down instead.

Soon the mechanic came up with Trigger. Funny how the pup's corpse seemed blue. His wire hair was matted down by

the water, and he looked like a smooth instead of a wire terrier. Chase took him, icy cold and limp, with his little belly bloated. The man tried rolling him half-heartedly over a fruit jar. No good. Well, he could dry the pup off anyway. He bade his wife give the firemen a bottle of beer apiece. They drank, joking about their mission. A belated volunteer came up the hill.

"Why didn't ye blow the 'larm whistle?" he asked.

"Wa'n't no fire," answered the captain.

The firemen left. Chase wrapped Trigger in an old window curtain, and went over the knoll behind the kennel. He dug a deep hole, and fondled the bundle a moment before he buried it. He pounded rocks into the top of the grave, and went back to the house.

On the porch he stopped to right the pump cover, and heard his wife sobbing in the kitchen. He glanced next door. Against his neighbor's cherry tree stood a long, narrow extension ladder.

## ON THE LAM

BY DAVID PURROY

THE murder was done at 2 A.M. Three and a half hours later, the telephone bell's persistent clamor carried me out of bed and into the hall to shut it off. The caller informed me that my gin-mill keeper friend had just been taken down to headquarters for questioning, and that he knew, on good authority, that the police would be up to take me in tow within an hour. Thanking him, I hung up and proceeded to cogitate.

I was out of the Big House only seven months after having served a ten-spot. I had seen dozens of men framed and sent up for long jolts merely because they had records and lacked two or three ministers and a chief of police to corroborate their alibis. Knowing that, on account of my previous convictions, the average jury would believe me guilty of anything charged to me unless I could absolutely prove my innocence, and having no one who *could* prove I was at home, trying to write short stories, at the time of the murder, I realized that I was up against it. So I silently closed the front door, took one last, sadly reverent glance at the old homestead, and went—on the lam.

Experience had taught me that the racket was a sucker's game. I knew that the only persons operating it with a 99% chance of impunity were politicians, millionaires and revivalists. I was plainly unqualified to operate in such select circles, and so I had avoided all rackets and racketeers during my short-lived liberty, and wandered the straight and narrow. In consequence, as I now started out on the lam I found myself compelled to travel strictly on my own, for I hadn't even

any underworld connections. Thus handicapped, I decided to take refuge with a friend who lived in a large city nearby.

Pete, never a criminal, was out of work and in destitute circumstances. His wife, Bella, and their four young children looked wan and half-starved, but they welcomed me into their scantily furnished five-room flat with open arms. I saw at once that my rôle was to be that of the good provider, so I consulted with the helpless Pete about ways and means of quickly obtaining money. To this end he introduced me into Joey Fallon's speak-easy the same night.

Joey, a former racketeer who had served three short stretches, and for whom, due to the lately enacted and very rigid crime laws, another fall meant a life sentence, had quit as a racketeer, and lived on the proceeds of his highly questionable home brew and the rot-gut he sold at two drinks for a quarter. His place was full of thieves. In a little while, finding that we had several friends in common, he made me acquainted with a few of the better type of his customers, and I singled out one Red Curtin,—on the lam from Buffalo for a bungled stick-up,—as a likely partner in crime.

But Red had no worth-while jobs in sight, so his partner was called upon. The latter, named Slim, was a six-foot, sandy-haired Polish-Jew—a big, smiling, overgrown youngster, but an expert chauffeur, a quick thinker, and, as I later learned, one of the best and most reliable racket men I'd ever met. He smilingly suggested that we go out at once on a pirate cruise, a new wrinkle of his own.

With Slim at the helm of our pirate ship,

—his Buick sedan,—we cruised into the suburbs beyond the city's North Side. Running along a dimly lighted street at a crawling speed, Slim sighted a well-dressed prospect and pulled in to the curb about twenty feet beyond him. I alighted and called to the man, asking if he could direct us to a certain street, the name of which I mumbled. He walked toward me, asking the name of the street. When he came to within a few feet, I slipped out the .32 automatic that Joey had given me and told him to hop into the car. Bewildered, he obeyed, and Red lost no time in searching him as we shot away from the curb. Eight blocks had been traversed when I gave Slim the word. He pulled in to the curb on a dark street and we ejected the victim, minus about \$60 and a watch and chain, with orders to mount the steps of the house before which we'd stopped. As he obeyed, we shot away, cruised over to the East End, picked up a poorly clad Greek, and went through the same motions. Slim proved a shrewd judge in choosing the victim, for before we had turned the Greek loose to tear wildly up the street we had pried \$200 out of his money belt. Then we called it a night.

But the rent, a two-weeks' supply of groceries and some much-needed wearing apparel for myself and Pete's children quickly decreased my ready money to a very insignificant sum. Also, I was soon developing nerves. I slept on a cot in the front room. The flat was on the top floor of a two-story, rather dilapidated frame house. Between the shivery, ghostly creakings caused by the blasts of the wintry winds, and the slithering, pattering noises made by the mice above the ceiling, my hours of restful slumber were scant indeed. The delusions and fears of the hunted were beginning to work on me. I imagined that I had been traced, somehow or other, and at every sound, however slight, pictured the police either sneaking in upon me through the kitchen windows or bursting in through the roof.

My nights, until the milk-trucks rumbled

by the house to chase my fears, were hellish nightmares. The pistol I kept parked beneath my pillow, ever fondling it. But it brought me only slight consolation as I visioned myself outnumbered ten to one. I soon reached such a state that I'd slip out of bed and crawl to the window, gun in hand, ready to meet them. My stealthy glances into the street, and then into the questionable gloom of the dark back yard, would partly reassure me, and, dripping cold sweat, I'd climb back into bed, shivering. During all my months on the lam, the only nights passed in freedom from these nightmares were those which found me too paralyzed by rot-gut to be cognizant of my surroundings.

## II

With good tips as scarce as Jews at a K. K. K. pig-roast, we stuck-up a grocery store and confiscated the immense sum of \$60. But we were destined to descend to even lower levels. With the Buick laid in for repairs, Slim, ever a hustler, acquired a '26 Packard; but it was too "hot" to be used for a week or so, without a maximum chance of our engaging in a gun battle with the police. So, with the proverbial wolf creeping uncomfortably close to the door, we were forced to descend to petty larceny.

Slim and I would hire a taxi in the downtown section, and order the driver to take us to a street in the suburbs. Here, we'd step out of the cab on opposite sides, and I'd elevate the driver and order him into the cab, while Slim, confiscating his cap, would drive us about until I had finished searching the victim. We'd eject the cabby on a side street, drive ten or twelve blocks, abandon the cab, hail another a few blocks away, and, after being driven to the West End, go through the same motions. The highest any of these jobs netted us was \$40; the lowest, \$20. With Red and I alternating as Slim's companion, we continued until the Buick was eligible for work. Thus we plundered an average of

three cabs a night, to the tune of twenty-odd dollars apiece.

Pete reported that, in changing a twenty-dollar bill for him, the proprietor of an out-of-the-way grocery store had flashed a huge roll of bills. We went after that bank-roll the same night. The proprietor, a German, was behind the counter, and his clerk, a tall, awkward lad of about twenty, was at the desk when I entered. I ordered a pound of coffee as Red followed. The German returned with it just as the clerk asked what he could do for Red. "Get 'em up!" Red replied ferociously, whipping out his gun. The lad almost fainted; he was the most badly scared person I'd ever seen. The proprietor blinked and hesitatingly obeyed, but the lad's hands flew upward so quickly that he almost dislocated his arms.

In the back room, I made the two face the wall, and searched them while Red rifled the cash register. I locked the door behind me as I left, and as we eased away at low speed, mirth-provoking, lion-like roars in two languages rent the silence. In Joey's speak-easy, the huge bank-roll resolved itself into a bulky wad of bills, all of one-dollar denomination, save the lone twenty Pete had changed! It added up to \$120,—a piker's haul! But the wallet I'd taken from the clerk called forth the heartiest laugh I'd enjoyed in an age. Among other things, it contained the picture of a buxom dame of massive proportions, and a sheet of paper on which were two columns of neatly typed words and figures. On the one side, under the caption, "Venus de Milo," was listed the perfect woman's various measurements; on the other, the measurements of one Hilda. Hilda, it appeared, enjoyed an eight-inch advantage over the Venus de Milo in hips, six in waist, and several in neck, thighs and calves!

It hurt my professional pride to be compelled to operate on so meagre a scale. So I drowned my sorrows with rot-gut, and planned and planned for the big touch that would enable me to quit the racket

for good, and depart for safer climes. The city was none too safe for me, I knew; or perhaps it was only my nerves that convinced me that every policeman I passed, and especially the one on the beat that included Pete's flat, took a more than casual interest in my comings and goings. Whenever I walked the streets my hand had a firm grip on the automatic in my overcoat pocket. I longed for the big touch and the freedom and peace of mind it would bring me, much as a doomed man in the death-house longs for a commutation. But the few dollars I earned seemed ever possessed of wings, and the wolf was always hauntingly close to the door.

Then I met Dutch. He was introduced into Joey's place by Slim, who had worked with him a year or so previously. A big, raw-boned, heavy-featured man of thirty, he was just out of the pen after having served a year. Naturally, he was broke. So, though it appeared to me that he talked too freely,—that his boasting of the big tricks he had turned in Chi', Cleveland and 'Frisco was absolutely uncalled for,—we decided to accept him as a partner. After working with him on a number of lesser jobs, I became convinced that he was reliable.

Dutch was not a quick thinker. He could follow a set plan as long as things ran smoothly, but when something went awry he was lost. Big and businesslike, he stepped into a jewelry store. Red and I followed about ten seconds later, just as Slim eased the car around the corner, to pull up in front of the store. To my consternation, when I entered, I found Dutch standing statuelike in the center of the store, which was otherwise empty, while voices came to our ears from over the top of the eight-feet high, stained glass partition that enclosed the jeweler's office on the side. Leaping past Dutch as Red unwittingly slammed the door shut, I snapped, "That's where we want him, you dumb-bell!", and vaulted the counter. I had taken but two steps toward the office door when the proprietor, a huge Swiss,



emerged, six feet in front of me. I closed up the gap, and, with my rod close to right hip, snapped: "Up they go, big boy! Raise those hands!"

His hands crawled ceilingward. I knew his mind was elsewhere, and I was about to snap out directions to my partners when, from the corner of his mouth, the Swiss jabbered a few words in a foreign tongue. Sensing that it was an order of some kind, I swung him about with my left hand and shot him toward the office just as a terrible crash shattered the silence. Someone in the office had hurled a heavy object through the front plate glass window.

I yelled "Get the window!", shoved the Swiss into the office, and followed at his heels to cover him and a highly excited, dapper young fellow whose hands trembled upward at my command. A door slammed and a shot rang out! I stepped backward so as to command a view of both office and store. Red was alone in the store, headed, madly, for the door, his gun smoking. I knew, as I took in the panorama, that in his wrath he had tried to slug Dutch.

If Dutch hadn't become panic-stricken, the place would have been ours. But when lead starts to fly, especially in such a busy neighborhood, the wisest move is to leave the scene as quickly as possible. Still, I hated to leave after having gone so far, so I called to Red to clean out the display window. At that moment, however, Slim began blowing the horn; that meant that a limb of the law was in sight. Red glanced at the gathering throng, shrugged his shoulders, yelled "It's N. G. ! Let's go!" and disappeared through the door. Thoroughly angry now, I hurled a warning at the two victims that sent them scurrying to the extreme end of the office, leaped to the window, gathered up a tray of rings, and followed in Red's wake.

Red, holding the crowd at bay, leaped for the car at my appearance. Cries from behind warned me that the huge Swiss was at my heels. I fired two shots over his head and he executed a beautiful back-flip into the store. The approaching cop was a half

block to the rear as we leaped through the open back door of the car—and almost upon Dutch! Red emitted a roar and drew a bead on Dutch's forehead. I slammed his hand upward as we shot away from the curb, and the bullet ripped through the roof; but it took me several minutes to calm Red down.

There was no pursuit. A mile from the scene I ordered Slim to pull in to the curb. Red took the rest of the play out of my hands. Turning to Dutch, who was whining that he'd dashed out of the store to cover the outside, he snarled: "We should 'a' left you on the job, *dead!* Now," opening the door, "lope, you yellow-bellied skunk! And I hope I never see yer ugly pan again, 'cause I hate to waste lead!" Dutch went.

The tray of rings, worth a thousand dollars, eventually fetched only one hundred and fifty! I thereby received the initial lesson of a course that taught me that purloiners of diamonds and jewelry were suckers of the highest order, who slaved only to enrich the profiteering receivers of stolen goods,—the fences.

### III

I met Joey's sister Rose at a party in the Fallon flat, and for weeks thereafter cursed the fate that had made her Joey's sister. She was a beautiful natural blonde. Brought up in a den of thieves,—her brothers in and out of prisons, and her mother a Fagin and tipster for several mobs of racketeers,—she seemed quite untainted. Tall, well-proportioned, with beautiful gray-blue eyes, golden bobbed hair, and a cool, haughty carriage, she seemed as out of place among the painted dolls and the coarse-spoken, drunken racketeers as a nun in a Ziegfeld chorus. We soon became the best of friends and, though I'm far removed from the sheik type, I think she liked me from the start.

But thereby I incurred the animosity of Pete's mother, for she claimed that Rose was the property of her son Maurice, now

serving out a five-spot. She berated me as I had never before been berated; she told me she knew I wasn't in the city for my *health*, and finally worked herself into such a passion that she declared she'd fix me: even if she had to set the cops on my trail! She left, destined, so I surmised, for the nearest station house; and I followed in her wake a few minutes later, with bag and baggage, destined for the flat of a friend of Big House days.

Joey's place was raided by five strong arms of the law the following day. While they were battering down the double doors, the inmates beat a hasty retreat through the back windows, and sailed away over fences and through winding alleys to the accompaniment of a barrage of lead.

Soon afterward Joey's inamorata gave us a tip on a watchmaker. His office was on the first floor of what appeared to be a private house on the edge of the business section. In the basement, beneath the office, whose two large, curtained windows faced a busy street, was a restaurant. A traffic cop performed about sixty feet to the south, and a Police Department flivver, with a uniformed cop at the wheel, rested at the curb near him, as we pulled up in front of the office. To place the Greek watchmaker between us, and so guard against his hurling a watch through the window, Red was to enter first, leaving the door slightly ajar, walk to the other side of the victim and, at the propitious moment, give me the cue to enter.

Red went in. Two seconds later his head popped through the doorway and he beckoned for me to follow quickly. We sped into the back room, closed the door, and drew our rods just as the astonished Greek turned and started toward the front office. As his hands trembled upward, Red asked him for the combination of his safe. He shook his head and babbled something in broken English. Red repeated the question, only to elicit the same unintelligible response. Before I could intervene Red crashed the butt of his rod against the

Greek's temple. He swayed, but instead of falling, began to scream. Red threw him on the bed and I gagged him. As I tied his hands and feet, Red continued to beat him. Each time the steel gun-butt struck his head, the blood spattered over every object within two feet. This brutality was uncalled for, so I pushed Red aside, and hot words ensued. I finally prevailed upon him to examine the safe. He reported it locked. It was close to the Greek's usual closing time, so I extinguished the office lights and settled down to the task of reviving him.

Red, thoroughly disgusted, now began to display nervousness. He wanted to leave. It struck me queerly, but looking back on it at a later day I recalled it as the beginning of Red's losing his iron nerve. I told him to go ahead if he cared to, but that I was going to stay until I got what I was after, if it took all night. He sullenly consented to remain, but kept glancing nervously at the door while I questioned the reviving Greek. When I removed the gag, he babbled and gesticulated wildly with his bound hands. Finally, a word he dropped galvanized me into action. I gagged him again and sped to the safe. I gave a sharp, strong twist to the handle and—the door creaked open! Leaving the victim of all that unnecessary brutality moaning on the bed, we departed, a few minutes later, with slightly over \$500 in cash and a dozen of his most valuable watches, and were whisked away from the scene in the Packard.

Two weeks of heart-rending bad breaks followed, and I found myself broke, as usual, with the wolf uncomfortably close to the door. We missed a \$12,000 payroll twice, and a \$6000 coup of another sort. In desperate need of funds, we forsook the unprofitable quest for the elusive Big Touch, and stepped out to relieve a drug-store proprietor of his dinero. Red wasn't feeling any too well, so we left him outside as a lookout while Slim and I entered the store. The clerk, a six-foot, powerful young giant, stubbornly refused to elevate

at Slim's command. The latter dropped him unconscious to the floor with a sizzling left hook to the jaw, where the more brutal Red would have used his gun-butt. We corralled the dinero, all right, but Slim drove us home with one hand. That one punch had broken his wrist!

With Slim's hand in a plaster cast the following night, I sang my blues to Joey in his mother's flat. His mother and his sister Rose held a consultation in the bedroom and called me in. I almost fainted when the lovely and apparently innocent Rose blushing offered her services. Her mother insisted that she was as good a chauffeur as Slim and twice as reliable as any man. I wouldn't even consider the offer. No real racketeer would even think of actually working with a girl in the elevating racket. So Mrs. Fallon left the room to enlist the aid of Slim and Red. And Rose sat down alongside me and, placing her arm about my shoulder, pleaded with me to accept her services.

I won't try to depict the scene that followed, except to say that a mutual love was born at that moment. The argument that finally won me over to using Rose as our chauffeur was advanced by Red. He said that during the past week every traffic and motorcycle cop in the city, as well as a squad of bulls who toured about in fast cars, had received orders to stop and inspect all cars, at all hours, in which there were three or more male passengers. With a girl driver, he contended, we could slip by unnoticed, and so, he sarcastically ended, save the lives of a couple of dumb cops!

#### IV

We started another week by vainly trying to capture a construction company's \$8000 payroll. Rose proved an excellent chauffeur, ever cool and alert on even the most trying occasions, but her companionship failed to alter the course of the star of ill luck that still ruled our destinies. So, more or less heart-broken and much embarrassed financially, we stepped out and terrorized, first

the North End with a series of daylight store stick-ups, then the East End for several nights. A dozen or more store-keepers suffered, and we acquired about \$200 apiece. But when Mrs. Fallon reminded us that we'd acquire a like number of years if we were tripped up, we again settled down to hunting a *real* job.

What a world of truth there is in the old saying that "Easy money flies"! The following week found me broke again. And I couldn't help thinking, as my third month on the lam drew to a close, that the more I saw of the game, the more convinced I became that it was a chump's racket. We talked incessantly of grands and big touches that would put us on Easy Street, but we always counted our meagre rolls in plain dollars and cents. The big touch, the easy money, was a myth; the law was a grim reality! I now wonder why it never occurred to me to try working at a legitimate job during those lean days. The money I made disappeared so quickly, though, that I suppose legitimate earnings would have done likewise.

One night the bulls broke into Joey's place again in search of me. With the place completely surrounded, none escaped. Joey was arrested, but turned loose after he had paid the necessary hush money. He reported that, in Headquarters, he had seen several photographs of me. Under the caption, "Wanted for Murder," circulars gave the added information that I was thought to be in the immediate vicinity!

Joey advised me to leave town for awhile. The still, small voice of prudence did likewise. Rose, too, half-heartedly urged me to leave, but she, with her wondrous charms, unwittingly held me there. So I finally decided to remain, and be as cautious as possible in the future, venturing forth only in the night time, and then, when no jobs were scheduled, only as far as the Fallon flat.

Acting on a tip from a Jewish broker, we went out after a Greek gambling joint downtown. At 3 A.M. Rose pulled in to the curb several doors away, and Slim, Red and

I parked ourselves in the vestibule, directly beneath which was the iron basement door that led to the parlor of chance. Some patrons put in an appearance a few minutes later, five strong. Unexpectedly, one of the more curious among them spotted us and his suspicions were aroused. Red grew faint-hearted and suggested that we leave. But Slim, ever a quick thinker, started floundering around, feigning intoxication, and blubbering loudly that "she" *must* live here; that he was sure it was the right address, and if she didn't answer the bell soon he'd fix her. So I pretended to ring the bell.

Following a hasty, whispered consultation, and the five, seemingly reassured, disappeared under the stoop. After an interminable wait we heard the grating of the iron door. We leaped into action, and none too soon. I crashed against the door just as the last late arrival had disappeared within. The proprietor, startled at sight of my rod, swung the door in a frenzy of terror, but my foot prevented its closing. Slim's rod went past my head, through the aperture, and stopped, unwavering, within an inch of the proprietor's startled eyes. We entered, without having uttered a word.

They were a desperate crowd. Twenty strong, they were huddled around two large card-tables in the small front room. They had to be terrified into elevating. Only after Slim had dropped two of them with blows from his gun-butt, and I had given my solemn promise to drive two or three particular vest buttons through to several particular spines, did they reluctantly edge up their hands. A fear-inspiring sea of scowling, wrathful faces. Unable to line them up facing the wall, due to the lack of space, Red weaved amongst them, —rather nervously, was my angry thought as I caught his actions out of the corner of my eye,—searching them.

Of late I had been noting Red's increasing jumpiness on the job. Was it possible, I wondered, that he was losing his iron nerve? But I was too busy to follow closely

his frisking activities as I joked with a florid Greek and caused a twinkle of amusement to light in the wicked eyes that a moment before had burned wildly—*too* wildly. Then I caught a flutter of action in the hall and coughed to let Rose know that I had correctly interpreted her sign that the lumbering limb of the law had floundered unsuspectingly past the house on his hourly round.

Except for the moans of the two victims on the floor, there was a minimum of sound. Red broke the silence with a nervous, "All set. Let's ramble!" Astonished, I told him to collect the six watches whose chains were in plain view. Mumbling, he complied, and left while Slim and I imparted the usual warnings. We then slipped through the hall, leaped through the car's open back door, and were silently whisked away.

Only \$800 and a lot of white elephant jewelry! That's what we found, on the split up, in the Fallon flat. The tip had been for \$3000, and many good diamonds, so we crossed the Jewish broker off our list. Slim met him the following afternoon and returned to the flat in a rage. The broker had met one of the victims that afternoon, and learned that Red had overlooked at least *six* thousand dollars—three five hundreds in a watch pocket, eighteen hundred in a wallet, two thousand in a money-belt, and so on. And one of the Greeks had had a *revolver concealed under his armpit!*

I succeeded in cooling Slim down before Red put in an appearance. Otherwise, the "Wanted for Murder" list would surely have been increased by one. Red merely shrugged his shoulders and looked at me rather hopelessly when the hot words ceased. Slim, scowling, had been reading a newspaper while I berated Red. When I concluded, he cut a square piece out of the paper, handed it to Red, flung on his hat and overcoat, and slammed out of the house. Red tried to explain to me that his inamorata, Bella, was at the bottom of it; that her continual nagging had unnerved



him; that he'd cut her out. But though I loved him as a partner, I just couldn't forget his having overlooked the gun, and so I told him that we had come to the parting of the ways. His head drooping dejectedly, he left. I picked up the square of paper he had thrown on the table after reading it. It was a want ad calling for the services of hod-carriers at \$4 a day!

We had a party in the Fallon flat a few nights later. In the midst of it, a lad from a candy-store across the street entered to announce that I was wanted on the telephone. A woman's voice (Pete's mother) informed me that Pete had been arrested for assault and battery, and warned me that if I didn't get him a lawyer and see to it that he was immediately released on bail, I'd better watch my step. None too sober, and recalling certain attempts to bring about my apprehension, I told her that, for my part, both she and Pete could immediately descend to torrid climes, banged the receiver back on the hook, returned to the party, and, a few minutes later had entirely forgotten the call.

## V

The following night Slim and a newly acquired partner left the Fallon flat to look over a certain bootlegger's mansion which we expected to raid. A few young fellows came in to see Rose's sisters, and we started drinking and dancing. A bare half hour after my partners had departed, Rose left the front room to fetch another bottle from the kitchen. A moment later she sped breathlessly through the bedroom and, coming to a halt in the doorway of the front room, sobbed: "The bulls, Johnny, the bulls! Quick!"

I leaped out of the rocking chair, took one hasty step toward my overcoat at the extreme end of the room,—in which was my trusty automatic,—and stopped dead in my tracks, transfixed. The blue-steel barrels of two ugly-looking rods menaced me from over Rose's shoulders. I slumped down in the chair again as the cops entered,

guns drawn, four strong. A big, blue-eyed, rusty-haired Irishman ordered me to my feet. As one of the others frisked me, he produced a circular and started to compare its photograph with my face, both full view and profile.

I knew I had changed greatly in the seven years since that picture had been taken. And so, as he frowned, I tried to bluff it out. I lied glibly for five minutes, told them I was so-and-so, lived at such an address, worked in the city. The huge Irishman still frowned. Another called his attention to the slight bump on the bridge of my nose, said they *had* to take me down for investigation. A wild thought entered my mind. Could I do it? I'd try. I begged them to call up my mother,—giving them the first number that popped into my mind,—to check up on me. With two of them gone to the store on the corner to telephone, I'd have a fighting chance. Innocently seeking a cigarette, I could manoeuvre to the overcoat, and then—then—"What did you say the address and 'phone number was, kid?" queried the youngest of the cops. I repeated them. He smiled grimly. "The address is uptown, Chief, and the party 'phone number down around the East End. 'Cuff him!"

I thought rapidly. There was a chance,—one in a hundred. I tried to steel myself to take it, as the chief fumbled with the handcuffs. Their rods were out of sight. Thinking wildly, I broke out in a cold sweat. If only—no! I wilted. It was too impossible. There wasn't a chance. It was suicide. I couldn't see it through. I lacked—did I lack the nerve? No, no; it wasn't that,—it *couldn't* be that. As soon as I grabbed the overcoat they'd grab the pockets.

I stumbled to the chair alongside of me and picked up the overcoat of one of the young lads. No rod in that. I'd at least beat *that* rap. Two bulls leaped forward, grabbed the pockets. I knew it! I started to put it on, with four pairs of suspicious eyes on me. But why was Rose leaving the room? I wondered. No, she wasn't. She'd

stopped. She glanced wildly at me. I prayed inwardly. Her beautiful hand went out, found the rod in my overcoat pocket. Turning, she whipped it out. I stared wildly, undecided. A bull, noting my glance, turned, paled, yelled a warning. Rose tugged and tugged and tugged at the trigger. She whimpered; she cried. I tried to yell "The safety!"—lacked the nerve. Two bulls leaped forward, slammed her arm upward, grabbed the rod. Rose's ignorance,—her knowing nothing about the safety catch on an automatic,—had saved their lives!

She broke away from the bulls; flung herself in my arms, sobbing. The bulls huddled together in consultation. "Take

her down, the damn hussy!" growled one. Pushing Rose gently aside, I took the Irish chief aside. I pleaded as I had never thought to plead with any living man. She was my wife, I told him; that this fall meant, probably, the chair for me; that her brother Joey had just been taken from her, and that seeing me going in almost the same way had been too much for her. He smiled sadly. As I changed overcoats, he grinned. "It's okay with me, son. I'll give her a break. Let's go!" I thanked him with my eyes and turned to Rose. They had to pry her out of my arms.

Cuffed, with Rose's heart-rending sobs ringing in my ears, and a curse on Pete's mother in my heart, I went—off the lam!

## ROBIN HOOD IS HANGED

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

A BUNCH of the boys—and girls—were whooping it up in the Pistol Hill roadhouse which, not so long ago, stood midway between the cities of Herrin and Marion in the barony of Egypt, Southern Illinois, adjacent to the Missouri and Kentucky borders.

There was draft beer flowing from the spigots; there was bottled beer in big ice-boxes behind the bar; there was bum Scotch and even bumper rye lined in containers along the shelves; there were jars of corn liquor and port wine below the counter, ready to the bartenders' hands for the mixing of what is known as an Egyptian cocktail.

The bar itself was lined ten deep with miners from the Herrin field. The pits had been opened two months before and the debts incurred during the strike had been almost cleared off. So there was plenty of money being tossed across the mahogany at Pistol Hill. Rough men and rough women; rough acting and rough drinking of the roughest sort of liquor. Off the big main room there opened two other smaller rooms. From one came voices whose pitch informed the listener that this must be the portion of the roadhouse reserved for "ladies," accompanied or unaccompanied. From the other came the crack of dice bounced against the wall—the only manner in which a wily Egyptian will ever shoot craps.

Truly a festive and merry scene in this the year Eight of the Prohibition era. As the poet once put it:

There's corn in Egypt;  
There's whisky in the jar.

The slot-machines were jingling and

the mechanical piano was doing its worst. The bartenders were working like ants. Suddenly, kicking the door open ahead of him, there marched on to the scene the eminent Charley Birger, Baron of Egypt, and America's own Robin Hood.

Did the noise and the hilarity, the guzzling and the dice game all halt in terror? Did the ladies in the backroom, whispering lies of love to drunken miners, squeal their fear as the Baron's silver spurs clanked on the wooden floor? Did the bartenders duck before the rifle that he carried carelessly but ominously under his leather jacketed arm? Did Bob, the boss, make a dive for his bankroll, carried on his hip, in an effort to conceal it from the King of Three Borders?

Everybody should have done these several things. But it has to be recorded that nobody did. Instead a joyous shout went up from almost every throat, male and female.

"Hey, Charley!"

The Baron stood there a moment, on his face a frank smile of pleasure at the welcome. Booted and peculiarly spurred he was, as always when he rode through his domain of Egypt, never knowing whether he was out for a fight or a frolic, but ready for both. A handsome man was Charley—he was hanged last April, God rest his soul! Murderer and all that he was, I consider myself privileged to have enjoyed his friendship, to have walked and talked with him, and to have learned something of what was inside such a man.

Well, there he stood on the sanded floor, a medium-sized, wiry man in his early forties, but not looking a day over thirty.

He was dressed, as always, in a soft brown leather coat and riding breeches. These latter were made for him by one of Chicago's best tailors, and did credit to both cutter and wearer. A leather hunting-cap perched on his thick black hair. Brightly polished yellow army boots and jingling, sparkling spurs completed his romantic make-up.

Charley was a ringer for Tom Mix, as I remember Tom Mix a dozen years ago. He was a full-blooded Jew but had hardly any of the Semitic facial characteristics outside of the nose, and that was more Roman than Israelite. He had come up—if the word "up" may be used—from the East Side of New York, a peddler's son. From an enlistment in the United States cavalry, which had concluded with a sergeantcy, he had passed into an apprenticeship with Egan's Rats, once a far-famed East St. Louis gang.

Concluding that service, he had hired out as a gunman to the forces opposing the dictatorship of the Ku Klux Klan in the bloody Herrin riots. Charley rendered good service on this job. But suddenly the opportunity that the Anti-Saloon League had opened up for bright young killers cleared before his eyes like the morning's glory.

He would be King of Egypt, he would. And so concluding, with a revolver on each hip and his rifle under his arm, he became a monarch over night. And he held his sceptre, despite long and bloody conflicts with the gangs that unsuccessfully dared his might, until a clever lawyer and a wily sheriff talked him into a net which changed into a hempen rope, a six foot drop, and a meeting with the angels.

## II

Through the doors of the Pistol Hill saloon behind their leader, streamed the Baron's army, a score of ragged boys; wild-eyed and the majority of them more than half drunk. Other chroniclers have called Charley a dope fiend. One of these who was

sent to interview him for a nickel magazine never went nearer to him than twenty miles. At that safe distance he crudely revamped the story of an encounter between Charley and myself which had appeared over my signature in the *Baltimore Sun*, adding, as his only piece of originality, his conclusion that the Baron was not only "a sniffer" himself, but also fed coke to his army.

"Seems you told this guy the same things you told me," I observed to the Baron the first time I ran into him after the publication of the article.

"Why, I've been laying for you for months about that coke stuff," he replied. "I thought you wrote that story. It was all about what you and I did except the sniffing part."

I explained the mysteries of the re-writing art.

"Well, I heard that bird was in town, now you remind me," said Charley, "but he never came nearer to me than Harrisburg. I've been blaming you and Doc Dwyer of the *Chicago Tribune* for feeding him that stuff. You and the Doc know I stop short at hard drinking. All I can say is, that baby had better keep out of Egypt as long as my trigger finger is working."

As far as I was able to judge, the Baron actually confined the pepping up of his troops to plenteous rations of corn liquor. They had all they wanted at any time they wanted it, and any person who knows anything about the corn of Egypt is well aware that enough of it will make a man or boy ready and willing to step up to a man-eating tiger and attempt to pull out its toe nails.

But back to Pistol Hill.

Behind their chief the ragged boy-army stood waiting the order to either break and join the merrymakers or line against the wall and cock their guns. It was all up to Charley. The crowd of miners and lights of love had sensed something now, and stared in wonder. Surely the Baron and Bob, the boss, were buddies? There could hardly be any killing here, as there was



last week at Carbondale or the week before at Stebbins' roadhouse near Cairo!

Robin Hood, with his rifle still hanging loosely under his arm, pushed slowly through the mob, which made way for him as he came. Now he stood before the keeper of the roadhouse. The bandit grinned and the boss grinned—and then the crowd grinned, but nervously. They weren't quite sure of things yet.

"Got it, Bob?" asked the Baron, leaning now on the mahogany.

"Sure thing, Charley," replied Bob. And with that he yanked the roll from his hip and passed it over. Charley tossed it into his own pocket without giving it a second look.

"Line up, boys and girls," he shouted, lifting his rifle in the air and banging the butt on the bar, "Charley Birger's buying."

And so the miners and their ladies and the troopers foregathered for a riotous half hour, paid for with almost half of the wad of bills which the boss had handed over—his tithe to Robin Hood. The contribution had to be made weekly if the Pistol Hill roadhouse was to continue—and if its boss and its bartenders and in all probability most of its customers wanted to remain alive.

Pleasant moments pass speedily and all too soon Charley's gun butt again rattled on the bar.

"Let's go!" he shouted to his army.

So the soldiers, drunker, more reckless, and about five times as dangerous as when they came into Bob's place, mounted their cars and were off—to the next place on the collection list. Another party or another killing—what did they care? High-powered engines roared in "hot"—which means stolen—cars. Cut-outs rattled like machine-guns. One soldier, a little drunker than the rest, and scheduled to suffer heavily for his lapse in the morning, fired a bullet into nowhere at all. If it hit a man or a woman what matter? Wasn't Charley Birger Baron of Egypt and didn't sheriffs run like rabbits at his approach?

With the autos roaring a defiance to the three borders, Robin Hood finally drove off and Pistol Hill renewed its drinking, its dice game and its love-making, adding, for extra entertainment, hair-raising stories of the latest exploits of the Birger gang.

### III

I first met Robin Hood a day or so after the Shelton gang, his rivals for the booze-running rights and the saloon tithes of Egypt, had bombed his fortified country estate, "Shady Rest," from an airplane but had done no other damage than to kill an eagle and a bulldog, two of Charley's pets. I had been sent down by my paper to find out what all the shooting was about. At Marion, ten miles from "Shady Rest," I called up by telephone.

The call was answered by Art Newman, now doing a life term for complicity in the killing which brought about Charley's own doom. I explained that I wanted to get a story for the *Baltimore Sun* about the bombing.

"Sure you're not one of those — — — gangsters?" he asked.

I had to give a minute description of my personal appearance before I was told that I could come out. Before he hung up Art warned me again not to bring any gangsters with me.

A taxi driver drove me out along the fine concrete road and halted his car four hundred yards from the entrance to the Birger fortress.

"We can't drive any nearer and stop," he explained. "That's Charley's orders. If I was to stop the car in front and you'd start to get out you and I would be wearing angels' wings right away. But you're O.K. as long as they told you so. I'll wait for you here."

I walked on till I came to a lane entering a wood. At its end, a quarter of a mile down the road, stood the fort, which I was to examine later. In front of me, twenty feet across the driveway, was a shed with the sign, "Barbecue," hanging

from it. Something wiggled behind the screen-door and as I drew unsuspectingly nearer I made it out as a machine-gun pointed straight at me. Now, when a man gets that close to one of those things all he can do is go ahead. Turning back is suicide. A voice pulled me out of a blue funk.

"I guess you're the guy, all right. Come on in. The nose is down."

As I moved on I noticed that I had company. On both sides of me men walked with me who had appeared noiselessly from the bushes on either side. I have said they were men, but rather they were boys. They wore bullet-proof jackets and they were armed with Thompson machine-guns.

"You got to be careful," observed Mr. Newman as he greeted me with a hearty handshake, "what with all these — — — gangsters around here trying to blow a few decent quiet bootleggers to Hell and gone."

I found myself in a large room down the center of which ran a bar behind which a young Negro with one eye shot out was busy serving whisky to a group of armed youngsters who had apparently just come off guard. The wooden sides of the place were about four feet high. Above them came a wire screen which ran to the roof. All round the floor and resting against the walls were steel plates.

"The — — — might try to shoot us up any time," explained Mr. Newman after he had given me a drink of excellent liquor. "That's why we got the plates. We keep our best shots in here on duty all the time."

Robin Hood, I now learned, was out rabbit-hunting.

"Real rabbits," explained a boy gunman, "not the sort as is trying to blow us up."

Presently the Baron came in—all in leather as usual, but without his spurs. Under his arm he carried a sporting rifle instead of the army gun he affected when in the field. He came forward and greeted me like one gentleman bidding another

welcome to his club. In the barbecue stand there was now gathered together Charley, his chief lieutenant, Connie Ritter, Art Newman and nine troopers. Of this dozen, Charley and two others have now been hanged; Newman and three more are serving life terms, and four others are in prison for periods running from ten to twenty-five years. The only one of my amiable hosts who remains at large today is Connie Ritter, a ne'er-do-well scion of one of Egypt's best and oldest families. He is hiding somewhere with a price on his head.

After another round of drinks Charley took me on an inspection trip. Standing on the road between the barbecue stand and the fort was an armored car, equipped like a tank with gun slits and firing chairs. The Baron opened a drawer beneath the floor and showed me a dozen high-powered rifles reposing there beside an ordered pile of packaged bullets. He was most affable and kind. The drinks had mellowed him, he was bursting with grievances, and we had found a common ground, being both ex-cavalrymen.

"Look at that pup," he said pointing to the dead body of a pure-bred bulldog which lay beside that of a large eagle. "Believe me, if I had known what I know now I'd have shot the Sheltons out of Egypt."

"What do you mean, what you know now?" I asked.

"Why, that the juice was no good," he replied. It appeared that he referred to the nitro-glycerine that had been put in the bombs. "I knew all the time they had a stock of it and that's what kept me away from them. But here they come along in an airplane and drop duds all over the place. One hit the roof and made the sort of a hole a rat would. Another lit right over there"—he pointed at a hole about six inches deep—"and you can see all the harm it did. Yes, sir, if I had known that glycerine was on the fritz, I'd just have driven over to the Shelton joint in my armored car and naturally filled them and

the joint full of bullets. But all the time I'd been afraid of that juice! Say, you ought to see that armored car in action!"

"It's not too late now, as long as war has been declared," I observed.

"The hell it isn't! They've skipped clean out. That's why they're using an airplane."

"Well, if they're gone why keep the guard on duty and the steel plates in the barbecue stand?"

"I see you know nothing about this sort of fighting. They've still got that airplane and I didn't build this fort with flying-machines in mind. So I did a foolish thing in cutting all the trees down that were around. So it stands out for a flyer like St. Paul's Cathedral in London did for the Germans. That's why I backed the boys down to the barbecue stand, which can't be spotted from above. I keep the plates and the guns there because the Sheltons are hiding in East St. Louis, and it would be just like them to come driving along the road in the dusk and pour a few hundred shots into the stand and then come on and put a match to the fort."

The road that Robin Hood referred to, —it was just four hundred feet from where we stood—was the main highway between Chicago and the South, and was being traversed as we talked by peaceable citizens—who had voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and thus brought the Birgers into being—whizzing past at the rate of about three automobiles a minute.

In the main room of the fort was a rifle-rack, filled. Along the walls were gun slits for offensive and defensive warfare. Downstairs in the cellar was a complete bottling outfit for beer and whiskey.

"We blend it right here," Robin Hood explained to me. "We bring over the alcohol from St. Louis in the armored car. Sometimes we don't have to bring it. We just get tipped off that some wise guy thinks he can smuggle a load through to Chicago without seeing me about it. Well, he tries it and we get the alcohol. He's lucky if that's all that happens to him.

Then we bottle and label the stuff and deliver it to the customers. The folks around here are satisfied. If the Sheltons were out of here this would be just as peaceable a spot as you'd like to lay your eye on. I'd have a nice quiet business and there wouldn't be any killings at all worth mentioning."

"What do the Sheltons do, buck you?" I asked.

"Not so much," he replied. "You see, I have things organized pretty well. The boys that sell know they've got to buy from me or else—" he paused and laughed. "And those that don't buy from me get the chance to cut me in. They can do one thing or the other. If they don't, there just has to be trouble. Now, the Shelton boys aren't organized and don't give service like I do. They just light down on a man and take all he's got. Live and let live is my motto."

I started to say goodbye.

"Come round next Summer and see me in Harrisburg," he said as we shook hands. "Bring that old bum, Doc Dwyer, down with you. I like him, even if I don't like his newspaper. I've got a big farm and I'm going to build a swimming-pool. Plenty of good liquor and *not* made in my cellar. Imported stuff!"

#### IV

I promised I would, and I did come down to see him next Summer. But instead of sipping highballs with him on the edge of his swimming pool Doc Dwyer and I sat in a musty old courtroom and listened for ten days to the slowly progressing trial of Robin Hood on the charge of murdering a saloonkeeper who had refused to pay his tithes on liquor sales and crap games. And in the cool of one evening which could most conceivably have been spent visiting roadhouses with Charley in his powerful and expensive roadster we heard, instead, a judge tell him that he was to be hanged by the neck until dead "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

It was a tousle-headed country boy who brought about the downfall of Egypt's robber baron. Just a village lawyer of the sort they make into Governors, Senators and Presidents. Roy Martin had been State's attorney of Franklin county for several years before he succeeded in getting a strangle-hold on Charley Birger.

Martin could get no coöperation from the county sheriffs. Everybody was scared stiff of this buccaneer—except Martin himself, and he could not possibly do the thing alone. So he started in with guile, and as he was progressing slowly the county elections came along and he got a new deal in the matter of a sheriff in his own bailiwick—an ex-soldier who was willing to do what he was told.

The State's attorney had been quietly gathering in rear-rank privates in the Birger army, fellows of no consequence, so thought the Baron. They were jailed on all sorts of charges, from stealing automobiles to highway robbery. Birger gave the matter little if any consideration. But on each and every one of these misguided boys Lawyer Martin went to work, gathering a little here and a little there, and building up his case against Robin Hood.

And then Charley made his greatest error. A saloonkeeper and crap game operator who was also mayor of the town he lived in refused to come across with the tithe. Birger, busy with the Shelton feud, ordered two of his soldiers, who were brothers, to kill this man. This they did, pumping the necessary bullets into Joe Adams of West City on a Sunday afternoon. Just another killing, but the tactical error lay in the fact that West City is a suburb of Benton, the State's attorney's own home.

A coronor's jury was summoned and, as in the case of all similar killings over the length and breadth of Egypt since Birger had become its over-lord, it seemed certain that a verdict against "an unknown person" would be brought in. But that jury was sitting in Roy Martin's own home and he sat with it, not once but four times

before he got it into the state of mind that he was in himself. Finally it named Birger.

Meanwhile, with the slender clue that the killers were brothers, Martin went through the Birger army that he had scattered around the jails of the county and lit on a boy called Thommason, a pink-cheeked country lad whose brother had been burned to death a few days after the killing, when Robin Hood's enemies had finally penetrated his guard and had put the torch to the fortress, "Shady Rest."

Thommason confessed to the killing of Joe Adams and said that his brother had been with him at the time. Instead of publishing the facts and gaining a temporary credit for good sleuthing Martin kept the whole thing quiet and sent his sheriff, Jim Pritchard, to arrest Charley Birger on the charge of being a party to the killing. This was a joke to Robin Hood. He was positive he could beat that charge, for he knew nothing of the confession. Replying to the sheriff's telephone call to surrender, he said he would if he could come in with his machine-gun.

"Why not, Charley?" answered the sheriff. "I don't think there's anything to this."

And so Charley stepped blithely into jail with his weapon ready to his hand and stayed up all that night playing poker with the sheriff and his deputies. These fellows had a job to do over and above the card game, and that was to convince the Baron that the case against him was a lot of what is termed hooey. How well they succeeded is shown in the fact that Charley went with them to court next morning—and left his trusty machine-gun behind.

There they had him in their net. With forty deputies gathered around him where only one had stood as court opened, Robin Hood was nabbed—and stayed so till he swung last April. Other Birger soldiers had added their confessions to those of the slayer of Adams, and State's Attorney Martin went into court with an open and shut case.



## V

I think it was Judge Miller's announcement that Reuben Rotramelle would guard the jury that first tossed my train of thought back into the Middle Ages. It was dusk outside and it was getting darker inside that bare high-ceilinged courtroom every moment.

The dingy place was packed with washed and unwashed Egyptians, the latter in the great majority. They had gathered there to see their erstwhile overlord tried for murder.

There is a Rotramelle in the Domesday Book. A Rotramelle sent his minstrel wandering over Europe, playing Richard Coeur de Lion's favorite ditty under prison walls until he finally found the English king. A Rotramelle carried the hunchback monarch's shield at Bosworth. The breed has died out in the Old Country, but here it was again in an Illinois country courtroom in the person of a fine old white-haired man guarding the arbiters of the fate of the New World's Robin Hood!

And Robin Hood himself—he didn't seem to give a whoop in Hell what happened. He and the judge were the two best-dressed men in court. They were the aristocrats of the entire proceedings. So would the King of Sherwood Forest have appeared before the Lord of Nottingham if the original Robin Hood had ever been

caught. Two gentlemen arranging an unpleasant business in the necessary presence of middle-class squires, low-bred yeomen and a mob of serfs and vassals. That's the picture one got from reading about one robber baron and associating with the other.

They hanged Charley on a sunny morning in the presence of more than a thousand people. That barbaric touch went back also to the early Middle Ages. They thronged from all over Egypt to watch his last moments. And as was to be expected from the reincarnation of Robin Hood, he gave them a good show. He marched through a lane of gaping countrymen, shaking a hand here, waving a farewell there. And he went up the steps to the gallows with a smile on his face that no man who saw it could call forced.

It took more than ten minutes to get him ready for the drop. His nerve stood with him till the end. I am writing no brief for Charley but if it had not been for the Anti-Saloon League, which first opened up for him the opportunities which he took, he would in all probability be today an excellent and highly prized top-sergeant of cavalry.

"I'd have gone back to the outfit if it hadn't been for this easy grift," he once told me. "The one mistake I made was in not having had them make me a Prohibition agent. They could never have touched me then."

## THE MOVIES TRY TO TALK

BY ROBERT F. SISK

THAT art referred to so often as the silent one—motion pictures—seems to be in considerable danger of losing its character. From the time the firm of Warner Brothers first consorted with the Vitaphone device for the synchronization of sound with pictures, the moguls of the industry have paid close and eager attention to the new invention, and now their interest has reached so rabid a point that the major portion of the film business is determined to make its pictures talk. The Warners have already released three films which do this trick—"Tenderloin," "Glorious Betsy," and "The Lion and the Mouse." In the former there is the shriek of a lady about to be attacked. Her cry is, "No, not that!" The first-night audience in New York tittered, but the magnates are undismayed. In the studios of William Fox the talking news-reel has been a regular thing for over a year. Such events as Lindbergh's take-off on his European flight, with the accompanying noises, have thrilled audiences from coast to coast. Short films, depicting Beatrice Lillie, Raquel Meller, Robert Benchley and other such diverters of the public mind in the act of being dramatic, have been regularly released. All these have been experiments. Now a rush of talking films is on us, and it will be the first stage of a revolution which is going to do either one of two things—remake the movie industry or ruin it.

With almost the unanimity of Pennsylvania Republicans the film boys have agreed to make talking films. Most of them are using the Western Electric Company's device, the Movietone; a few are

to use the Radio Corporation's, the Photophone. Thus it will be common, before long, to show a movie actor in the thrilling process of audible love-making and we shall hear both the sighs of the lady and the snorts of the gentleman as their passion increases. All this, of course, will be a Great Step Forward.

The reason why the moguls of the films are thus going hot-foot after talking devices is that they need something to fill the great number of vacant seats in their cinema palaces. These palaces, as everyone knows, exist in all sections of the land, and have, in addition to highly polite, bend-from-the-belly ushers, a great many pews, and hence a pressing need for reliable box-office attractions. Films in themselves, it has been proved, no longer serve to attract the morons in sufficient numbers. Having built all the new theatres to market their own product, the great operators have discovered (or they will before long) that they can't make films on a factory basis and turn out anything capable of bringing in throngs. Only one firm, the United Artists, produces as few as fifteen pictures a year. Mr. Zukor's company, the Paramount, turns out about seventy-five, and believe it or not, some of them aren't so good. The same thing goes for the other big firms, the Metro and the First National. To offset the deficiency in quality and drawing power the Hollywood master-minds have been putting great orchestras into their cathedrals. Also, they have begun digging up singers, dancers, jokesters and that strange anomaly, the master of ceremonies. Some of the more adventurous, such as Roxy, have

put a dozen dancers on one bill, and instead of a singer or two, a whole chorus. All of this is based on the accepted movie doctrine that quantity and quality are identical.

So there has grown up what is known as the presentation act in the big film houses. But the presentation acts in themselves are not enough, for meanwhile more and more big theatres have been built. Aided by Wall Street money, the film boys have tried to trump their rivals, until now they all hold plenty of deuces and treys in their hands. Where one great house once drew all the solvent members of the citizenry, two great houses have failed. Towns have become over-seated. Mr. Fox, an independent, finding himself without an outlet for his Tom Mix horse operas and his Madge Bellamy pash specials in the major centers of culture, built his own houses. Boy, how he built and bought 'em! When the great Publix theatres were ready to open, they found that the films wouldn't keep them filled. So they too let out a call for stage stars: "Hey, Paul—come on down and play for us!"

Mr. Whiteman, ever willing to oblige, drew \$9,500 weekly for his orchestra. He was billed as being of more importance than the film feature. Sophie Tucker, another eminent star, sang in the picture houses. John Philip Sousa's band played; Gertrude Ederle swam. All of this cost a great deal of money. The picture became subsidiary. A big stage act saved a bad film. Soon the two became inseparable. Thus the film people played aces all over the short-sighted gentlemen who operated the popular vaudeville theatres. These fellows, secure in their belief that vaudeville, having been born in Boston, would exist forever, were offering their customers Joe Doakes' Dogs while the picture house opposition was setting forth the cream of vaudeville at a lower admission fee than had ever been charged in the vaudeville places. So vaudeville began to starve and the film houses kept on paying almost Prohibition prices for talent.

Then the talking pictures came along.

## II

It was Elder Will H. Hays, fixer for the movie men and, on the side, the leading Presbyterian layman of the United States, who made the dedicatory address when the first Vitaphone show was given. Elder Hays was, at this time, unworried by the insinuations of prying Senators interested in the recent oil mess. Consequently, he was filled with optimism. After predicting that the invention of the talking film would revolutionize the movie business (old Tom Edison had said ten years ago that it could never be perfected), he further mentioned that it would be a godsend to the populace, and sat down. Then an assortment of novelties was unreeled. Vaudevillians did their stuff, jazz orchestras played, and opera singers, including La Talley, offered the high art moments of the evening. It was all quite impressive. The images of the performers were on the screen, and the sounds apparently came from their mouths. Finally came the evening's feature film, Mr. John Barrymore, of the New York Barrymores, in "Don Juan," a somewhat honeyed version. An orchestra arrangement of the score played along with the film—this also on the Vitaphone. There were no union men in the pit; they had been eliminated.

From this beginning two years ago, the talking film worked up to the point where bits of dialogue were introduced. Al Jolson made his appearance in "The Jazz Singer," singing both "Mammy" and the Kol Nidre, beside conversing with his Ghetto Mamma. The celebrated Irving Berlin wept at this premiere and other hard-hearted gentlemen of Broadway admitted that Mr. Jolson was never better. The film coined money. At the time it was released, there were but 400 theatres wired with the talking film apparatus. It went into everyone of them and broke record after record. In New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Kansas City, and Los Angeles, it entertained the public for week

after week. It was followed by the Warner Brothers with a film called "Tenderloin," which wasn't so warm: New York subjected it to certain hoots and jeers at its première. Its spoken dialogue was banal, but when it was released to the outlying districts it began doing even better in some places than "The Jazz Singer." Plainly its chief value as a drawing attraction lay in the fact that it talked. This made up the minds of the film men.

Now nearly everybody in the trade of any importance has announced his intention of making talking films. Paramount will reopen its Long Island studios, and is already making the stage play, "Burlesque," as a talker. The First National is making "Lilac Time." Universal wants to make "Show Boat." The optimists are saying that there will be 1,000 theatres wired for talking films by January 1. The conservatives seem to agree with them. There are between 19,000 and 20,000 film theatres in the United States. Of this great number, it is said that 12,000 are of 600 seats or over, and therefore capable of supporting the talking film. The apparatus necessary to its successful showing costs from \$4,000 to \$20,000 to install.

At the moment the thinkers of the film trade—don't laugh, there are a few!—believe that picture patronage has reached the saturation point. Anything, therefore, which promises to increase it will be received with an acclaim similar to that given successful revolutionists in Guatemala. That this saturation point has actually been reached has been proven several times in the big cities. Let it be assumed, to illustrate, that before a certain big house went up there were four theatres in the locality. After the big house opened, trade dropped at the other theatres. The big house took up the slack, but the total patronage remained the same. Now it is hoped fondly that the talking films will create new business.

As things stand in the average *de luxe* theatre, there are 3,000 seats and five shows daily. This makes a total daily capacity of

15,000. But the boys feel they've had a big day if they play to a total of two and one-half capacity shows, or 7,500 people. Obviously, they are not getting all the possible return on their investment. So the bankers who have the theatre chains tied up instruct them to inquire into ways and devices for corralling new customers.

### III

The first question which pops into a layman's mind when you mention talking films is whether they will ever supplant the speaking stage. The better people of the speaking stage think they will not be affected. They argue that their audiences are class audiences, composed of people uninterested in anything on the low level of movie entertainment. But the cheap-skate producers who have searched and produced stuff fit only for the daughters of stevedores seem ordained to be driven out of business.

There will, of course, be no great weeping and wailing on this account. Most of these men have already worked great harm to what should be a decent institution. They have reckoned art in terms of commerce, and it has resulted in the forfeiture of a safe future for quick gain. Being strictly hit or miss fellows, they stake only small sums on their shows; few of them are plungers worthy of the gallant name. Their fate seems sealed with the successful advent of the talking films, for it is a foregone conclusion that these films will be forced to stick to a low intellectual level—unless their producers wish to alienate the great audience already enrolled under their standards. It would not do to produce "Hamlet" as a talkie and show it five times daily, even though Douglas Fairbanks was the Hamlet and staged a swell wrasslin' match with the Old Man's ghost.

There are others who think that talking films will always be so imperfect as to react in favor of the theatre. There are yet others who think they will not talk as



much as people predict. Sime Silverman, editor of the one and only *Variety*, is of the opinion that the basic requirements of the talking films will not differ from those of films of the old order: that story and action will still be of greater importance than dialogue—that the clumpety-clumpety-clumpety-clump of a thousand horses' hoofs, thundering in the direction of the woe-begone heroine, will be more effective than a pie-faced star sighing and gurgling nothings in the arms of a sappy lover.

This business of making screen ladies say that they love screen gentlemen involves another delicate point. What chance has a cinema favorite, formerly skilled in the mixing of chocolate syrup with carbonated water, of speaking lines as an actor should? Such work, obviously, will take skilled performers, and they will have to come from the stage. That is where the players of Broadway will go—provided the face isn't too uneven, the jowls too heavy or the paunch too unwieldy to be held in by corsets. Salaries in the films are fabulous. An actor of the legitimate stage, musical comedy excepted, may make \$1,000 a week, but that is about the top. In the movies \$1,000 salaries are fairly common: that is what ex-chorus men get for playing second parts. For the featured man \$3,000 is an average wage, and so expert a horseman as Mr. Mix receives from his new employers, FBO, the sum of \$540,000 annually. The stage cannot possibly compete. Nor will it. Rather it will have to buckle down to the thankless task of developing new players for itself, putting them under long term contracts, and then losing them to the films when they become of any real skill and value. But there are a few actors and directors with consciences. There are some stage people—believe it or not—who'd rather play in relatively sensible stuff for \$1,000 weekly than in Glynish bilge for \$7,500.

Moreover, when the film producers, who are as incompetent a bunch as you will find anywhere, begin to make talking films it may dawn upon them that the trick

is difficult to turn. The average film director may not be able to do it. Gentlemen skilled in making battleships ram fruit steamers so that tarantulas may escape and bite admirals on the leg will be faced with the difficulty of maintaining dramatic pace; they will have to fit their scenes so that action is heightened where it should be, so that the rising inflection in the dialogue will continue to rise throughout several scenes, although they be made at different times. All of this will probably make some of the star boys go back to their kennels and gnaw discontentedly on the accumulated bones.

There aren't a dozen good directors on the legitimate stage. Some of the stuff turned out by the incompetents around New York is, even to a casual observer, punk. Even the good directors miss fire occasionally—they're so fond of trying new forms and styles. In the main, all the good directors are well known, but the bad ones seem to have escaped being exiled, so great has been the need for both good and bad. This new movie situation will bring out the talent and separate the quick from the dead. There will be plenty of suffering before the perfected talking film comes along.

#### IV

Only a fool would deny that the new device will be enormously effective in many instances. Take a typical Western film. Let the cowboy be petting his horse. As his hand passes over the animal's nose the horse will, in all likelihood, whinny. Through the theatre will go a thousand feminine "ahs". Let Mr. Mix be in pursuit of desperate villains. The report of his revolver will be a kick, and it will be accompanied by the sound of his running horse. Let the villains be shooting at him. Each passing bullet will give forth a sharp squeal. And let his horse rear and snort; all of this, too, will be recorded. Then let the hero greet his cowgirl:

"Little gal, I ain't no city feller and I

ain't no fancy lover, but I love you, gal, I love you. Won't you marry me, gal? Aw, come on, gal, an' marry me!"

If too much dialogue isn't used, the climactic portions will be highly effective. An instance of this was recently provided by a filmed story of Betsy Patterson, the Baltimore lady who married Jerome Bonaparte. In this film, "Glorious Betsy," the Vitaphone device was used, and by the action of the story it was necessary for an aide of Jerome to announce him to guests at a reception.

Andre de Segurola was playing the aide. His voice is deep, rich and round. Moreover, he is a Frenchman able to speak English and enough of a showman to pinch his accents neatly. Consequently, when he broke into the silence of the film with his announcement, the effect was corking:

"Ladeeeeeeez and genteelman, eet is my honaire and preveleegee to announce ze envoooy extraaaaaad'nary from his Highness, ze Emperor of France, Jeeeeerome Bonaparte!"

In contrast to the pallid organ of Dolores Costello, who also played in the film, de Segurola's voice was magnificent. It brought out, to some small degree, the possibilities of the whole thing. The search, therefore, will be after voices coupled with faces.

A commercial problem arises here. The industry now receives about 40% of its

total income from its foreign sales. Except for the English-speaking countries, the talking films will be no good. A black-and-white film will, of course, be taken at the same time the talking film is being recorded, but with the induction of new players to Hollywood to make the talkies, their installation as favorites to succeed the speechless and therefore fallen gods will be costly. For every non-talking favorite omitted, a talking player will have to be substituted, and inasmuch as some of the present day stars have built up terrific followings abroad, it will be difficult to talk their admirers into accepting other players suitable for both the black and white and the talking versions. This same problem will be encountered at home, for talking pictures will not be played in the so-called shooting-galleries. If these places continue to exist, they will have to be supplied with ordinary films, and the same situation which applies to star followings abroad applies with equal force here.

The First National has already announced that it will maintain a School of Elocution to teach its players how to talk. . . . Paramount plans an 8,000-seat theatre in Times Square to display its talking films. . . . And the relatives on the payrolls of all the big firms are wondering whether competent men will supplant them.

## TWO SONNETS

BY S. BERT COOKSLEY

### I

#### *My Father Dies, Leaving Me Proud*

The boards are silent in that house. The men  
Departed. The cattle sold. The rooms bare.  
That house is desolate. (But now and then,  
I know, the puzzled ants go searching there  
With the spiders and lizards, and the weeds,  
All of them poking into the stillness—  
Busy, sensitive.) His ten thousand seeds,  
Finished with growing, are now the chill-  
ness

Of death. Fences, barns, attics, the cellars  
Have finished their labors. The earth is  
through

Its grain labor. Only those mite dwellers  
Remain: Ants, spiders, weeds. Building  
anew—

Proving my heritage. I am the one  
Who said they would remain when he was  
done.

### II

#### *The Last Magic*

Because I have looked on the April Face  
Nothing can matter overmuch or stir  
Me roughly. Nothing take the place  
Of a life that seemed too small to answer,  
A world that seemed too utterly broken.  
What trouble now who passes down my  
street?—

They'll be welcomed in and fed, and spoken  
Keenly between the bread and wine and  
meat.

They'll be given four blankets and a spread,  
A fat candle to guide them to their room  
And a feathered pillow to please their head,  
And a careful word from the hallway  
gloom:

All this they'll have, and more, and a  
farewell

That will cheer them on to Heaven or Hell.

# CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*America and the Oath.*—The government of the United States, at least in its current bloom, has added to its foundational assumption that all men are created free and equal the amendment that they are simultaneously created prodigious liars. Its firm conviction of this fact is indicated, symbolically, in its reduction of faith to the point where even its trust in God has come to be confined, as a legend, to one-cent coins and, realistically, in its dismissal as worthless the solemnly sworn to affidavits of its citizen body on the annual income tax returns.

The oath of truth-telling which an American takes before a constituted agent of the law when he makes out his tax return is regarded as of no value whatsoever, and it is a rare citizen who isn't duly summoned onto the carpet each year by the authorities to be eyed suspiciously and to be cross-examined at length and minutely as to his theoretical misrepresentations and swindlings.

The government assumes not that an American swears to the truth when he delivers his tax report, but that he more or less deliberately swears to a falsehood. Its entire income tax machinery is conducted upon that principle. It regards the citizen either as a downright and deliberate perjurer or as a man congenitally unable to resist mendacity. Rich and poor alike fall into the same categories; the man whose income is \$5,000 or under and the one whose income runs up into the millions are equally, in the distrustful government eye, derelicts from rectitude, integrity and good faith. They are treated as if they were at least potential cheats and con men. Their word of honor is looked on as a joke.

*Nomenclature.*—In the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, such being the profound nature of the adjudications imposed upon our loftier and more learned tribunals, a Mr. Justice Drühan recently denied the right of a youth born Simon Minsky to change his name to Cyril Merrill, to the visible anguish of the youth and the delight of a lot of Irish boys waiting outside for him with dead cats. Reading the eminent jurist's important decision, various editorial writers proceeded to spread themselves in the matter, waxing hooty over the denial of privilege and arguing that, as names didn't mean anything anyway, a man should be allowed to change his whenever and as often as he saw fit. This point of view, I regret to say, impresses me as being not only moss-eared but unsound, and not only unsound but highly asinine. While it may be all very well for the King of England, say, to change his name as he did at the outbreak of the war, since his surname is seldom, if ever, employed and since it doesn't matter in either official or personal concerns whether he be George Wettin or Windsor or even Woskowitz, in the case of the average man it matters a great deal, as the latter's name is as much a part of him as his liver and as, further, a generally widespread alteration of names would bring about as much confusion, in America at least, as the current forgery of booze labels.

So much changing of names has already been indulged in in this country, indeed, that when a stranger today waits upon one and sends up his card one can't tell whether he be black or white, Jew or Christian, English, American, German or Chinese, a financier or a beggar, a parvenu or an aristocrat, a duke in disguise or a bum.



Most of the Jews, as Huneker observed, now have Christian names and many of the Christians Jewish names; chorus girls are dubbed Vanderbilts and movie girls Astors; the directory of Harlem begins to read like the cast of a Pinero play; thousands of Krauses have become Crosses and hundreds of Ching Lees have been metamorphosed into Lee Chillingsworths; hand-out men are Morgans and Cohen has become Cohanne, Coenne, Coyne and Cunningham. It has got so that one can't tell a man's real name nowadays until after he has been locked up. The result has been a great perversion and fraud in many directions, in business affairs, matrimonial, social and what not, and a skepticism that has spread to all channels of American life.

Two things, more than any other, led to the wholesale label editing. The first, of course, was the late war, with the transformation of countless Wasserbauers into Waterbaughs, Oberfelders into Overfields and Hansdingels into Harringtons. The second was golf. With the coming into general popularity, and fashion, of golf, there came also golf clubs, and with the coming of golf clubs there came also membership committees, and with the coming of membership committees there came eyes narrowed at social eligibility, and with the narrowing of the eyes there came a dazzling succession of Episcopalian Garfields, Gissings, Rossmounts and Le-roys born Garfunkel, Ginsberg, Rosenberg and Levy. It is a matter of record that the telephone books in the ten largest American cities show a yearly decrease in the number of such latter names listed and a proportionate increase in the former, or of names of like mellifluence. What is true of the Jews is true also, though to a lesser extent, of Germans, Poles, Russians and other aliens in our midst. The sufficiently general and comprehensive dropping of *ultima beims, schilds, schirzas, vogels, felds, borgers, baums, blums, lichs, blatts, meiers, thals, kopfs, kinds, steins, walds, beits, storns, strauchs, nachs, kolbs, manns, lochs, zweigs,*

*farbs, feders, liebs, bachs, lachs, lantz, korns, habers, dingers, auers, inskis, itzkis, ovskys, owskis, offs, witzs, wirtzs, esniks* and *odnicks* has sounded like a ton of bricks. If there isn't a Goldstein hereabouts who, if not a Gillingswater or Gilbert, is not at least a Goldstine, Goldsteen, Goldston, Goldstone, Goldstien, Goldson, Goldstiënne or Goldwyn, you will have an equal job locating a Rindskopf who isn't simply Rinds, a Morgenthal who isn't Morgan, a Greenberger who isn't Green, a Plattfeldgraber who isn't Platt, a Kantrowitz who isn't Cantor, or a Lipinski who isn't, with simple elegance, a Lipton.

Why all these presumable worthies wish to change their names, so long as they are at all locally pronounceable, is not easy to determine. Some of their patronymics may not be any too sweet or inspiring to the ear, but neither are some of the most august and familiar names that have been borne patiently and with fortitude for generations by some of our best Americans, for example, Winterbottom, Pratt, Belcher, Trimmer, Hay, Grubb, Long, Short, Stout, Strong, Little, Young, Olds, New, Onderdonk, Beard, Kerr, Kip, Kountze, Whitehead, Hogg, Fish, Alcock, Clapp, Letcher, Bugbee, Doolittle, Coffin, Botome, Cox, Snodgrass, Beers, Berry and Potts. If the disappointed young Russo-American Minsky of Brooklyn considers that his name has a too comical sound for the Anglo-American, let him think of Botts, Lovejoy, Wetmore, Squibb, Hoping and Philpotts. And if he feels that its connotation is unpleasant to him, let him meditate upon the feelings of a Cabot when the latter reflects that he bears a name that, to the Frenchman, signifies a low clown or of a Lowell when he reflects, in turn, that his name, to the German, etymologically suggests the rear end of an animal.

*Speculation.*—The outstanding book in the literary world this year is commonly agreed to be Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." The outstanding

play in the theatrical world this year is commonly agreed to be Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." Both have received in their respective worlds a hearty patronage. Since there can be no question as to which of the two works is the finer and greater artistic achievement, is it amiss to speculate as to whether judgment and taste are not at the present time somewhat higher in the instance of American audiences than in the instance of American readers? This, particularly, since admirers of the play are in all probability not profound admirers of the novel, or vice versa.

*The Air Mail.*—While the future may see a change, it remains that for the present the air mail, as it is being conducted by the government, takes its place with other such theoretically hot but practicably very dubious Americanisms as shoes shined by machinery, self hair-cutting devices and drug-store sandwiches. Projected as a time-saver and expediter of man's affairs, it seems to be not much better than the brogan-glossing apparatus which in actual practice enthusiastically polishes one's socks and the bottoms of one's pants along with one's shoes, the self hair-cutter which sends one to a barber to finish the job and make one's head look somewhat less like a weedy backyard, or the drug-store sandwiches that leave one hungrier than one was before one wolfed them.

Having considerable need of speeded correspondence, due to various professional concerns, I have been able during the last few months to observe carefully—and, I regret, with considerable pain—just how questionable this air mail service is. And I am brought to the reluctant conclusion that, practically speaking, it is, at least at present, apparently just another show put on for the delectation of the boobs. It impresses them with the great enterprise of their country and with the much talked of American hustle and speed, and so provides them with still another justification, when on holiday bent, for spitting tobacco juice at the fountains of

Versailles and penciling ironic *mots* on the walls of the *cabinets d'aisance* on the Nord Express. Why the air mail should not work better than it does I do not know; there is no real reason why it shouldn't. But the fact is, in my experience, that it is in actual operation and delivery often not only as slow as the regulation train mails but occasionally much slower. Of thirty-six letters sent by air mail to Chicago during April and May, just thirteen were delivered at their destinations in that city ahead of the regulation train mail. Fourteen were delivered simultaneously with the train mail; eight were delivered several hours later; and one was actually delivered a whole day later. Of forty-eight sent by air mail to California, sixteen were delivered ahead of the orthodox mails; eighteen were delivered simultaneously with them; six were delivered from five to ten hours later; and eight were delivered exactly eighteen hours later. And of air mail sent to me in turn from these points, the statistics were much the same.

While a considerable share of the mystery of these delays eludes me, one of the chief jokers in the pack is clear. That joker lies in the circumstance that air mail, say from New York, must be posted before one of two periods during the day—the hours in the average place of residence are scheduled from eight to twelve or more hours apart—and that, if there is so much as a minute's delay in posting, those eight to twelve or more hours are lost. Train mail, on the other hand, is gathered in the same locations almost every hour and is subjected to no such arbitrary delay. Thus, if one posts a letter by air mail at 9 A.M., it will not be sent off until late that evening, while if one posts one at, say, 6 P.M., it will not be dispatched until late the following morning. Train mail, on the average, moves with greater alacrity. To get the benefit of the air service and not waste eight cents on each letter so sent, one must apparently have to take up one's residence in the post-office or camp out on the aviation field.

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *The Movie Public*

ASIDE from that small portion of the more intelligent public that frequents the moving pictures occasionally in much the same spirit that it occasionally frequents Chinatown, a black-and-tan joint or an evangelical church, that is, out of a feeling of humorous curiosity, the general movie public is of a definite piece with the nickel story paper and dime novel public of thirty and forty years ago. The fact is impressed upon one by a study and comparison of the advertisements in such story papers and novels of three and four decades ago with those appearing in the moving picture organs and fan magazines of the present time. The tastes, predilections and susceptibilities of a particular element in the public may usually in no wise be better plumbed than by a contemplation of the kinds of advertisement that they respond to, the kinds of advertisement that are dangled before their eyes by observant and discerning tradesmen and the kinds of goods and wares that are specifically fashioned for their custom. This is true not only of the movie public, but of all other slices of the public body. The devourers of cheap, popular fiction may be aptly Bertillonized by a study of the advertisements in their favorite magazines; the readers of the tabloids may be accurately pictured by the nature of the advertisements in those gazettes; the devotees of golf, the radio and Christian Science may be photographically imagined from the advertisements in the magazines and newspapers given over to such subjects; the readers of the *New York Journal* may be clearly distinguished from the readers of the *New York Times* simply by turning to the advertising pages.

While the advertisements in the moving picture organs and magazines are not always different from those in, say, the cheap fiction and radio magazines, they still have a character much their own, and in this peculiar character we may find a reflection of the movie lover himself. For as a man buyeth, paraphrasing Solomon, so is he in his mind. That these advertisements actually do reflect the movie public's tastes and interests there can be little doubt, for if they did not, the advertisers, finding them profitless, would naturally long ago have discontinued them. Yet their bulk increases steadily; the moving picture periodicals, addressed to millions of movie addicts, show a constant gain in revenue from them. Of such periodicals, I have a half dozen different samples before me. By way of evoking a picture of the film fan, I present the nature of the advertisement baits that are held before him and whose uninterrupted continuance of publication must be taken to imply a full, ready and profitable response on his part.

Here, then, are some of the advertisements—quoted literally—that advertisers have found irresistible to the movie admirer:

1. "*Love-Kiss*, the perfume of ecstasy, an exotic allure designed to fascinate young and old and cause them to surrender to its subtle, mystic charm."

2. "How To Get What You Want! A new and amazing force which is bringing to thousands the things they want so quickly and easily as to be astounding. What do you want most in life—a home of your own—a college education—a brilliant and successful career—a trip to Eu-

rope—an automobile, health, happiness and love, or success in any line? Dr. Bush, America's most famous practical psychologist and lecturer, has helped thousands of men and women to realize just such desires as these—through *Visualization*. *Visualization* is one of the most potent forces in life; it is an amazing power that can be harnessed in such a way as to bring you things you never dreamed could be yours. Just as Dr. Bush has proved time and again that proper visualization will actually make desires come true—he will prove it in your own case!"

3. "Do You Really Know What Happens When You Die? Here is a book that tells what has really been demonstrated concerning Life beyond 'physical death.' 'The Great Known,' by J. E. Richardson, TK. (Harmonic Series). A book of vital interest to you if you are seeking *Faith* about the Life to come. Thirty-four chapters including *reliable* information on Right and Wrong Methods of Communication With the Spiritual World, Spiritual Life, Reincarnation and many other known and proven facts."

4. "*French Love Drops*. Just a tiny drop is enough! Full size bottle 98 cents."

5. "Be a Secret Service Man! \$5 covers year's membership, official detective journal, button and credentials. Continental Secret Service System, Waukegan, Ill."

6. "How To Work Wonders With Your Subconscious Mind. Give me just sixty minutes and I'll unlock the floodgates of the vast reservoir of mental power—your Subconscious Mind. Note the immediate effect on your business, social and everyday life! Double your money-making ability!"

7. "Love's Greatest Moment: 'Be Mine Forever.' You, too, can soon hear these wonderful words. You were meant for love. It is not hard to become fascinating

and charming—to make the man you love want you forever, if you know certain secrets about the way a man's mind works. 'Fascinating Womanhood' is an amazing book that tells the things to avoid and the beautiful things that make girls attractive to men. The Psychology Press, 4865 Easton ave., St. Louis, Mo."

8. "Eyes That Have IT. Don't be discouraged if your own eyes are dull, lifeless. A few drops of Murine will brighten them up and cause them to radiate IT."

9. "How To Obtain Beautifully Shaped Lips! Write for full information to M. Trilety, Dept. 230 S.P., Binghamton, N.Y."

10. "Play the Hawaiian Guitar. Just As the Natives Do. Only four motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary. Even if you don't know one note from another, the lessons and the clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian guitar. First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc., Woolworth Building, New York."

11. "Beautify Your Nose While You Sleep! Anita Nose Adjuster, Anita Co., Newark, N. J."

12. "Personality—Instantly. Regardless of age, sex or education, if you want a *Real* personality or more money—here it is! I don't care how many books or courses you have studied, my book gets results *instantly*. It builds wonderful brain power and develops marvelous personality—not in 5 days or a month, but *instantly*. Prof. Welburn M. Guernsey, 762 People's Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind."

13. "Why Be Bald? When you can have a magnificent head of hair by merely using *Hairgro*."



14. "Form Developed. My big three-part treatment is the Only One that gives *full development* without bathing . . . and other dangerous absurdities. Madame K. D. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y."

15. "Triple Extract Love Drops. Rich and poor, old and young, surrender to their charm. \$2.50 size for \$1.00 postpaid, with instructions for use. Secrets of love's psychology and art of winning the one you love with the original 7 psychological and successful plans and stratagems for winning, inspiring, captivating and holding the love of the one you love and exercising your magnetic invisible power. The Wons Company, Hollywood, Cal."

16. "Transform Your Skin to Magic Beauty Almost Over Night! The Newlyn Company, Los Angeles, Cal."

17. "Are You In Love? But perhaps the one you love doesn't love you—and how wonderful it would be if they only did. They *will*, if you know how to attract them! I can show you *How*. Address: White Institute of Sciences, Inc., 8666 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal."

18. "I don't care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or ten years. Give me fifteen minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in thirty days. Alois Merke, 512 Fifth ave., New York."

19. "Are You Bashful? Are you missing all the good things and good times in life just because you are bashful and shy? Girls and boys, men and women who are timid, nervous, self-conscious and easily embarrassed never have much fun. To be popular—always in demand at parties and affairs and social gatherings one must be a good mixer. Why should you set at home, feeling blue and out of sorts—no place to go—nobody to see? I have helped thousands overcome their present handicap—I have brought sunshine and happiness into many

lives. Richard Blackstone has helped school-teachers, stenographers, people in public office, salesmen, preachers and men and women in love conquer the terrible bugaboo. Address Richard Blackstone, 242 Flatiron Building, New York City."

20. "Kissproof Face Powder. It Stays On!"

21. "Love Explained! Are you one of the many people who are afraid to love? Dr. Cowan explains all. 57 Rose st., New York."

22. "Save the Drunkard! Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food. If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to the Dr. J. W. Haines Company, Glenn Building, Cincinnati, O."

23. "Learn the Banjo At Home Under Harry Reser, the World's Greatest Banjoist. An amazing new simplified banjo course by mail! Harry Reser, greatest living banjoist—famous leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos—offers you an opportunity to quickly become a finished banjo player at home in a few spare hours."

24. "*Love Lure*. Daring. This mysterious perfume attracts and fascinates. Its rare and exotic fragrance surrounds you with charm and enticement that few are able to resist. Secret directions free. Double strength. Sent sealed. The Wineholt Company, Woodbine, Pa."

25. "Everyone Has IT. Modern Guide reveals ancient secret. Key to success of Cleopatra, Napoleon, Lincoln, may easily be yours. Have you ever wondered what made their wonderful personalities? You may not know it, but hidden away in you somewhere is the *same charm secret* that has made men and women famous through the ages. Beauty *does not* make the vampire. Manly build *does not* make the successful

business man—it is the wonderful spark inside, only needing to be encouraged, that is the key to success and happiness in love, business, society, politics, life. To discover your own secret of charm is easier for you than it was for Cleopatra or Napoleon! For here in this magic book is the simple explanation of how to find it—information never before revealed! What others have taken a lifetime to accomplish, you may easily attain by daily, pleasant reading of the book, 'Charm.' The Rae D. Henkle Publishing Company, 45 Fourth ave., New York."

26. "Are you a red-blooded, daring he-man? Are you eager for a life of constant thrills, constant excitement and fascinating events? Do you crave adventure, popularity, admiration and the applause of great crowds? Get into aviation by this home study method. Now by a unique new plan you can quickly secure the basic training at home in spare time. Send for free book. 3601 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill."

27. "Now The Party Can Start! The crowd's all here. Everybody's ready, and now that Charlie has come the fun will soon be fast and furious. One of the girls can play accompaniments, but for real hot foot-tingling music they need Charlie. Yet just a few months ago Charlie knew nothing about music—*not one note from another*. He had been just 'one of the crowd.' Now he is invited *everywhere*—welcomed *everywhere*—the centre of popularity! The amazingly easy music lessons of the National Academy of Music, 702 East 41st st., Chicago, have meant all this to him."

28. "The Most Wonderful Ring in the World. If you are unlucky or unhappy you need the Wonderful Crucifix Ring. Health, Happiness, Wealth, Success. The ring was first made during the Fifteenth Century by a Spanish goldsmith and won immediate favor. The Spanish nobility, priests,

judges, merchants, etc., valued the ring highly, handing it down from father to son. Its fame has increased during the centuries and it is today the most sought after and treasured guard ring. Mrs. Nellie Keene, Tennessee, writes: 'Since I received my ring a change for the better has taken place in my life. Of course, anyone can readily understand the marvelous influence for better this ring exerts.' Just send your name and address and a strip of paper to show ring size. When it arrives pay post-man only \$2.89. The Terminal Jewelry Company, Dept. 56, New York."

29. "How To Win and Hold Love. Nature has given you a mysterious power that psychologists call sex attraction. If you understand the use of this fascinating gift you are sure to be popular at parties, dances and picnics—beloved, admired and successful! By learning to understand this magic power you, too, can be successful in the fascinating game of love, sought after and admired by many, with loneliness barred forever from your life. Sana Swain tells you how to win in the game of love. Sana Swain lays bare the innermost thoughts of lovers and frankly reveals their scheming and planning. Why be lonely, unloved? If you hope to win love or hold love you must know how. This book gives you all the rules. Educator Press, Fuller Building, Jersey City, N. J."

30. "Chang-Chow, Chinese Lucky Sleeping Cat, now yours with Chinese famous Rule of 3, said to bring luck to you in your wishes. Famous movie star keeps Chang-Chow always near her—there's a reason—luck of nine lives. Own one now! Only 98 cents, with famous Rule of 3. Chang-Chow, Department P, Spencer, Ind."

31. "Learn Strange Oriental Secrets! Would you like to be able to influence others? Would you like to know how to make people like you—how to win for yourself the big prizes of life—love, position, respect, admiration and happiness?

What wouldn't you give to understand the deep, strange mysteries of the East—mysteries which for thousands of years have enabled oriental adepts to perform miracles of second sight, mind reading, astral traveling, and psychic healing?

"And now in an amazing 319-page book written by a Master of Occult Science you are given a full and complete explanation of all these great mysteries! Here, in plain, simple, easily understood language you will find the most advanced instruction in the development and manifestation of Occult Powers. Written by Swami Panchadasi, the great Mystic, these lessons fully explain clairvoyance, crystal gazing, premonitions, psychometry, thought transference, astral-body traveling, clairsaudience, and psychic influence. But most important of all, you are told how, through using the great wisdom of the East, accumulated through the ages, you can develop a striking, dominating personality—you can use your greater psychic power to influence and command others."

32. "Our remarkable course in hypnotism teaches you how to control others—makes *everybody* obey your every wish and desire—conquer bad habits, enemies, win success in life and *Love*, obtain power, wealth, social position. E. Press, Jersey City, N. J., Dept. H-4."

33. "Find Out the Mysteries of Life! Is your love-life complete? Can you fascinate the other sex? Learn the truth! Send no money. Just your name and address. Standard Publishing Co., Topeka, Kansas."

34. "Why thick, ugly ankles? My method has helped thousands get slim, graceful limbs. Easy, sure, quick results. *No one need know!* Salon de Mme. Claire, 303 Fifth ave., New York City."

35. "*They'll Burn You Down!* Do you know someone so dignified you'd like to take him down a peg? Do you go where

folks sit around with long faces, afraid to smile? Do you like real screaming, roaring fun? Then this outfit of tricks is Your Meat. It's Hot and we don't mean maybe. Here's what you get: Noisy Nose Blower, makes an unearthly noise when you blow your nose, 15 cents; Gold Tooth, slips on over your own tooth, 10 cents; Rubber Dagger, can't tell it from real, but it bends as you stab, 25 cents; Bed Bugs, they fool anybody, 15 cents per box; Rubber Doughnut for your greedy friend, 15 cents; Rubber Egg, they scream when you drop it, 15 cents; Ink Blot, lay it on tablecloth and start panic, 15 cents; Lighted Cigarette, carelessly lay it on table and watch the fun, 3 for 25 cents. Ace Novelty Co., Indianapolis, Ind."

36. "Money, Success, Love and Happiness all about you. Get your share. The 'Seven Magic Secrets' Free to all who wear this Gorgeous and Rare Talisman Ring. On each side is moulded the figure of 'Fortuna—Goddess of Luck.' Ancient belief brings success in Love, Business, Money, Games, etc. Genuine 14-K Gold F. with Flashing, Blue-White Mexican Diamond reproduction. Like \$500.00 Genuine Diamond Ablaze with Wonderful Brilliancy and Rainbow Fire. Amazes, Compels, Attracts with uncanny glow. Guaranteed 25 years.

"Send finger size and 10 cents for postage. Pay wholesale price of only \$2.75 when ring is delivered. Nothing more to pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. Wear seven days and seven nights, follow the seven rules of luck and success. Money back if not delighted. \$1.00 Crystal Vial Egyptian Love Drops Free with ring. Order quick. The Radio-Flash Gem Importing Company, St. Paul, Minn."

37. "Develop Your Bust! Our scientific method highly recommended for quick, easy development. La Beauté Crème, La Beauté Studios, Baltimore, Md."

38. "Be Rich! Win At Games, Business,

Love! This new Lucky Magnet ring attracts, compels, mystifies! Bradley, K-28, Newton, Kansas."

39. "*Classified Advertising. Help Wanted—Male.* Poets earn fortunes. Anyone, with training, can write saleable poetry. We train you quickly. With our method you can be a successful poet in three weeks. Address The Poetry College, Le Roy, New York."

40. "Cultivate Your Psychic Influence! A few minutes a day will teach you undreamed of powers over important men and beautiful women. The Psychic Guild Company, Pittsburgh, Pa."

41. "Don't Be a Dumb-bell! Men admire brains! Our book, the most astounding, astonishing ever published, will teach you *all*. Men will flock around you after you have read it and marvel at your learning and dazzling wit. Have lots of beaux! Don't be a wall-flower! In a single evening, by reading and studying this remarkable book, you can transform yourself into a brilliant conversationalist. The Acme Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill."

42. "How To Have Kissable Lips. Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Miraculous results for men, women and girls. Wear the new lip-shaper at night and you will have lips that rival those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage."

43. "Here Comes the Bride! The organ slowly played, the church bells chimed. Hundreds of admiring eyes watched her walk down the aisle to join the man she loved. A few moments, a few words and her happiness would be complete. Many wondered why *she* was the bride, when there were others more beautiful and talented. But her secret was simple. She had read a new book which shows any girl how she can attract the man *she* wants. It's all very simple and easy when you know how. Write your name and address

on the margin and mail to us with ten cents and an interesting booklet telling you all about the new book will be sent postpaid."

44. "In a twinkling wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or a wish, apply Winx."

45. "They used to call me Fat Emma. I will never forget the unhappy days when as a fat girl I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as heavyweight, Fat Emma and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right. I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for fatties. I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do. Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living. Address Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th street, New York City."

46. "More Startling Than Hypnotism. A New Thought discovery. A dynamic force. Address The Modern Supply Company, 514 Fidelity Building, Cleveland, Ohio."



# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *Musical Explorers*

MUSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART, by John Redfield. \$5. 8½ x 5¾; 330 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

ANTHEIL AND THE TREATISE ON HARMONY, by Ezra Pound. \$2. 7¼ x 4¾; 150 pp. Chicago: Pustal Covici.

MR. POUND writes as a poet who is greatly interested in music, but has little technical knowledge of it; Mr. Redfield writes as a physicist who knows vastly more about it than most professional musicians. That difference in equipment shows itself in a difference of approach and method. Mr. Pound is somewhat rhetorical, and his discoveries are usually much less astonishing than he plainly thinks they are; Mr. Redfield writes in an austere scientific manner, but has more that is novel and apposite to say about the tone art than has been said by any other writer upon the subject for many years.

By this comparison, I hasten to add, I do not attempt to run down the effervescent Pound. He does his damndest, and it is surely not to be sniffed at. For a poet, and especially an American poet, to have any acquaintance with music at all is surely sufficiently unusual: perhaps it would not be going too far to put the prodigy beside Lindbergh's flight. Most of our native minnesingers, like most of our native artists in prose, seem to labor under the delusion that jazz is music, and some of them even appear to think that it is better than the music written by Beethoven. Pound pursues no such folly: he is well aware that jazz, with its relentless thumping in four-four time, is no more, at best, than an expanded drum part, with an accompaniment for wind-machines, most of them defective tonally. But though he thus rejects the brutal cacophony of Broadway, he embraces the almost equally

brutal cacophony of George Antheil, and therein he proves, perhaps, that poets are at their best when they are writing poetry, and not when they are speculating about the other (and greater) fine arts.

Pound's chief discovery, in his "Treatise on Harmony," is that "any chord may be followed by any other, provided the right time interval be placed between them." This is the sort of dogma that seems revolutionary and portentous, but is in reality quite hollow. That the succession of chords is conditioned to some degree by the length of the harmonized notes has been known since the day of the first theorists. Every composer of any taste or skill takes the fact into consideration. Nor is it news that any chord may follow any other chord, given the proper dynamic and other conditions. Modulations more daring than any ever imagined by Stravinsky have been made by boozy church organists for centuries, and without inflicting any appreciable damage upon either pastor or congregation. The rules in the books were made to be broken, and perhaps the best way to estimate the true amperage of a composer—next, of course, to asking him what he thinks of Johann Strauss—is to observe the deftness and plausibility with which he breaks them. Nor is there any visible sense in Pound's notion that his hero, Antheil, has contributed something to music by talking idiotically of "silences twenty minutes long, *in the form*." This is pure bilge. A form with a hole in it that large would simply be no form at all; as well talk of a circle with a broken perimeter.

But though Pound thus fails as a musical revolutionist, and Antheil with him, it must be said for both of them that they are amusing fellows, and that what they

have to say on more conventional levels is frequently pungent and judicious. Part of the book consists of a series of pronouncements by Pound, with comments by Antheil. Pound is usually more interesting than Antheil, for laymen always write about music with more bounce and address than musicians, but even Antheil sometimes verges upon saying something. For example, when he allows that "one must never be suddenly jarred in either a restaurant or a concert hall," for "one eats food in the first and digests it in the second." Thus, he concludes, "the average concert and 'better' restaurant music are identical." Again, there is his dictum that "anyone with a capacity for grinning has a 'pleasing stage personality.'" Pound himself has some incisive (if somewhat obvious) things to say about the deficiencies of the piano, and the horrible effects that issue out of playing it with the orchestra. On page 111 he writes on form so sensibly that one suspects he must have forgotten, transiently, his nonsense about Antheil's "silences twenty minutes long." And he has sound and penetrating things to say about Mozart, Bach, Debussy, Chopin and many another. His judgment upon Scriabin's grandiose "Poème d'Extase" deserves wide circulation. Scriabin, he says, would have been "kinder to his audience if he had labeled this poem 'Satire Upon an Old Gentleman,' or possibly 'Confessions of an Old Gentleman in Trouble.'"

Mr. Redfield's book covers a wider range—in fact, almost the whole range of music. He was formerly a lecturer on the physics of music at Columbia, and has contributed a number of articles to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Here he discusses the nature of tone, the structure of the scale, the underlying laws of harmony, the æsthetic content of music, the methods of the piano-tuner, and the design of the various instruments of the orchestra. His pages are packed with novel ideas, and he maintains most of them with great plausibility. A great deal of the murkiness that

one finds in the average *Harmonielehre*, he says, is due to the fact that C is wrongfully assumed to be the fundamental of the C major scale. The real fundamental, he believes, is F, and so on through the scales. In other words, we should abandon the Ionian mode and adopt the Lydian. Even so, he is not satisfied with our common scale, but proposes a new one of his own. His argument for this scale is too technical to be summarized here, but it must be said for it that it is very impressive.

Mr. Redfield has much to say about the instruments of the orchestra, and proposes many changes in their design and combination. He believes that the wood-wind has been unduly subordinated, and that there should be four or five times as many flutes as there are now. The theory that the violin, as it stands, is perfect does not convince him. Its physics deserves far more study than it has ever got: to this day no one seems to know the precise path of the vibrations of the bridge. He believes that the difference in quality and volume between the open and stopped tones could and should be remedied—"a problem for an engineer, not for a musician." He derides the common belief that the varnish of a violin has anything to do with determining its tone. If that were true, he says, violin-makers would varnish the insides as well as the outsides of their instruments. Their hostility to change he ascribes to the fact that practically all of them are also dealers in old instruments, a very profitable business. If they produced better violins, it would destroy the high value of their present stocks.

The piano also comes in for an overhauling. Its chief defect today, aside from its bad tuning, which it shares with all the other keyed instruments, lies in the fact that it cannot produce sustained tones. Its *staccato* is incomparable, but its *legato* is silly. Mr. Redfield sees no reason why this weakness should not be remedied. A simple enough electrical device might be used to sustain the tone, and even to in-

crease or diminish it at will. As for the organ, it seems to be passing beyond the capacities of one performer. He now has two or three keyboards to manage, a row of pedals, and a huge battery of stops. It is no wonder that so many organists take to drink and die in the gutter. Mr. Redfield makes the plausible suggestion that it would be far better to have two performers to each organ, and suggests that they might be helped furthermore by various mechanical devices. As things stand, they frequently face such technical difficulties that their only recourse is to pull out all the stops and drown their blunders in a torrent of sound. If they had help it might be possible to increase the number of keys from twelve in an octave to thirty-five, and so get rid of the tempered scale. That would not only improve the organ itself; it would also improve choir singing, and so advance the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Redfield suggests many new instruments—a flute playing down to C in the bass clef, a couple of new fiddles between the violin and the 'cello, a contrabass clarinet in Eb, a new and lower trombone with a large helicon bell, a set of timpani capable of sounding the whole chromatic scale, and soprano and bass snare-drums. He believes that there are excellent possibilities in the xylophone, the orchestral bells and the marimba. All of them, he says, are much superior to "the dulcimer at the time Cristofori converted it into a piano by giving it a keyboard." The orchestral bells, in particular, attract him. He proposes that their solid bars be abandoned for pipes of the sort used in clocks and dinner-chimes, that resonator tubes and vibrator disks be provided, that piano hammers and dampers be added, and that a keyboard top the whole. "All the literature of the piano would be immediately available to be played upon it," and the result would be "the most ravishing sounds ever heard from a keyboard." Moreover, the new instrument would probably cost a great deal less than a piano—and it would always be in tune.

I give a few samples from an extraordinarily thoughtful and interesting book. Mr. Redfield has more to say than any of the usual musical theorists. His ideas are supported by a great body of exact knowledge, and he writes with great clarity and charm.

### *Cousin Jocko*

THE BRAIN FROM APE TO MAN, by Frederick Tilney. \$25. 2 vols. 10½ x 7¾; 1120 pp. New York: Paul B. Hoeber.

THIS huge work, in the main, is not for the layman. Dr. Tilney, who is professor of neurology at Columbia, goes into details which only those trained in anatomy and histology can be expected to comprehend. The evidences of his industry and patience are really almost appalling. He has not only made a careful study of the gross anatomy of all the brains in the long series from that of the lemur to that of man; he has also made microscopic examinations of them at thirteen levels, and, with the aid of his colleague, Dr. Henry Alsop Riley, attempted reconstructions of the gray matter by the Bourne method. The result is a monograph of the first importance. It is crowded with facts that have been hitherto unknown or inaccessible, and they are presented in a very orderly and convenient manner, with accurate measurements and plenty of diagrams and photographs. The two volumes are beautifully printed. Their great size and weight makes handling them somewhat laborious, but every student of comparative anatomy will find them indispensable, and no doubt they will hold their authority for a long while.

Dr. Tilney's conclusion, in brief, is overwhelmingly in favor of the doctrine that man and the apes are closely related, and that they have evolved from common ancestors. The proofs that he adduces from their brain structure are such that it is impossible to imagine anyone questioning them. If they are not conclusive, then no evidence can ever be conclusive. The brains of the lowly lemurs and marmosets, though



they are very primitive, yet show the rudiments of all the peculiarities that mark the brain of man. They differ radically from the brains of the other mammals, even the highest; they manifestly belong to a special order. That man has actually descended from these lower primates is, of course, not argued; they all show evolutionary differentiations which separate them from him quite clearly. They have gone on their ways, as he has gone on his. But that there was a time in the remote past when the fathers who begat them were identical with the fathers who begat man must seem almost self-evident to anyone who examines the evidence. To dispute it is to argue for improbabilities so vast that merely to state them is to show their absurdity.

How man broke away from his anthropoid relatives and ran so far ahead of them is a question that Dr. Tilney discusses at some length, though without coming to any definite conclusion. Obviously, the main change was in the brain, and especially in the frontal lobe thereof. In even the highest apes the frontal lobe is still rudimentary, but in *Pithecanthropus erectus* it already shows "exuberant growth" and "its features correspond with those of *Homo sapiens* in nearly all details." It is smaller than in man, but that "is its only essential inferiority." *Pithecanthropus* lived and had his being on the intellectual level of a Tennessee pastor, but nevertheless he could genuinely think, just as a Tennessee pastor can think. No ape so far discovered is to be compared to him. He was not a gorilla, but a man. Nevertheless, he was still very close, in more than one way, to the gorilla. His mind worked, but it was still cloudy, and no doubt three-fourths of his daily acts were little more than simple reflexes. He could think, but he thought only as a rare luxury. Was he one of the direct ancestors of man? The answer is not clear. But if he was, then it is easy to believe that it took half a million years to lift his progeny to the level of man today.

The higher apes of the present, according to Dr. Tilney, may linger upon a level inferior to that of man, not because they are more primitive, but because, in one important respect, they are less primitive. That is to say, they have four hands instead of the two that man has. When their four hands developed they were lifted clearly above the other mammals, but they were also seriously handicapped, first because their new powers committed them "to an almost exclusively arboreal life," and secondly because they were led into "a field of psychological indecision which had a profound effect by causing a quandary as to whether the hand should be used as a foot or the foot as a hand." Here, I confess, I follow the learned professor only with difficulty. His reasoning, indeed, seems to me to be as shaky as his English. He is even less convincing when he tries to account for the loss of manual function in the human foot—for he apparently accepts it as axiomatic, though it is actually somewhat doubtful, that the ancestors of man also lived in the trees. Here he takes refuge in dark talk about the endocrine glands, those handy catch-basins for all physiological puzzles. But it seems to me to be scarcely more likely that "enlargements in the pituitary body . . . may have so altered metabolism as to produce that degree of macrosomia which is no longer adapted to tree-dwelling" than it is that primitive man got rid of his appposable big toe by submitting to treatment by an osteopath.

The change, when it came, took place in the brain, as Dr. Tilney's own evidence shows, and especially in the frontal lobe. It was the development of the frontal lobe that enabled man to widen the gap between sensation and reaction, and so made him the most neokinetic of animals. It was thus that he learned how to think, and differentiated himself from the poor beasts who merely jump. But what set the frontal lobe to bulging? Here one guess is as good as another. Mine is that the loss of hair on the forehead may have had



something to do with it. It cooled off the frontal lobe, and maybe let in some ultraviolet rays. The first thinker, like the last, was probably somewhat mangy. The first bald-head man was the first philosopher. I do not offer this hypothesis as fact, and specifically refuse to urge that it be taught in the schools. But it seems to me to be quite as plausible as any other that I have ever heard.

### *The Family as a Corporation*

LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN, by Lillian M. Gilbreth. \$2.50. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; 309 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company.

No one, I take it, will ever question Dr. Gilbreth's right to discourse upon the training of children, for she has brought eleven into the world, and ten of them are alive, healthy, prosperous and out of jail. Nor is she a mere empiricist, for to her tremendous maternal experience she has added the training of an industrial engineer, and three learned degrees follow her name. Yet more, she is a competent woman of affairs, and since the death of her husband, Frank Bunker Gilbreth, four years ago, she has carried on his business as a consultant in scientific management. Finally, she is the author of half a dozen books and a multitude of professional monographs, and, as the present volume shows, knows how to write clearly and persuasively. The acquisition of all this experience and all these forms of skill she has crowded into fifty years. Certainly you will go a long way before you find a more remarkable woman!

Her contention here is that family life ought to be better organized than it commonly is—that a great many of its usual jars and unpleasantnesses might be avoided if they were tackled as industrial waste, say, is tackled. She indulges herself in no fatuous plea for "scientific" mating. The way of a maid with a man, she assumes, is fundamentally irrational, and trying to rationalize it would get us nowhere. She and her late husband, she con-

fesses, were but slightly acquainted when they married, and neither was the ideal mate for the other. But what is thus ordained of God may be made bearable by the application of a realistic common sense. The conflict of taste, tradition and interest may be analyzed as any other conflict of forces may be analyzed, and plans may be devised to get 'round most of the difficulties it presents. The point is that good will is not enough: there must also be intelligent thought.

Dr. Gilbreth's description of the way in which her large family was brought up is tremendously interesting. The children were early introduced to the notion that they had duties and responsibilities as members of the family firm. They were not converted into little drudges, but simply encouraged to take on communal activities consonant with their emerging tastes and abilities. The older ones, as in all families of any size, instructed and policed the youngsters, and the parents stood above them as critics, teachers and courts of appeal. A family council was organized, with regular meetings, and all of the children were members of it, even the youngest. All were free to propose projects and to discuss those proposed by others. Its deliberations were carried on with the utmost solemnity, and even, it appears, with the forms of parliamentary law! And the most elaborate records were kept of all its proceedings, and of all other family enterprises, whether collective or individual.

Thus summarized, the scheme may sound harsh and uncomfortable, but Dr. Gilbreth's narrative actually gives a far different impression of it. It was intelligent, it was practicable, and it seems to have made for contentment and happiness. I commend the record to all readers blessed with viable issue, and no less to those whose families consist only of the survivors of oxidized love affairs. The book is full of novel ideas, and behind it there is an ingenious and original mind.

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